









Sister M. Perpetua















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THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Mater.

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Volume III.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1914.

Number 1.

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## Editorial.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

Joyful June, with its perfect days, its clear azure skies, its leafy bowers, its pleasing bird-music, its sweet roses, has come. This, the month of richest beauty, is appropriately the month of the Sacred Heart. Nature's beauties have reached their fullest loveliness and it is now the harvest-month to garner the most perfect blossoms of the year's devotions and the richest fruits of the year's love, to offer them to the Author of all beauty, to the Source of all love,—the dear Sacred Heart.

But what golden ray has gilded all things with beauty? What gentle touch has clothed the lily with fairness, and filled the rose with fragrance? What magic influence has charmed the birds into singing their sweetest songs?—was it not the mild May-days? Yes, May with its bright sunlight, its refreshing dews and its gentle breezes has developed beauteous blossoms for June. And, as the freshness of the May-days has prepared the fairest flowers for June, so Mary, Queen of the May, has, during her lovely month, beautified many hearts in preparation for the month of the Sacred Heart.

Mary, Mater Purissima et Amabilis, has been cultivating lilies throughout the May-season and, through her tender care, a more than ordinary grace and purity are to be noticed in these flowers. Who, indeed, better than our Immaculate Mother, could teach purity of heart and make the souls of her children reflect the charming whiteness of her own? Our dear Mother, Mater Divinæ Gratiæ et Rosa Mystica, has also made roses blossom in the very midst of the lilies. With what gentle care and with what earnest zeal, she has watched over, during the May-time, her loved lilies, that in their pure and

fragrant atmosphere, the roses of love might blossom. Yes, our dear Mother of Divine Grace, having cultivated purity in the hearts of her little ones, has now obtained for them the grace of a deep love of the Sacred Heart of her Son. Let us then go to our Mother's "enclosed garden" and there we shall find sweetest June roses to offer to Jesus in, honour of His Sacred Heart.

"Sheaves of purest lilies we shall gather,  
Bouquets of sweetest roses we shall offer  
To Jesus, thro' Mary, our Immaculate Mother,  
May her pure gentle touch to our blossoms impart  
Fairness and fragrance to delight His dear Heart!"

Let us do more,—let us place ourselves under the protection and guidance of this kind Mother that we too may cultivate in our hearts fairest lilies of purity and richest roses of love. "May our souls be, like pure lilies, worthy to be offered to Jesus by Mary!" Then, in answer to Mary's prayer, Jesus' blessing will fill the chalice of our hearts with grace so that they will be kindled with love for the dear Sacred Heart.

"Sheaves of pure intentions we shall gather,  
Meek hearts, devoted, humble, we shall offer  
To Jesus, thro' Mary our Immaculate Mother.  
May her pure gentle touch to our cold hearts impart  
Love and devotion to consider His sweet Heart!"

Mary can teach us best how to love the Sacred Heart. Who loved this Divine Heart with as pure, as deep a love? Mary's touch can beautify and perfect the frail blossoms of our efforts and good-will. Jesus always accepts with pleasure and with favour, the sheaves presented by her spotless hands. Mary, Mother of Jesus and our Mother, can obtain for us the greatest blessings and highest favours from the Heart of her Divine Son, for in the words of St. Bernard: "God wishes that all graces should come to us through Mary."

Then "Per Mariam ad Jesum!" Let us go to our sweet holy Mother and she will not only bring us to Jesus, but she will obtain for us His greatest, dearest gift—a deep love of Him, ever increasing until we become united to Him and rest at last in His Sacred Heart.







THE CELESTIAL SHEAF.



June, being the closing month of the scholastic year, is the golden harvest-time of all students. The year's work will now bring forth its fruits of knowledge, of training, of progress and of virtue. These treasures will be garnered in form of Certificates, Diplomas, Testimonials, Medals, Encouragements, Congratulations, Happiness. Ah! what joy for the hearts of the parents of those pupils who have a rich harvest of success! May all the children of dear St. Joseph's bring this happiness to their homes! May success attend each and all! May all labour with good-will that thus, they may attain to success; for, work done well and done for Heaven, is never a failure; it is never lost. Fame may not be reached, but merit will be gained which will endure forever.

Let us then go to Mary, that she may beg Jesus to bless our last efforts. Then will the flowerets of the May-time of this 1914 year be woven with the roses of our June-day, to crown our year's work, and, by the fragrance of pure love, may we be drawn  
Per Mariam ad Jesum.

Through Mary to Jesus!  
Was ever way more sure  
For pilgrim journeying through this World of care?  
What guide more skilled than God's own Mother dear  
To lead me to my heavenly Home all fair  
Through Mary to Jesus!  
This then the means I choose  
To help me live Life's day and know not fear.

Through Mary to Jesus!  
'Tis through this Channel safe,  
That, rich in worth, to Jesus' Heart they'll go.  
My Mother loved will perfect each and all,  
That, rich in worth, to Jesus' Heart they'll go.  
Through Mary to Jesus!  
This then the means I choose  
To sanctify Life's deeds, both great and small.

Through Mary to Jesus!  
Yes, Heaven's Queen I claim,  
The Mediatrix 'tween my God and me.  
To her who holds her loved ones' interests dear,  
I'll whisper all my needs confidingly.  
Through Mary to Jesus!  
This then the means I chose  
To speak with God,—His Mother's prayer He'll hear.

## The Sacred Heart, the Sinner and the Priest

“**S**INNERS shall find in My Heart a source and boundless ocean of mercy.”

“I will give to Priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts.”

St. Gertrude once asked the Beloved Disciple, who appeared to her in a vision why he, who had known Our Saviour so intimately, had not written more about His Sacred Heart. St. John replied that what he had written, he wrote at the command of the Holy Ghost; that the Eternal Word had reserved for its own proper time the manifestation of His Heart—with its symbols of suffering, the thorn-crown, the spear-wound and the cross—as a sensible image of His love for man.

That manifestation was vouchsafed to the Blessed Margaret Mary on the Feast of St. John, December 27, 1673. Our Saviour made known to her, in this and subsequent revelations, His desire to have public devotion to His Sacred Heart fostered throughout the world, that thereby the love which He had died to win, might be rekindled in the cold hearts of men. He promised her that there should be no limits to His love in the bestowal of grace upon those who sought them from His Heart: in particular, that sinners should find therein a fountain, and boundless ocean of mercy; and that to Priests, He would give the power of touching the most hardened hearts.

In the vision which was granted her, the Sacred Heart appeared enthroned as on a throne of fire, and surmounted by a cross; the opening made by the Centurion's spear was in Its side; the crown of thorns was about It; and the flames, symbolical of the love with which It burned for men, mounted up above the cross.

Our Saviour had “emptied Himself,” had gone to the very depths of suffering; willingly He would have endured more for the souls He loved. And it was revealed to the Blessed Margaret Mary, that, had it been necessary, He would have borne



every pain and disappointment of His life, and the awful agony of His passion, for each one of us. His cry on the Cross, "I thirst," had an additional meaning and a deeper source than physical need. Once before, at Jacob's well in Sichar, Our Lord had asked that He be given to drink. But He could forget hunger and thirst, and the fatigue of His journey, in the longing of His Heart to lead souls back from the paths of sin. The woman of Samaria momentarily refused His request, and He answered her: "If thou didst know the gift of God, and Who He is that saith to thee, give Me to drink; thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water . . . . a fountain springing up into life everlasting." (John iv., 10, 14).

The spear-wound was inflicted after death; but to the Apostle of His Heart at Paray-le-Monial it was revealed that He had borne its pain all through life. And so it was. At Bethlehem, as He smiled welcome to the Kings and Shepherds, and stretched forth His little arms to call the world to His embrace; under all the winning charms of His boyhood, and the strong tender manliness of His maturer years; because He was God as well as man, He foresaw and suffered all the pangs of His mortal life. It was His offering of love.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) How touching are the figures under which He gives us to know what are the depths of love in His Heart for the sinner. He is the father welcoming home the prodigal son. He is the Good Shepherd ready to give His life to save the one straying lamb of the fold. His love is tender and devoted as a mother's love: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," He cried over the city which so obstinately refused the salvation He would bring it, "how often would I have gathered thy children as the bird does her brood under her wings, and thou wouldst not." (Luke xiii., 34). Ah! He has told us that His love is greater than a mother's love; could a mother forget the child of her womb? Even so, He would not forget us.

No, even to the end of ages He will not forget. That mission of love and mercy is to last while His Church lasts. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." (John xx., 21.)

This was His sublime commission to His Priests. Through them, so they be devoted to His Sacred Heart, the fire of that Heart will pass to souls. They will make Him known and thereby make Him loved. St. Peter drew from one tender, reproachful glance of His Master, the grace of repentance. The Priest will hold up that wounded Heart, and point to the cross, and to the crown of thorns, and to the gate of mercy opened by the spear. "I am the door," says Christ, "By Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved: and he shall go in and go out, and shall find pastures." (John x., 9.) He will ask for the sorely tempted, and the sick in sin, as Mary and Martha asked for Lazarus: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." (John xi., 3.) And in that dread hour, when strength is failing, and the tempter's power is most active, it will be at the Priest's hand that Our Saviour will come in the Sacrament of His Love, to bring to the agonizing soul the last Gift of His Sacred Heart.

And therefore did He pray for them—His first Priests—and tell them of His love. St. John wrote only what he was inspired to write; but he has written enough to show us that Our Lord did lay open to His Apostles, on Holy Thursday night, the abyss of tenderness and mercy in His Heart.

He lovingly washed their feet. He washed even the feet of Judas; but it was in vain. "You are clean," He said, "but not all." And behind the treason of Judas, He saw all the indifference, and the irreverence, and the sacrilege that, through the ages, He was to receive from the cold hearts of men. Yet, in spite of it all, that Divine Heart would give—yes, give and "spare nothing even to exhausting and consuming itself in order to testify to men Its love."

He must go from them: and He saw sorrow fill their hearts when He told them of it. But He would not leave them orphans; He would come to them again. And He would give them a parting Gift—no less a Gift than Himself. He instituted the Blessed Eucharist. He gave them their first Holy Communion. And He asked them to do in commemoration of Him what He had done that night. He anticipated the Sacrifice which the next day, He was to offer on Calvary, and which,



through the ministry of those whom He called His friends—now no longer servants—would be reproduced daily at the Altar.

At their bidding, during the Holy Mass, He would come to live among us, under the appearance of our common food, that none might fear to draw near to Him. He would give Himself in the form of bread broken at a hospitable table, that hearts might there pledge to Him their friendship and their love. It was the crowning Gift of His Sacred Heart. Though He was God He could give nothing more. "Having loved His own, He loved them to the end." (John xiii., sq.)

And He raised His eyes to Heaven and prayed for them: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name . . . . I have given them Thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world . . . . I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil . . . . Sanctify them in truth. . . . As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also send them into the world . . . . and not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. . . . And I have made known Thy name to them, and will make it known; that the love, wherewith Thou hast loved Me, may be in them, and I in them." (John xvii., 11-26.)

\* \* \* \*

It was Easter, nineteen hundred years later, in a little mission Church; and there was a lily before the statue of His Sacred Heart—a luxury that, in all likelihood, was seldom there. The Priest spoke of Our Lord's Resurrection; of His visit to His Apostles that Easter night, and the message of peace that He brought them; and of the marks of triumphant love in His hands as He held them open to them. And there was a First Communion class of three little girls, white-robed, veiled, and flower-crowned. Everything was little that day but the grace of God!

After Mass the Priest was alone in his room. A rap came to the door, and at bidding a man entered and took the proffered chair. "Father," he began, "I am only a poor lumber-jack, but that made me lonesome to-day." It was so long

since he had felt that Easter peace; so long since he had received his God. Why should he not go to confession then? Ah, he was not worthy. But the Sacred Heart knew better. Easter peace was made his, too; and on the following morning he, too, was privileged to receive His Saviour as his guest in Holy Communion, to clasp His feet in tears like Magdalen, to rest his heart on the very Heart of God like the Beloved John—he was found worthy with the only worthiness that Our Lord asks of the sinner, the worthiness of a contrite heart.

REV. J. J. McCARTHY.

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### A QUESTION.

“ Could we but know the depth of the love,  
And the peace and the rest that awaits us,  
Could we catch but a glimpse from above,  
Of the friends who are yearning to greet us.  
Would we mourn, would we weep  
As we do, o’er the ones gone before  
But a step, to their last restful sleep?”

“ Could we fathom, but once in a while,  
The sweetness and calm of that bliss  
Could we rest in the light of His smile  
Love-enwrapt in the world above this.  
Would we know,—would we care,  
Or think aught of the sorrow of this,  
In the glory and grandeur of there?”

K. L. M.



## IRELAND.

O Ireland! thine has been an e'er-sad fate,  
But gladder still, than earthy power and pomp,  
Thy hour of glory soon is nigh, and thou  
Shalt lift thy weary head, all aged with snows  
Of frosty winters, that have chilled thy heart,  
Yet never have they killed the Celtic throb  
Of solitary souls, who yearned for God  
And liberty, that's due a high-born race.

A martyr of true type, thou didst prefer  
To wear the crown of thorns, and droop thy head,  
Than rise, unblest, by laurels of thy faith.  
At length slow-moving Providence, but sure,  
Doth bid thee lift thy head and gaze most proud,  
To God on high, with crown of patience firm.

Let all the world behold thee, Emerald Isle,  
That thou hast won the love of Israel's Lord,  
Whose chosen child thou now, most surely art;  
For mankind knows, of all the tragedies  
Of nations, that of Ireland stands sublime;  
Where God did actuate His chosen souls,  
And breath of Holy Spirit did sustain  
The power to fight and brave all woeful wrong,  
In centuries of desolation dire.

That truth might live, where planted it had been,  
How often have the restless rolling seas,  
Borne ships o'er-freighted with sore grieving hearts,  
From thee loved Erin, sad indeed to part,  
And loath to leave thy melancholy shores,  
For far off lands unknown, unloved like thee.

But what are thoughts like these, when faith points on  
To valiant souls, sore-laden? In their hearts  
They trust alone to God's omnipotence,  
To succor them, that they in turn may help  
With their small pittance, them they left behind.

O Church of God! with wondrous Faith divine,  
Established after Heaven's democracy  
Of love and trust where man must take the lot  
Apportioned him, upbuilt by worthy deeds,  
How often did Thy Holy Voice and grace  
Lift Ireland's sons mysteriously upborne  
On golden wings of faith, and light, and hope,  
To soar beyond this earth to Heaven,  
Relieved from shackles of mortality?

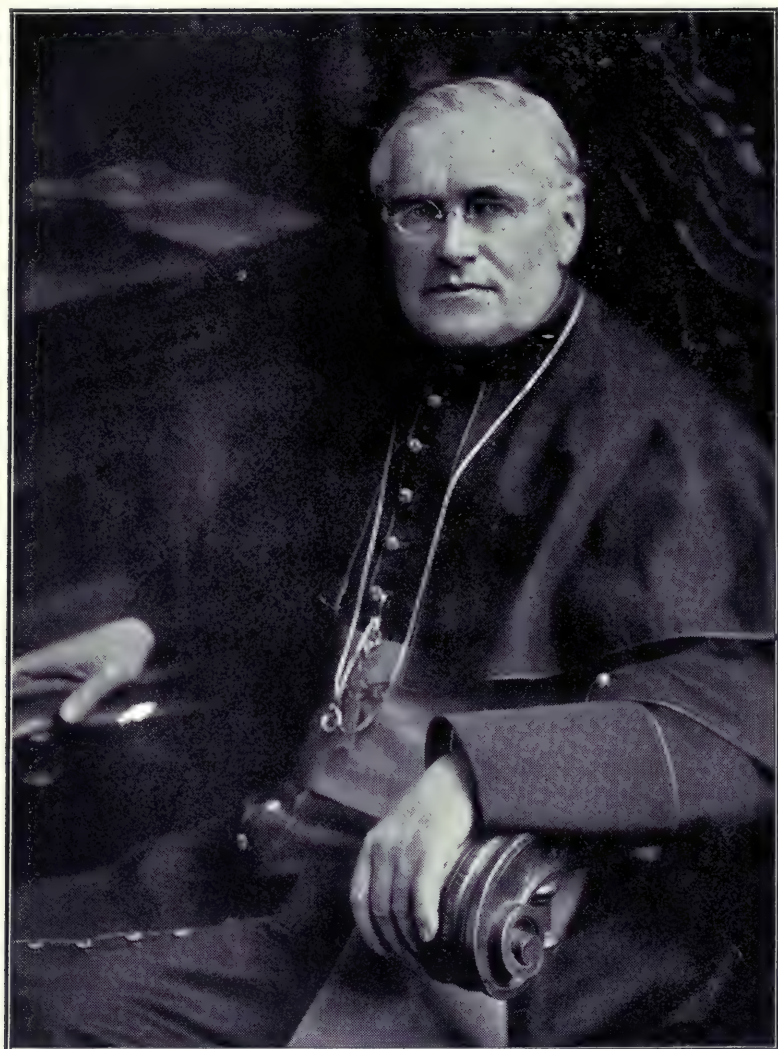
Thy rôle in this great world's stupendous tale,  
Has been the soldier brave, of thy Redeemer God,  
Like Michael, in the battle warred in Heaven.  
On earth thou art the wielder of the sword  
With steadfast faith, the vanguard in the fray.  
Lo! in a foreign land behold thy sons,  
O Erin, ever lifting high the cross  
To Heaven, like a beacon-torch of Light.

Though now the time has come at length, when proud,  
Thy place among the nations of the world  
Thou shalt resume, yet ever while the main  
Thy shores shall bathe, its wrathful briny waves  
Will moan unceasing music to thy past,—  
Long centuries of strong enduring faith.  
And ever will the painful story live,  
Of thy untiring struggle for the Truth.

BEULAH F. DEVLIN,  
Ottawa, Ont.







HIS GRACE MOST REV. NEIL McNEIL,  
Archbishop of Toronto.



## A Biographical Sketch.

**S**T. JOSEPH'S LILIES is pleased to be able to dedicate one of its chapters to a biographical sketch of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, upon the occasion of his return from his ad limina visit to Rome.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Neil McNeil is the eldest son of Malcolm McNeil and Ellen Meagher. His father being a sturdy representative of the clan McNeil, made his own way and fought his own battle in life. Without any adventitious aids to success he laid up, during his comparatively short life, a respectable competence for each one of his large family. He belonged to the old school of Highland fathers, who loved their children with a wealth of love, but always under the subdued shades of parental autoeracy.

His mother, a sister of Judge Meagher of the Supreme Court, was a woman of great personal charm. She was as playful as her husband was serious.

The subject of the present sketch was born in 1851, at Hillsboro, Inverness County. In this peaceful urn of rich orchards, and leafy glades of verdant beauty, among the sheltering hills of this fertile region of Nova Scotia, Neil McNeil grew into young manhood. He got his first grounding at the old grammar school of Hillsboro, and his classical training at St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, where his ability gained for him a first place among his co-temporaries. Advised by his professors, he set out for Rome in his twenty-second year, and studied at the Propaganda, where he took his degrees in theology, and was ordained priest in 1879. Before returning to Nova Scotia, he made a post-graduate course of one year, in astronomy and higher mathematics, at the University of Marseilles.

After a decade of rectorial responsibility and journalistic enterprise, at his old Alma Mater, he retired to the more peace-

ful sphere of pastoral life, where his devotion to duty and great self-sacrifice brought him into prominence among his confrères.

He was raised to the episcopacy and placed over the Diocese of St. George in 1895. This Vicariate, for such it was at that time, has a coast line of over three hundred miles. Its proper administration meant years of unrelenting toil. But the plucky young Bishop of Nova Scotia, unafraid and expectant, met all the pioneer problems that confronted him with dynamic energy, and in a few short years changed what was regarded as an outpost of scattered settlers into a properly organized suffragan See. Hearing of his Episcopal calibre and qualities, Rome assigned him to the more important charge of Vancouver, 1910, where as Archbishop his régime has been singularly prospered.

But an ampler field yet remained for his leadership. Owing to the long illness of the late Archbishop McEvay, and the vacant year that followed his death, nothing was done in the Diocese more than the common and simple requirements of an administratorship. The new problems and changing conditions of a half-a-million city were allowed to remain fallow. A great provincial Seminary was about completed, and only needed the awakening hand of the organizer and the schoolman to touch it with life: the charitable institutions throughout the city had outgrown their foundations, as swollen rivers that overflow their banks; a constantly increasing Catholic population that demanded religious facilities in the form of new parishes; the tide of Catholic immigration to Toronto needed direction and oversight: the diocese was sore in need of more clergy: such was the See of Toronto when Archbishop McEvay laid down his crozier. With all this in mind, the assembled suffragan Bishops found it exceedingly difficult to nominate a successor sufficiently versatile and resourceful for the complex duties and problems awaiting solution. It was during a period of hesitancy or doubt on their part, that Rome showed its good will towards Toronto, and singularly favored us by the translation of its most promising churchman from Vancouver to this metropolitan See.



The history of the Episcopate of this archdiocese is one of varying degrees of human perfection. As "one star differeth from another star in glory," so in a greater measure do the leaders of church and state reflect a light of their own, differing in intensity and steadiness of glow. While the Archdiocese of Toronto has had a long line of distinguished prelates, who took their place in the forefront of the activities of their day, and gave and added lustre to the glory of the church in Ontario, no churchman has brought to his post such recognized scholarship, or so many credentials of success, as the Most Rev. Neil McNeil.

No sooner was he installed than he grasped his pastoral staff with a firm hand, and confidently set about adjusting the difficulties that lay before him. Most of the problems he found tangled, rather than critical. In six months time he sent St. Augustine's Seminary on its mission. He was able, no one knows how, to gather around him a staff of professors that would do honour to a much older seat of learning. He is now placing Boards over the different institutions to safeguard their interests; and has established in one year, three parishes within the limits of the city. Looking out from his watch-tower, he has been quick to see in the world of labour, the wolves scattering the sheep,—hence his espousal of Catholic socialism, and his advocacy of social service.

Recognising the power of circumstance, he believes in changing the human policy of the Church to meet the new emergencies of our times. The activities outside the Church should be met and mastered by the activities inside the Church. There is no room in the twentieth century for a cloistered bishop.

Though the tide of sixty years has surged around his strenuous life, he is still youthful, with the youth of the optimist. The "Lilies" hopes and prays that his life, so happily passing into fulness, may yet have a long stretch to cover before it reaches the hour of sunset.

## THE SHEPHERD'S HUT.

A hut with carved work garnishèd,  
Set on a mountain height,  
Where starshine glimmers palely red,  
And glistens softly bright,  
By day and night.

Around the silken curtained door  
The lambs are folded in,  
By their great Shepherd fenced secure;  
Here may not enter in  
The wolves of sin.

No call doth smite upon the ear,  
But lo—the sheep of choice,  
Who to the Shepherd's Heart are dear,  
Hear that still, soundless Voice,  
And they rejoice.

O, tiny hut of carven stone,  
Whose floor no foot hath trod;  
Shepherd of souls, Thou watchest lone,  
Here, in Thy strait abode,  
Thou hidden God!

FLORENCE T. ROBINSON.







HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD,  
Bishop of Victoria.

## Biographical Note.

Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald,<sup>1</sup> Seventh Bishop of Victoria, B.C., was born at Mabou, Cape Breton, in the Province of Nova Scotia, on the 18th of February, 1858. After a brilliant course of studies in the Urban College, Rome, he was ordained priest and received the doctorate in Sacred Theology, in his 26th year. He was professor in St. Francis Xaviers College, Antigonish, for a period of years, for some part of which he enjoyed the Rectorship.

Before taking parochial charge he was made Vicar General of the Diocese by Bishop Cameron, and held this dignity continuously until he left for Rome in the end of December, 1908, to be consecrated in the Chapel of Propaganda College, Bishop of Victoria, on January 3rd, 1909.

Mgr. MacDonald had edited "The Antigonish Casket" with singular brilliancy; he had contributed generously to the ecclesiastical periodicals of America, and, up to the time of his consecration had edited into light such valuable doctrinal and devotional books as "The Symbol of the Apostles," "Religious Questions of the Day," "The Sacrifice of the Mass," etc. Since his consecration he has published "The Holy House of Loretto," and a full series of smaller devotional works of great merit.

Bishop MacDonald's learning and piety were greatly admired at the "Quebec Council," and in his own Diocese, where he has devoted himself unreservedly to his people, he is greatly beloved and revered. At the moment he is away in Europe making his *Ad Limina* visit.

REV. DR. A. E. BURKE.



## Rome.

I CAN remember as distinctly as though it were yesterday, the day when first I set foot in Rome. It was toward the end of October, 1879. The sun shone out brightly from the deep blue of the Italian sky, and the soft, balmy breath of summer still lingered in the air. From early morning we had traversed a land of almost ideal loveliness, now skirting the shores of the sparkling Mediterranean now dashing past villas and vineyards where the air was laden with the fragrance of the vintage. The sun was slowly sinking in the west as we passed Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome, and sped on our way through the waste of the Roma Campagana. Soon the Alban Hills loomed up in front, while the line of seacoast stretching away on the right was fast fading from the view. There, where the Tiber flings its muddy waters into the Mediterranean, once stood the City of Ostia, the ancient seaport of Rome, facing, as every student of Virgil knows, in the far distance. Carthage, Rome's most dreaded rival while yet she was

*dives opum studiisque asperrima belli.*

And now we are within the city walls, the train draws up to the depot, and I step forth, a stranger indeed, yet not with the feelings of one who sets foot in a strange city; for Rome, though force has made it the capital of United Italy, is, and always will be, the capital of Christendom, the centre from which radiates the lights of Catholicity over all the earth, and the home of the pilgrim from every land.

One who goes from America into Europe realizes that to have crossed the Atlantic is not merely to have left one part of the habitable globe and gone into another. It is a passing from the New World into the Old, in almost every respect a different world from the one that is left behind. And in no place as at Rome is it brought home to one who crosses the

ocean that the Atlantic is not the only gulf that divides these two worlds. Rome is the typical city of the Old World, or rather is the old world in miniature. There, all its most striking characteristics meet as they do in no other European city. There, you may study old-world customs and the old-world life in its many phases, old-world art and architecture, and above all these old-world monuments and ruins around which gather a thousand historical associations. Here rises the Palatine Hill, the original site and centre of the embryo Mistress of the World, where tradition places the dwelling of Romulus, and where later stood the gorgeous palace of the Cæsars, whose ruins still attest its old-time grandeur. Below is the Roman Forum which once rang with the eloquence of Cicero, and traversing it from north to south the Via Sacra or Sacred Way. At one end of the Forum is the Mamertine Prison, a dark and dismal underground dungeon, where kings led captive by pagan Rome were strangled or starved to death, and where still exists the spring which, according to tradition, St. Peter imprisoned here under Nero, miraculously caused to flow in order to baptize his jailers. At some distance to the south stands the Colosseum, nearly one-third of a mile in circumference, and originally containing seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators. Here, in the arena, scene of gladiatorial combats, thousands of Christian martyrs fought the good fight and won the crown.

A quaint prophetic saying, which dates from the eighth century, has it that

“While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand,  
When falls Colosseum, Rome shall fall,  
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world.”

But I should never end if I were to speak of all the monuments of both pagan and christian antiquity that make Rome the connecting link between the ancient and the modern world.

The Rome of to-day is not the Rome of forty years ago. The tourist who wandered and mused among the ruins, in and around it then would scarcely know it now, so vast is the change that has come over it. Your matter-of-fact modern

man who scowls at antiquity and lives in and for the present only, would say that the change has been greatly for the better. Streets have been widened and straightened, numberless new ones have been opened, and the wide space east and south of the Esquiline Hill, once studded with venerable ruins, is now occupied by rows of huge brick buildings, inferior in make and unsightly. In a word the old Rome, amid whose magnificent ruins still abode the Genius of Antiquity, has all but disappeared, and the new Rome, a second-rate modern city, shorn of much of its historical interest, has usurped its place. "Rome, in twenty or thirty years," wrote Mr. Frederick Harrison of it in the nineties of last century, "has become like any other European city—big, noisy, vulgar, overgrown, Frenchified and syndicate-ridden."

Rome, Rome, thou art no more  
As thou hast been!  
On thy seven hills of yore,  
Thou sat'st a queen.

Newman had written of it, on visiting it for the first time, in the early thirties of the same century. "And now what can I say of Rome but that it is the first of all cities, and that all other cities I ever saw are but as dust, even dear old Oxford inclusive, compared with its majesty and glory." It certainly has since then lost much of its charm for the tourist and the antiquarian. But the majesty and glory that so impressed Newman—these no spoiler's hand can pluck from the brow of the queenly city on the Tiber.

It is not merely the glamour antiquity throws around it that makes Rome a centre of attraction. In the wondrous works of art gathered into it from every side, in the number and magnificence of its churches and shrines, in the prestige it possesses as the capital of the Christian world for well-nigh nineteen hundred years, it stands peerless among the cities of the earth. Anything like a detailed account of the art treasures of the Vatican alone, would fill volumes. Almost every church in Rome, too, and every palace, has its works of art, its paintings, mosaics, and sculptures of priceless value. And



as for the churches, no words can fittingly describe them, "They could not have been," wrote Newman, "in any place but Rome, which has turned the materials and buildings of the Empire to the purposes of religion." The exterior, save in the case of the great basilicas, is not striking; their beauty, like that of the king's daughter, is within. St. Peter's, of course, stands apart, from and above them all, a world of wonder in itself. A first visit does not reveal its vastness, nor the exquisite grace and delicacy of its proportions. It is only by visiting it again and again, that one can take it all in, so to say, if indeed one can ever do so. There is this peculiarity about it, too, that it has what for want of a better word, to convey the idea, I am tempted to call a climate of its own. In winter, when Rome is swept by the Tramontano, a penetrating and chilling wind which blows for days at a time from the snow-clad Appenines making life scarce worth living in the fireless apartments of the Roman dwellings, you will find warmth and comfort within St. Peter's. And in vain will you seek amid the shady groves of the Roman villas for a tithe of the delicious coolness that dwells within the charmed circle of its walls all through the broiling heat of the summer months in Rome.

On the Capitoline Hill, where once stood a temple of Jove, stands to-day the Church of Aracoeli or Altar of Heaven. Hither we students of the Propaganda would wend our way during the days within the Octave of Christmas, to listen to "the children preachers." These little ones, from five to ten years of age, standing on a platform facing the Christmas crib, lifted their fresh young voices in greeting to their newborn King. It recalled the scene described in Matthew xxi., 15-16, the children crying in the temple and saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David," and Jesus telling those who would rebuke them, "Yea, have ye never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

†ALEXANDER MACDONALD,

Bishop of Victoria.

## Poetry A Handmaid of Revelation

**P**OETRY holds little of interest for the world of our day, firstly, for the reason that the world is extremely practical and materialistic, while the poet is a visionary, and secondly, because the world has lost the sense of the supernatural, which deprives it of that true perspective that is essential to poetic appreciation. Chesterton, in his work entitled "Orthodoxy" offers us perhaps a third reason. "Catholic doctrine and discipline," says he, "may be walls; but they are the walls of a playground. We may fancy some children playing on the flat grassy top of some island in the sea. So long as there was a wall around the cliff's edge they could fling themselves into every frantic game and make the place the noisiest of nurseries. But the walls were knocked down, leaving the naked peril of the precipice. They did not fall over; but when their friends returned to them they were all huddled in terror in the centre of the island; and their song had ceased." Ceased! Why? Because they had lost that joyousness that comes from a sense of security. The pupils and alumnae of St. Joseph's College, safe within the walls of "Catholic doctrine and discipline" enjoy a lightheartedness, a peace of conscience, a realization of things unseen, that makes poetry for them a congenial subject. It has moreover a religious aspect that renders it doubly worthy of their consideration. It is of this phase exclusively that we will treat in this article.

Let us first consider the theme in its broadest sense. What is the *Lauda Sion*? A poem in words. What is the Cathedral of Cologne? A poem in stone. What is Michel Angelo's Moses? A poem in marble. What is Raphael's Sistine Madonna? A poem on canvas. What in fine is our Cathedral of Colonge? A poem in stone. What is Michel Viewed in this light, poetry is surely a handmaid of revela-

tion; for the fine arts are the maidens that are sent to invite to the walls, and to the tower of the city, many that might not at first be attracted by the stern dogmas of our faith. To those who possess that faith, they are a source of further enlightenment, and a powerful aid to devotion.

Of poetry, in the strict significance of the term, the first department that demands our attention is sacred verse. Early in the history of the race, it became the medium of religious sentiment, the channel of revealed faith, the interpreter of doctrine. The inspired Songs of Sion convey to the Christian soul to-day the same message of joy, religious triumph, and consolation, as when the canticle of praise rose from the shores of the Red Sea, when David played before the Ark of the Covenant, and when the children of Israel wept beside the waters of Babylon. We hear the last echo of Hebrew song in the Magnificat, the Benedictus, and the Nunc Dimittis of St. Luke.

With the ushering-in of the new dispensation by the angelic choir on the first Christmas night, came a clearer insight into divine truth, a new revelation of love. To give passionate expression to the sentiments these inspired, the Church, when she emerged from the Roman persecution, moulded the Hebrew song with the majestic rhythm of the Greeks, to form the Christian psalmody. From St. Hilary and St. Ambrose to St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Aquin, and on down to Father Faber, and Pope Leo XIII., christian writers have added to that treasury of sacred song our beautiful Catholic hymns, many of which have been incorporated in the missal and the breviary, side by side with the inspired canticles, while the rest find a place in our popular hymnals.

We need not tarry to prove that the poetry above referred to, is a handmaid of revelation, but there are many perhaps to whom it has not occurred that our popular poetical literature serves a like purpose, only in a lesser degree. This thought is suggested by a definition of poetry expressed by one of the characters in the late Canon Sheehan's *Sunetoi*. Thus, Mr. Malcolm states poetry to be "the attempt of the conditioned to express the absolute." Or in less technical language, it is



the attempt of man, hemmed about by physical and mental infirmity, to give expression to what is beyond and above him. We know that this department of literature has many definitions, but this one especially appeals to us for three reasons. First of all, because it makes the transcendent idea an essential element of a poem, and thus eliminates a great amount of verse, which, however well chiselled and polished, is nothing more than prose. Secondly, for the reason that it is in accord with the dictum "poeta nascitur non fit." We are all poets in embryo, as we are all artists in embryo (otherwise we would be incapable of artistic or poetic appreciation) but only to chosen ones, does God give the divine afflatus to crystallize in verse the fleeting concepts of which each of us has had experience. Francis Thompson is a case in point. For months, his biographer tells us, he would not write a word. Then the spirit would come to him, and as with a few bold strokes of a brush, he would produce a masterpiece.

What we like above all in this definition is that it makes the gift of song something akin to, albeit of a much lower order, than the gift of faith. Faith enables us to know definitely things that are beyond mortal ken, and to see, though dimly in a dark manner as through a glass, something of the beauty of absolute truth, absolute justice, absolute loveliness, that we hope one day to behold face to face. Is it not reasonable to suppose that God, Who has deigned to enlighten us by revelation, should have raised up poets to give us supplementary glimpses of His beauty, either as reflected in the works of His hand or in imaginary poetic creation, that transcend our ordinary experience? It is true that we all may see the beauty of God as revealed in the world about us, and in the firmament above us. We have a dim conception of the harmony that exists in and about us; but our finer feelings are so deadened by our daily cares and anxieties that

A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose is to us,  
And it is nothing more.

The popular pagan concept that makes the poet a child of the Muses, associates poetry with the mere natural pleasure of the intellect, and the imagination. But, as the Muses were the daughters of a god, we must admit that even the pagans saw in poetry, a special gift from on high. In the providence of God, the pagan poets themselves in their idealized creations of beauty, self-sacrifice, and love, prepared the people for the great mystery of the Incarnation. This they did unconsciously; for "thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given." In like manner we find beautiful poetic tributes to faith and virtue from the pens of men and women, who did not themselves possess the gift of faith, or who were not particularly virtuous. The former may be explained by the fact that even those dispossessed of the gift itself are not wholly deprived of the sentiments of faith. "It is our Catholic heritage of faith and sentiment," says Cardinal Newman, "that has inspired the sublimest passages in our Wordsworths, and our Tennysons, our Longfellows and our Lowells." If you are standing in the shadow of a cloud, you appreciate better the beauty of a landscape that is in the sunlight, than if you were part of it yourself. So those whose vision is obscured by the dark cloud of heresy, often see beauties in a land illumined by the bright sun of faith, that those who bask in its light do not perceive.

To illustrate our thesis, we need not hark back to the poets of yesterday; nor need we go far afield among those of to-day. We will confine ourselves to one little volume entitled, "The Drift of Pinions." We choose it because its author, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, who now enjoys more than a national reputation, lisped in numbers in our own Queen City, and because the title is in harmony with our contention. Mark how she gives expression to the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory. Old Pieter Marinus feels his end approaching, but his soul is

"so grimed and weather-worn,  
So warped and wrung with all iniquities,  
Piracies, brawls, and cheated revenues,  
There's not a saint but would look twice at it."

He realizes that he is not fit for heaven, and thus gives expression to his desires.

So, when my time comes, send no angels down  
With lutes and harps and foreign instruments;  
To pipe old Pieter's spirit up to heaven  
Past his tall namesake sturdy at his post.

But let me lie a while in these Thy seas  
Let the soft Gulf Stream and the long South Drift,  
And the swift tides that rim the Labrador,  
Beat on my soul and wash it clean again.

And when Thy waves have smoothed me of my sins,  
White as the sea-mew or the wind-spun foam,  
Clean as the clear-cut images of stars  
That swing between the swells,—then, then, O Lord,  
Lean out, lean out from heaven and call me thus,  
"Come up, thou soul of Pieter Marinus,"  
And I'll go home.

A rather pleasant purgatory, you will say, but here we find the idea of cleansing and of the unwillingness of the soul to enter heaven with any stain upon it.

In like manner we find in "The Lamp of Poor Souls," coupled with a vague idea of the middle state, and a still vaguer concept of the peace and joy of heaven, an expression of the fact that the instinct of the human heart approves of that consoling doctrine, that our charity can reach out to our beloved ones beyond the tomb, and that the blessed in heaven can intercede for us. This lamp was kept burning to remind people to pray for the repose of the souls of those who had none to pray for them. These two verses will suffice for our purpose.

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim,  
Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands,  
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,  
Far from our hands?

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam,  
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.  
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,  
And dreaming, look for me.

The following verse from "A Child's Song at Christmas," illustrates how the instinct of the poet seizes upon the central idea of the Incarnation, viz., that it brought heaven down to earth.



Our hearts they hold all Christmas dear  
And earth seems sweet and heaven seems near.  
O, heaven was in his sight, I know,  
That little Child of long ago.

Although this verse contains a correct statement of doctrine; yet there is something about it that does not ring true to Catholic ears. "I know," that is, "I feel," does not express that absolute certitude of "I believe." And there is about that phrase "That little Child of long ago" an air of sadness, of loneliness, that is alien to such a glad mystery. Oh would that men understood the Incarnation, that they realized the truth that God is our Emmanuel and that every altar is a Bethlehem! As Augustine Birrell, himself the son of a Non-conformist minister, has beautifully put it, "If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once and for all, long ago in a chill historic past."

In concluding our reference to this volume, we will take the liberty to quote in its entirety "Deus Misereatur," a poem that will recall one of our most familiar hymns and which expresses a truth thus set forth in the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts can find no rest till they repose in Thee!"

Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were led,  
Sweet the young hills, the valleys of content,  
But now the hours of dew and dream have fled.  
Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed Thy warning in the skies,  
We have not heard Thy voice nor known Thy fold;  
But now the world is darkening to our eyes.  
Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet stream turns bitter with our tears,  
Now dies the star we followed in the west,  
Now are we sad and ill at ease with years.  
Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their light,  
Weary our hands to toil, our feet to roam;  
Our day is past and swiftly falls the night.  
Lord, lead us home.

Fiat, is our prayer, *ab umbra ad veritatem.*

The analogy, that we applied to faith, holds good in regard to virtue. The man who has lost virtue sees the beauty of a virtuous life better than him who lives it. Or it may be that the contrast between what he now is and what he was, ere sin had darkened his soul, enables him to summon up more vividly from his sub-conscious memory, youthful aspirations and visions of virtue, that sin itself has not effaced. All those to whom God has given the gift of faith, are not virtuous. Why should He be more discriminating in the case of the lesser gift? The poet may sing of material beauty and of human love, but that beauty is a reflex of the beauty that is immortal, and that love, if it be noble, of the love that is divine. As Adelaide Proctor has so well expressed it:—

Nothing resting in its own completeness  
Can have worth or beauty; but alone  
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer deeper life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect Love.

We trust that these thoughts may rouse new interest in the minds of the many lovers of poetry among the readers of "The Lilies," and heighten their appreciation of a noble art, that has ever enjoyed the Church's patronage, and that reached its zenith in her service in the days of Dante—the age of faith.

REV. F. J. O'SULLIVAN.

### A Sister's Prayer.

Before the grotto in the convent garden,  
A black-robed Sister knelt in silent prayer,  
Beseeching mercy, pleading grace and pardon,  
For wayward children of the Virgin fair.

“ For Jesus’ sake regard them, gracious Mother,  
Lead erring feet from ways that are defiled;  
In thee they hope, for there is not another  
To plead for them before the Holy Child.

“ And as before the grotto thus she pleaded  
For sin-stained hearts and hands with guilt red-dyed,  
There came a thought—at first she scarcely heeded—  
That words availed not with the Crucified.

“ To doubt was sinful, so she prayed the faster,  
But still the dread temptation did assail;  
“By loving deeds we imitate the Master,”  
The Tempter whispered, “words do naught avail.”

“ Beyond the confines of the convent garden  
The fallen lie along the great high way;  
You aid them not by mouthing pleas for pardon,  
They seek a helping hand—you idly pray.”

“ Their ears are strained to catch the word of friendship;  
They hunger for the smile that bringeth balm;  
The kindly deed that doth proclaim true kinship  
Means something more than mumbling of a psalm.”

So well the Tempter veiled his specious pleading  
In garb of light, like minister of grace,  
That even Mary seemed as though unheeding,  
Cold disapproval writ upon her face.

\* \* \* \* \*



The shadows lengthened o'er the convent garden;  
The birds grew silent—e'en the roses slept,  
And with their fragrance died the pleas for pardon;  
The black-robed Sister prayed not now, but wept.

Such bitter tears as tell of hearts nigh broken;  
Of hopes that blossom but to fade and die;  
Of partings sad, and bitter farewells spoken;  
Of wounds that healing hand of time defy.

"O pity me," she cried. "Help my decision.  
Is work then all, and prayer of no avail?"  
And Mary heard, and lo! behold a vision  
Resolves the doubts that torture and assail.

A lonely workman toiled long hours unceasing,  
In arid fields that bleak and barren lay,  
In vain. No hope of harvest glad increasing  
Cheered his sad heart at close of weary day.

That night the toiler tossed in troubled slumber;  
His hopeless striving haunted his repose.  
The barren fig-tree did the ground encumber,  
Dream Voices whispered. Shuddering, he arose.

And sadly sought his fruitless field of labor,  
Determined to destroy, for hope had fled,  
When lo! Behold a glory as of Thabor,  
Shone o'er the garden where his soul lay dead.

And spirit shapes, rare fashioned vessels bearing,  
That held a fragrance more than earthly sweet,  
In countless hosts were through the vineyard faring,  
That bloomed afresh at touch of angel feet.

He stood amazed. The arid wastes were smiling,  
With harvest white the barren fields were fair,  
"The Evil One but mocks my useless toiling,"  
He thought, and humbly crossed himself in prayer.

In fear and awe he sought once more the garden,  
 No white-robed angels passed; the light had fled:  
 A shrine was there, and, pleading grace and pardon,  
 A black-robed Sister humbly bowed her head.

The sleeper stirred. The Ave bell was ringing,  
 His soul, new-born, knew nothing more of care,

\* \* \* \* \*

In convent chapel voices softly singing—  
 'Twas Mary's answer—God had heard her prayer.

REV. D. A. CASEY.

## Toronto.

**A** LEAGUE west of the Fort is the mouth of Toronto River, which is of considerable size. This river communicates with Lake Huron by a portage of fifteen leagues, and is frequented by the Indians who come from the North.

We have a further description of the Fort from one that visited its ruins some forty years later, Capt. Mann, who in his plan of the proposed Toronto Harbor (1788) tells us that there were five buildings within the post, each of which he locates, showing besides, the boundaries of the palisades. This testimony of Captain Mann, in conjunction with that of Augustus Jones, the original surveyor of the district, sets at rest all controversy as to the exact site of Fort Rouille. Appointed by the government to survey the proposed new capital of Upper Canada, Mr. Jones, in 1793, began the work. In laying out lot 30, he places its western boundary about two chains (132 feet) above the old Fort. In his work, an allowance of sixty-six feet was left for a road after every fifth lot. The road immediately west of lot 30 is our present Dufferin Street. The lower end was closed some few years ago and was included in the enlarged Exhibition grounds. If Capt. Mann, in 1788, could give such a minute description of the

Fort from its ruins, the surveyor, coming five years afterwards, could not be mistaken as to its location. From a study then, of all these testimonies as to the size and location of the Fort, we can not accept the truth of the inscription on a stone placed about three hundred yards north of the lake and well west of Dufferin Street, which tells us: "This stone marks the site of the west outpost of the Old Fort." It may refer possibly to an outpost of the fort built by the British some half century later, near the foot of our Bathurst Street, and which is generally known in the district as "the Old Fort."

Although the official title of the Old French Fort was Fort Rouille, in honor of the then Colonial Minister of France, it was usually known by the Indian name of the locality, and was called sometimes, even by the government officials, Fort Toronto. This name endured even after the conquest, and those who have found fault with Moore's lines:—

"Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed  
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed."

must remember that the poet did not refer at all to the squalid village at the mouth of the Don. This village, afterwards a town, was known in Moore's time as York. It was only when the place was incorporated as a city in 1834, that the Indian name Toronto was revived.

The personnel of the new depot was only five soldiers, one officer, two sergeants and a store-keeper. The annual supplies consisted of five canoe loads of goods, which cargo was estimated at about 7,000 livres. Those interested in the trade at Fort Frontenac and Niagara objected to the new establishment, but the government felt satisfied that if it answered the purpose for which it was inaugurated, i.e., the destruction of the English trade, the cost of the additional post was money well spent.

For a decade the place continued as a stockade for trading purposes, receiving its yearly supply from Quebec and sending down in return the rich peltries received in exchange. Few visitors from the outside world came to enliven the solitude of the few inhabitants of the lonely post in the wilderness.



We have a record that a company of soldiers on the way from Quebec to the Ohio Valley, on one occasion, rested here for a short time. Doubtless there was a continual exchange of visits between the garrisons of Toronto and Niagara, and the chaplain of the latter place must have been often at Toronto attending to the spiritual wants of his countrymen.

In 1752 there came to the Fort, the Abbé Picquet, the most celebrated historical character perhaps connected with the brief history of the stockade. This was the man whom Montcalm styled the Patriarch of the Iroquois, and of whom Governor Duquesne says: "Abbe Picquet was worth several regiments." He had come to Canada some twenty years before, and after a few years spent in Montreal, became a missionary amongst the Indians. His great work was the establishment of Fort Presentation (now Ogdensburg, N.Y.) whither by his influence he drew many of the Iroquois. It was in the work of gathering the scattered families of the Six Nations in the neighborhood of Lake Ontario that he came to Toronto. While at the Post he was approached by the Mississagas of the neighborhood who asked, that they have a missionary sent them, as had been done for the Iroquois. As for themselves, they said, instead of having a church amongst them they had only a canteen. Their request was not acceded to, and many censure the good Abbe for thus losing a grand opportunity of spreading the Gospel.

We, who live nearly two centuries after his time, are not able to judge the affair as well as he who was a missionary amongst the Indians for a score of years and who knew the savage nature most intimately. In point of fact from what we see of this tribe in their relations with the French at Fort Rouille, we must confess that the Abbe understood them very well. It may have been also, that owing to the great scarcity of priests in Canada at the time, none could be spared for this place. Besides it was the policy of the Sulpician Community, of which Picquet was a member, to gather the Indians together in large "Reductions," such as was the lately founded Fort Presentation, and after the sad ending of thirty-four years of heroic work amongst the Hurons, perhaps this

was the better policy for permanent results amongst the savages. That the wish to have a priest amongst them did not always arise from a supernatural motive with the Indians, we know from the history of the early days of the Huron Mission. When the Jesuits wished to establish missions amongst the Neutrals, the wily Hurons, fearing that they would lose what prestige they enjoyed by their intimacy with the French, poisoned the minds of the Neutrals against the missionaries, who had to abandon the project after a fruitless trial.

The critics of Picquet, however, urge that the ancestors of these Mississagas came under the influence of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, and that consequently the tribe had at least equal right to a missionary with the descendants of the murderers of Brebeuf, Lalement, Jogues and the other martyrs. Besides, even if they were not sincere in their wish for a priest, the mere presence of a missionary amongst them would do untold good. He could baptize the dying children at least, and some of the adults would surely be converted. They were cruel and treacherous no doubt, but what savages are not? It took years of residence amongst the Hurons to make any impression on them, as a whole, and it was only during the last few years of the mission, that great results were attained. As a matter of after history, the Mississagas were converted to Methodism by Peter Jones.

Here in the solitude of the forest the little garrison had much to depress their spirits. Beyond the little clearing of some three hundred acres which surrounded the fort on its three hundred acres which surrounded the fort on its three landward sides, extended the primeval forest within whose dark and mysterious depths, it was perilous to penetrate. Wild beasts of various kinds abounded here in those days, but the greatest danger came from the savages, ostensibly friends, but oftentimes malignant and treacherous foes.

A soldier with despatches for Montreal was slain by the Mississagas between Niagara and Toronto, and news was brought to the store-keeper at Toronto by some friendly Indians that the Mississagas were gathering around the head

of the lake (Burlington Bay), apparently meaning some harm to Fort Toronto. Thus these exiles lived in perpetual danger. At any hour of the day or night, the terrible war-whoop might give them the first inkling of the foe's presence, and despite all bravery, overborne by numbers, they would fall a prey to the scalping-knife and the tomahawk.

The English were blamed for stirring up this anti-French spirit amongst the savages. "There is no doubt," writes M. de Longueuil, Governor-General of Canada, in correspondence with the Minister at Paris, "but it is the English who are inducing the Indians to destroy the French, and that they would give a good deal to get the savages to destroy Fort Toronto on account of the essential injury it does their trade at Chouegueu (Oswego). In a later despatch to the Home Government, on further outrages committed against the French he says: 'Every letter brings news of murder. We are menaced with a general outbreak, and even Toronto is in danger.' At last war was declared between the two nations, although for years this country had been the scene of actual conflict during a period of supposed peace.

In 1757, Fort Toronto was the scene of a plot which exposes to us the utter treachery of the savage. A party of Mississagas, on their way to Montreal to help the French against the English, conceived the idea of looting the fort, notwithstanding that it belonged to the nation for which they were going to fight. The Commandant, hearing of the plot, sent two men in a canoe to Fort Niagara for help, and on the afternoon of the morrow, the Indians were surprised and chagrined to see before the fort two batteaux, each armed with a swivel-gun at the bow and freighted with armed men. This miniature flying squadron passed along before the Indian encampment, saluting it with artillery and musket balls, fired only into the air according to orders. M. Pouchot, to whom we are indebted for the story, tells us that the Indians confessed everything: they had false news delivered to them, they said, to the effect that the English had beaten the French. M. Pouchot, however, suggests that the real reason was, that



they felt themselves in force, and could get plenty of brandy for nothing.

Oswego had been captured by Montcalm in 1756, but three years later was re-taken by the English, and Fort Frontenac fell at the same time. After the capture of the latter stronghold, Governor Vaudreuil writes to the Minister at Paris: "Should the English make their appearance at Toronto, I have given orders to burn it at once, and fall back on Niagara." Some time later he writes the same official, that he has ordered down what troops he could muster from Detroit and Illinois County to defend Niagara. "I have sent orders," he adds, "to Toronto to collect the Mississagas there, and other nations to despatch them over to Niagara."

This latter place surrendered after a three weeks' siege, and on sending an expedition to Toronto, Sir William Johnson, the English Commander, found that the place had been burned and abandoned. Where shortly before stood a thriving trading-post, nothing was found but what would not burn or could not be destroyed.

Some twenty-three years ago a sad reminder of the ancient Fort was brought to light: some workmen employed at the Exhibition grounds while excavating, found, directly north of the site of the fort, a number of human skeletons, some still encased in coffins. This was assuredly the "God's Acre" of the little fortress, where those who died during the decade of years it was occupied, were laid away to await The Judgment.

Let us offer up a fervent prayer for those unknown heroes who, in the midst of the wilderness, did their share in upholding the honour of their country as nobly and as well as those of their countrymen, who fought and died on the storied battlefields of Europe.

REV. E. KELLY.

## Notes of Foreign Travel

### " Uxmal the Mysterious. "

**B**EFORE entering upon a detailed description of Uxmal, Yucatan, allow me to quote the report, or rather to furnish some extracts from the report of a Franciscan priest who accompanied Alonzo Ponce when, in 1586, he entered Yucatan. Let me also add, by way of paranthesis, that ninety-five per cent. of all the writings bearing upon the tribes and inhabitants of North and South America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been done by the priests and missionaries of the Catholic Church. They were voluminous writers and, if the books, reports and pamphlets which they wrote, on the regions they traversed and the tribes among whom they lived and laboured, could be collected and shelved, these books, pamphlets and reports would fill a city library.

The account of the Franciscan priest on the pre-Columbian city, or, preferably, ruins of the city of Uxmal—for the Maya Capital was in ruins before the landing of Columbus—is so detailed and accurate that I regret, owing to limitations of space, I cannot give it in its entirety. The descriptions of the outward appearances of the buildings are so accurate that they might have been written by any visitor to-day with hardly the change of a word.

Here are some extracts culled from the " *Rélation Brève* " of the Spanish priest:—

" About twenty leagues from Merida, to the south of the city, stands a Ku or Mul (artificial pyramid) very tall and made by hand. On the top of this pyramid is a large building, made of stone and lime, the stones being carved with great care on the outside. In old times they took the Indians who were to be sacrificed to a great room in this building and there they killed them and offered them to the idols. . . . .

“ Behind and lower down are many other buildings built in the same way with stone and lime and having many arches. The stones are carved with wonderful delicacy, some of them having fallen while others are well preserved. Among these buildings are four others very large and handsome, set in square form and between them is a square plaza (park) in which there is now growing a thicket of large and small trees. Even on the roofs of some of the buildings there are trees growing. The great building which faces to the south, has, on its outer court, four rooms, and on the inside eight others, all arched with cut stone, and as carefully jointed and put together as if very skillful workers of the present time had built them. . . . .

“ The building on the north is the tallest and has more carvings and figures of idols, serpents and shields and other very beautiful things about it, but is very much injured and much of it has fallen. This building has ten doors. There are twenty-two rooms in this building. Before the ten doors, above mentioned, there has been made a terrace, or walking place, somewhat broad and open to which one ascends from the plaza by steps which are now half in ruins.”

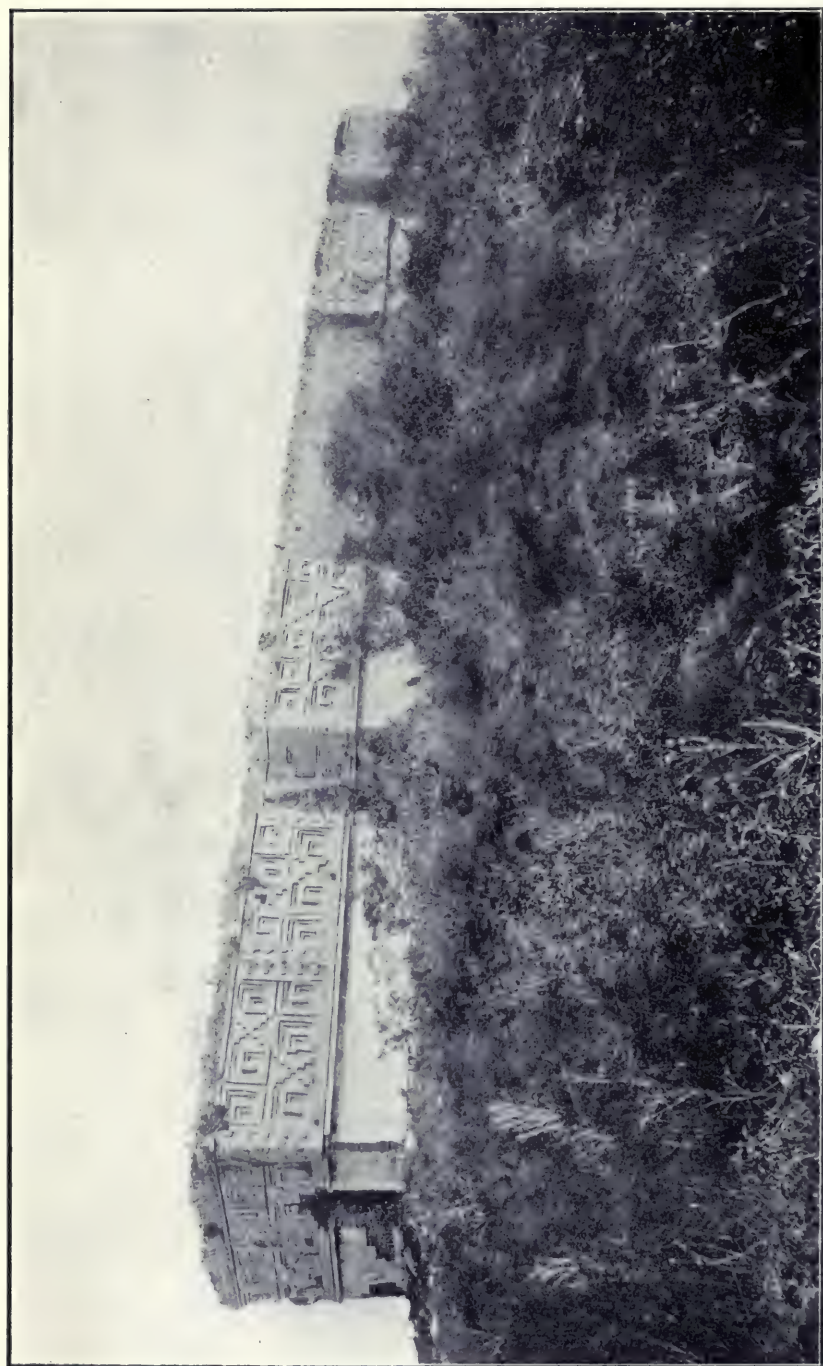
After describing the buildings minutely the Franciscan ends his detailed account by saying:—

“ The Indians now here (1586) do not know who built these buildings nor when they were built. The truth is the place is called Uxmal, and an old Indian declared to us that, according to what the ancients had said, it was known that more than nine hundred years had passed since the buildings were built. Very beautiful and strong they must have been in their time, and it is well known from this that many people must have worked to build them, as it is clear that the halls and palaces were occupied, and that all about them was a great population, since this is now evident from the ruins and remains of other buildings, which are seen in the distance.”

Now when we compare this description of Uxmal by the Spanish priest with that of Copan in Hunduras, written in 1576 by Diego Garcia de Palacio we begin to realize the mater-







ial and social civilization of these mysterious people. Palacic records that when he visited Copan he saw there "ruins and vestiges of a great population and of superb edifices, of such skill and splendour that it appears that they never could have been built by the natives of that province." These buildings are so vast and numerous that archæologists and antiquarians have accepted for the sake of convenience the Spanish classification and have selected certain great structures and described them in detail. At Uxmal are the great Pyramid; the Ball Court; the Hall of the Governor; the House of the Magician; the House of the Turtles, and the House of the Birds.

The first object on which the eyes rest on emerging from the woods is the building represented by the photograph accompanying this page. Distracted by mounds of ruins and a multitude of gigantic buildings the eye returns again to gaze upon this wonderful structure. Before I entered, and while standing at the front doorway, I counted sixteen elevations. The walls surrounding these elevations were broken as if breached by a beseiging army, but the great edifices crowning the mounds appeared, from where I stood, to be intact.

The building I entered is known as the Hall of the Governor and is sixty-eight feet in length. The great mound on which it rests was raised especially for it and is solidly constructed of lime-stone, rubble and cement. The vast building resting on this artificial elevation is entirely of stone; of stones, squared, mortared, jointed and pointed by masons who knew, begins forty feet from the ground. At this height an elaborate moulding belts the building and above this moulding the walls are covered with sculptured ornaments unlike any I had seen at Copan or Palenque. This singular and highly finished ornamentation included busts of human beings, squares and diamonds, and heads of mountain leopards. The ancient Romans, Greeks and Assyrians decorated their public buildings with figures of their gods, of fawns, satyrs, cupids and bacchantes, with grape vines and clusters of fruits but here the designs are strange and incomprehensible. Compositions of plants and flowers,



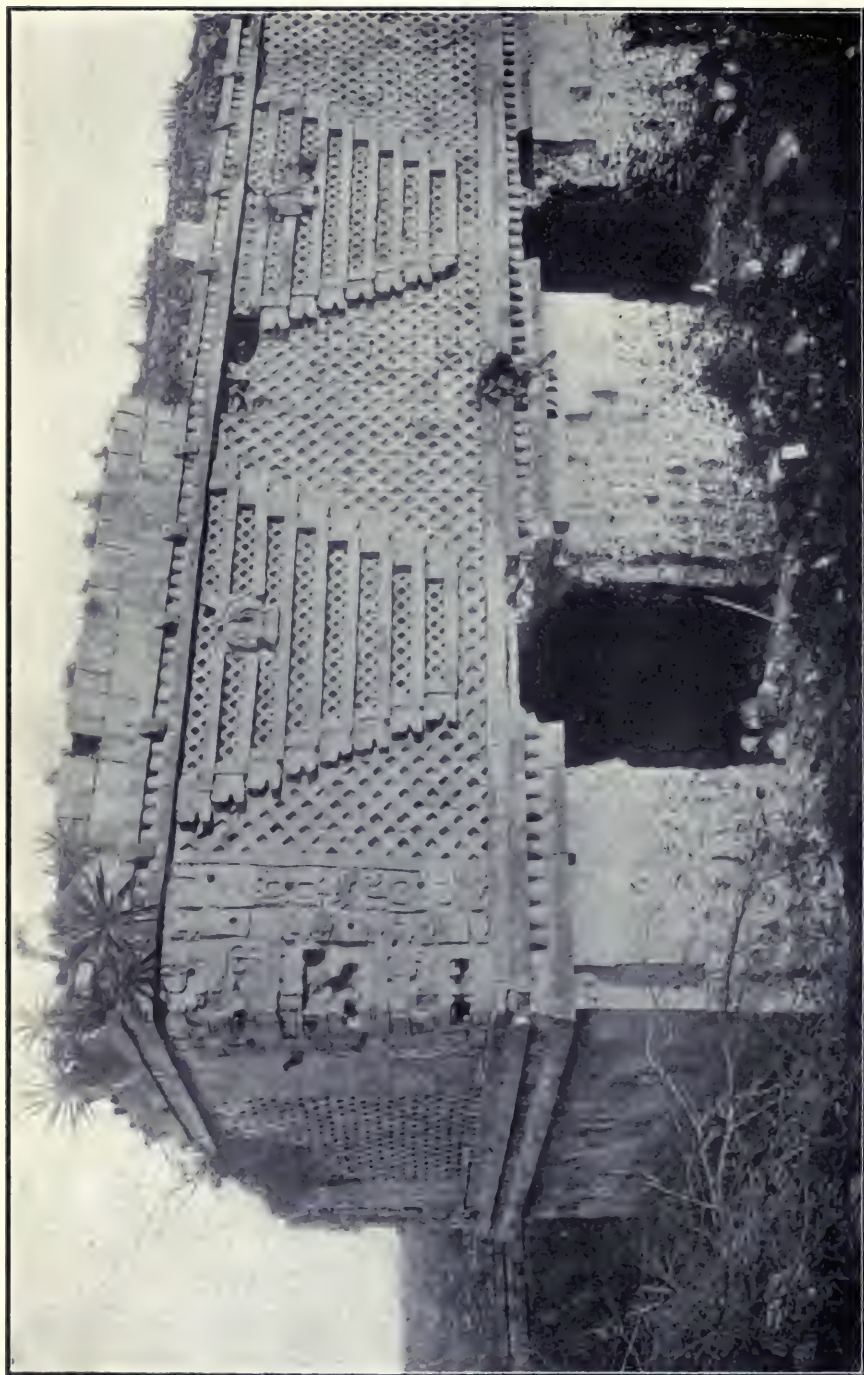
and designs resembling ornaments known everywhere as arabesques and grecques abound and the effect is both curious and interesting. The bold and delicate carvings and the wealth of tracery with which many of these edifices are adorned indicate a much higher civilization in architectural and decorative art than existed in Peru in the times of the Incas.

When you stand among the buildings and survey the columns, the doors, the facades and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture and the remains of beautiful stucco work you are amazed and mystified and marvel where the men who wrought these wonders in stone came from. Your amazement becomes enlarged when you reflect that the people who accomplished this work and fashioned these stones into fantastic and, often, hideous images, worked with tools of obsidian or volcanic glass, with silex and flint, called quijarros, and knew nothing of iron or steel. All knowledge regarding them lies buried in an eternity of the past.

They have bequeathed to us only these abandoned and ruined cities and their faces, bodies and apparel chiseled in stone. If these statues and reliefs at all resemble them, then their noses were aquiline, their eyes sloped up, their lips were thick, impassioned and amorous, their hair was long and wavy and their foreheads receded till the heads resembled cones. As a rule the human figures are those of priests, chiefs and warriors, but there are a number of face types depending upon variation in form of features and in expression. In some of the figures cut into the stones of Uxmal the nose is exceptionally large and prominent and somewhat Hebraic in cast. The lower lip is noticeably pendulous and protrudes, and the mouth is slightly open over a receding jaw. The type is not characteristic of the modern Maya Indians for, among them, I have seen but two resembling in form and feature the men of ancient Uxmal.

But, I am possibly taxing the patience of your readers too heavily. Yet these remains of a lost civilization and of a vanished people have for me, who have seen them an absorbing interest and almost a fascination. This phantom city, wrapt







in endless solitude and in a winding sheet of desert isolation, speaks most mournfully of an irrevocable past, of ancient empire overthrown, of ancient splendour now fallen into dust, of ancient creeds and civilizations buried beyond the hope of resurrection.

I have seen the shattered pillars of the Roman Forum, the violated tombs of the Appian Way and the ground profaned by the temple of the Ephesian Diana, and I experienced no sensations of awe, of mystery or of deep feeling. Here, in this land of ghosts and of mystery and insolluble problems, rises a phantom city in a region as dumb as the sands of the Mohava, where nothing is to be heard, nothing to be seen but the ruins of a lost people and a lost civilization. Here, this scene of wonderful desolation filled me with a strange feeling of awe if not of terror, for it seemed to me, while the shades of night were gathered around the ghostly buildings and mantling in gloom the weird region, the spirits from realms of the dead came clustering around the mounds and terraces, to mourn over the utter solitude that settled, and would settle for evermore on the temples, halls and palaces of the ancient city.

W. R. H.

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Note.—The photographic reproductions, featuring the article on Uxmal in the March issue of the "Lilies" and those appearing in this number, represent some of the buildings now existing of the ruined and abandoned city of the Mayas. These ancient buildings are architectural wonders, and were old when Columbus discovered America.

## A Fantasy.

I stretched my arms with yearning longing  
To the sea:  
That mighty creature of the Master's hand,  
Superb; well nigh omnipotent—  
Yet docile to His will,  
O Sea! I crave thy placid heart;  
I envy thee, thy beauteous peace and rest;  
Thy perfect harmony with air and sky  
Ah heaven!  
How infinitely grand and great, and calm, thou art!  
Majestic—in thy smiling consciousness  
A golden eve—  
And I lay all my length upon the sand,  
Drinking the opal hues of sea and sky—  
Breathing the strange, sweet hush of solitude—  
And thinking, half unconsciously,  
Some of the pure, good thoughts  
Which men do think at times;  
But which, be it for shame,  
Or some strange shyness of our nature  
So few of us confess.

\* \* \* \* \*

Musing, I lay contentedly awhile,  
Anon  
Yet still—and silent—but for rippling kiss  
Of wavelets, chasing one another.  
But for softly undulating bosom, bared  
To catch and hold awhile so lovingly—  
The tender whispers of the golden clouds—  
The opal glances of the parting day.  
Ah! me—Ah! me!  
How greater for than human is thy might,  
How full and wondrous is thy wrath—

When thy broad breast is torn and lashed to fury  
By the wind—  
Yet, ever dost thou cry—be it in rolling thunder—in moan or  
piteous wail—  
In sobbing cadence echoing down the strand,  
Or laughing, breezy chatter—  
“Thy Will be done!”  
Thy Will be done! Tis’ called away, away,  
In thy deep solitudes afar—  
Where thou art measureless and strange—  
And alone!  
’Tis shouted by the breakers on the sunlit shore,  
Where idlers wander and sweet children play;  
Or whispered, wave to wave, ’neath shining stars,  
In ceaseless, throbbing, murmuring tones of  
Satisfied “Amen.”  
Yet, thou art but mute great sea  
And I—with heart and brain, and voice,  
And God’s great gift of intellect with power  
To come and go the length and breadth  
Of His broad earth—  
I—created lord of all His creatures  
Unbound, unfettered, free  
Trusted—beloved—entreated! aye!  
Taught to call Him “Father,”  
Can do more, than try to echo thee  
Can only plead and cry imploringly  
For what I passionately crave, with fierce unrest,  
Can only try to still the hot rebellious pain  
That fills my breast.  
Can try—but that is all. Ah, sea  
To rest—to be content—to sing but one unceasing song like thee  
To say, with all my soul unquestioning,  
“Thy will be done.”  
Indeed were blest!

FLORENCE MARY ROGERS.



## The Convent Bell.

**A** CROSS the long meadows of memory the sound comes drifting back to me, recalled by the sharp resonant summons of the bell at St. Joseph's when on visiting days it is struck every few moments and sends its insistent summons to the Sisters in different sections of the great building. Curious how a sound, like a perfume or a refrain, can carry one back to events of bygone years! possibly almost forgotten until something happened to recall them when they stand out again in one's mental vision as sharply defined as though they happened but yesterday.

The little Convent that I attended as a day scholar was a quiet place, and stood, not like St. Joseph's in the heart of a bustling, progressive city, but on a country road, some three miles out of the town of St. John's, Newfoundland. To reach it we were forced to walk another three miles, but as this walk took us, my brother and myself, through the woods densely grown with fir and spruce and birch, woods which to us were truly fairyland full of all the elves and nymphs and gnomes with which imaginative children's minds can people them, we did not find the walk lonely; there were times when some grown up member of the family returning early from the town would call for us and drive us home—but these were rare occasions and generally we walked. It was necessary to start early and carry our lunches with us, hurrying on the way there, loitering, I am afraid, terribly on the way home. For the woods were damp and mossy and sweet—and the streams held many a speckled trout which might almost be caught in the hand if you lay flat and very quiet on the bank long enough for him to forget the noise you made in reaching the river's brink.

The convent itself, a square white building, stood in the midst of big trees, and behind it the woods sloped upward beyond the distance we were allowed to penetrate. There were

winding paths through them, and every now and then one would come upon a tiny sanctuary screened by the foliage, and hidden by the tree trunks and the bank, or almost overgrown with ferns; and between the sanctuaries there were rustic benches on which, whenever the weather was warm enough we were allowed to camp and do all the study that was possible, to be done out of doors.

It was old fashioned teaching that we had in those days—long lists of names and dates that must be committed to memory, and which escaped the recollection almost as soon as they were forced upon it—I could not now repeat a tenth part of the names of the bays and rivers along the coast line of Great Britain, but there was a brief period when I could rattle them off without a break or a falter—and the same with the monarchical succession. Now the only two dates in English history which stick in my memory are the Norman Conquest, 1066, and the Battle of Waterloo, 1815. All the rest are buried under the mass of material which, lies like old furniture and antiquated garments, hoarded away in some mental storeroom which is scarcely ever opened.

The day pupils and the boarders were instructed in different rooms, and only mingled during play hours and on special occasions, and it was the ambition of my life at that time—I may add that my years I think numbered exactly eleven—to become a boarder. I envied these lucky girls who had the privilege of taking their meals at the long tables, and sleeping in the airy, white-curtained dormitories, but my ambition was never destined to be realised, for I was foolish enough to contract scarlet fever which isolated me for some nine weeks, and on my recovery my parents moved from their country home into the town, as my father became a member of the government and was appointed to office, and my convent days ended all too briefly. There followed for me a smart and expensive school, later a governess imported from England and well grounded in the rules of the Oxford and Cambridge examinations, certificate and diplomas.

But the charm and peace and happiness of those few brief months at the little convent have remained with me all my life,

and come back to me at intervals in the hurly burly and rush of modern life, are recalled by the sound of the sharp tongued bell, by the echo of a dignified chant, and by the sight of black-clothed, white-collared girls with happy, healthy faces.

There was a tiny chapel of course in the convent—a hallowed spot to me, but one within which I was rarely allowed to peep, and yet within which I obtained my first glimpses of the mystic meaning of Roman Catholicism—and this also clung to my memory throughout years when convents and chapels dignified, soft-voiced Sisters and merry, healthy girls were things which were outside the circle of everyday life.

One of the girls who was a boarder at the time I was a day pupil, I remember, took the veil, or rather became a novice, just before I left Newfoundland. I went once to see her, and often I recall the still peace of the young face, the uplifted look, the atmosphere of serene detachment which surrounded her. She remained within the security of the Convent walls, and I went out into the world, into the battle and struggle and fierce competition of a strenuous civilisation. From that day to this I have never heard of her nor seen her, but often I wonder if it were possible for us to meet and compare notes frankly and freely, (which would not be even if we met, since there is always that in every human soul which no other may read) what we should have to tell each other.

I learned to make buttonholes at the Convent—this is one thing that I remember most distinctly, for I disliked sewing which was a nightmare to me, and I am sure the patient sister, Sister Xavier I remember she was called, who wrestled with me daily over the abominable strip of linen must remember just how long it took her to teach my stiff and reluctant fingers to set the tiny stitches where they ought to go—if I had not loved her so much I am quite sure that no buttonholes would ever have been finished, and perhaps she knew that too, and found in that the only recompense she had for her efforts—for I never was a show pupil at needlework.

There were about a round dozen of us day pupils, boys and girls, all under twelve, and all I should imagine as tiresome as country bred children can be—one other incident be-



sides the daily battle over the buttonholes remains vividly with me. Opposite to me sat a small girl a year or two younger than I. We sat at sloping desks and the ink wells were sunk into them. We were forbidden to play with these wells, but one day the child disobeyed and succeeded in pushing hers upward and upsetting the ink over the desk.

It happened that a Priest was visiting the Convent on that day and Sister Xavier was absent from the room when the ink accident occurred. There was nothing in the form of a duster or a rag available to mop it up and at any moment Sister and the priest might arrive—I am not sure it was not the Bishop—but I know that the moment was a terrible one. Those of us who had handkerchiefs threw them across to the culprit, but frantically as she strove to mop up the ink the rivers of it seemed interminable and inexhaustible. Finally when no more handkerchiefs were forthcoming, the luckless child valiantly set to work to lick up what remained, and for some minutes, which seemed an eternity, she licked with furious zeal. She licked up successfully every trace of ink but the face she turned turned upon Sister and the illustrious visitor I shall never forget as long as I live. When the door opened there was one awful moment of tense silence—and then I am thankful to say the visitor laughed—he laughed until he could laugh no longer and the spell was broken. But traces of her ink meal were still lingering round her mouth when after strenuous scrubbing the child was returned to her mother, who must have been pleased when she saw her.

Newfoundland was not the Newfoundland that it is to-day when I was a convent girl. In those days the interior of the big island was unexplored, and the railway only ran as far as Harbor Grace. We were cut off from the outside world for six months in the year, and our mails from England came via Halifax in the winter and were often delayed for weeks, when the ice was bad. Motor cars were unknown, bicycles of the low kind had not made their appearance, there were only half a dozen telephones in the town and these were looked upon with awe and veneration. As for street cars they were non-existent, and our nether limbs developed good muscles walking

up the hills, for the whole town is built upon a steep slope. Our world was limited to the town of St. John's and its immediate vicinity and the event of the year was when the warships of the North American Squadron arrived at the end of May, and paid us periodical visits during the summer. Nevertheless life was never dull to the youngsters, though it must have been terribly dreary to their elders at times. We skated and tobogganned and sleighed in the winter, played tennis, fished, rode and drove in the summer, and grew healthy and hardy and self-reliant in the keen salt air which never loses its nip and tang summer or winter.

That little convent is there now I am sure, and probably there are relays of girls in the schoolroom being taught by Sisters who were girls with me, twenty years ago. If ever my chance comes to re-visit the rocky sea-girt land where most of my childhood was spent, one of the first places I shall go to will be that square white building three miles beyond the town. It stands at the foot of a long hill, dignified and secluded amongst its trees, and the white road sweeps past it and divides; if you choose the branch to the left you cross a bridge and drive upward until you top the rise and feel and sense the sea again; by the other, the road takes you in a semi-circle beside the winding river, through moss-grown woodlands and out again to a farming section where fields and meadows surround white frame houses, and from the soil the farmers eke out a strenuous and precarious living during the short fierce summer.

Here amongst the country people, as amongst the fishing folk, you will find the true descendants of "Old Ireland," speaking often with as soft a brogue as though they had but just stepped across the Atlantic from the Emerald Isle to greet you. They look at you with the deepest of Irish blue eyes, the stalwart men and delicate featured, wide-browed women, in whose wistful questioning gaze there lurks always something of the look that is seen in the eyes of those whose lives are passed at sea or in isolated districts—a dreamy far away-ness of expression that stamps them at once as native-born islanders.

Too little is known of the island and its people—some day perhaps an historian will arise who will be able to make it and them live in the mental vision of those who have never seen it or met its inhabitants. It is long since I saw Newfoundland, and civilization has made vast strides there since that time—street and motor cars, telephones and wireless telegraphy, railways and commerce have widened its outlook; nevertheless I think there are places there where things have not changed much, and one place that I am sure is still the same is the little Convent which lies at the foot of the hill.

BEATRICE M. HAY SHAW.

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### The Lesson of the Woods

Will you come with me where the wild-flower starts  
And the ways are bright with bloom,  
Where the woodpecker taps his unending song,  
The chipmunk darts, and the sunlight long  
Pierces the heart of the wood's still gloom?

Here is a house by a Master planned  
In the days when the world was young,  
With a roof of leaves, and a carpet of grass,  
And never a sight of lad or lass,  
Or sound of a human tongue.

Ah! little brown squirrels that gambol and play,  
You have read your lesson to me,  
'Tis whispered down through the leaves of the trees,  
Wafted on in the sigh of the breeze:  
Life's lesson—"To do and to be."

K. L. M.



## A Literary "Second Spring."

**T**HE subject which I have chosen for this afternoon is "A Literary Second Spring." No doubt you are all familiar with that one of Cardinal Newman's sermons which he entitled, "The Second Spring." It is one of the most beautiful productions that ever came from his pen. It was preached on one occasion of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England. That event was considered by the great Cardinal, as a new beginning of Catholicity in his native land. For centuries that land had been deprived of the ordinary representatives of authority in the Catholic Church; but now there was an opportunity given the Holy Father for the re-establishment of the hierarchy as it was before the reformation, and this Cardinal Newman called the "Second Spring," the blossoming again of the flowers of faith that had had their first spring, that had richly flowered and that had also decayed. New religious life was established through a fully organized Catholicism.

To-day we can see in the world of English literature the counterpart to this restoration of organized Catholicity; the counterpart which we may call the literary second spring. As once, before the time of the introduction of Protestantism into England, Catholicity was the faith of all the people, so in that day the literature of the land was Catholic in its character and imbued with the Catholic Spirit. But Catholicity had been wrested from the hearts of the people and the consequence was that the literature which expressed the life of the people became almost entirely non-catholic in character, spirit, and genius. So much was this the case that Cardinal Newman in one of his University Essays insisted that no matter what Catholics might do in the future, no matter what their efforts might result in bringing forth, they could never create a Catholic English literature. That, he claimed, had been fixed and fixed for all time. The classics of England had been fixed and acknowledged never to be superseded, changed or augmented.

But Newman himself has proved Newman wrong, for is not he himself a classic His own achievements shouts back the denial to his words. In his profound humility he did not consider that he himself was creating classics. He did not feel that the day would come when in colleges and universities, his works would be put before the students as the types of the purest and best English ever written. Such, however, is the case; and being the case, may we not hope with a hope that Newman did not possess and yet which Newman has justified, that in the future there may come still other additions of a Catholic character to Classical English Literature.

It may be well for us when speaking on such a subject, to define somewhat our terms. What is Catholic literature? What do we mean by the word literature at all? Taken in its broadest and deepest sense, literature might be said to be all writing, or writing upon any subject, even though that subject be mathematics or science or philosophy or theology. However it is not in such a sense that we employ the term to-day. Literature, I use in a more restricted sense. Literature is not science, not philosophy, not theology, it is not history. Although there are to be found in the field of truth, men who write upon all these subjects, still these men are not therefore producers of literature. Sir Bertram Windle, for example, has given us valuable contributions of a Catholic character upon questions of biology and evolution; Charles Devas has written excellently upon Political Economy; a host of men have written upon other scientific subjects, but none of these would be necessarily included among men of literature in the exact sense of that word.

Literature, then, following the description of it given by Cardinal Newman, is an art, to be placed beside the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture and so on. It is not so much the mere statement of thought; but it is the statement of thought in a personal manner and in an artistic form. As a rule that form is found in the poem, or the essay or the novel.

Catholic literature does therefore mean the professedly dogmatic, or philosophical, or polemical expression of thought.

This is the office of the theologian, the philosopher, the apologist. But Catholic literature does mean literature, writing in the artistic sense, produced by Catholics. It means the expression of life and thought in language such as a Catholic, and only a Catholic, would use, or, in fact, could use; it means the formation in writing of the inmost convictions of a soul imbued with the Catholic Spirit; it means the outpourings of a mind saturated with the faith of the fathers, speaking, not always indeed—even perhaps very infrequently—upon distinctively sacred subjects, but ever rejecting what would, in the least, blemish the purity of that faith and ever throwing the light of divinity and of heaven upon the human and the earthly. It means the power of vision that can see, and the sensibility that can feel in the smallest thing of earth, or in the least contribution of nature, as well as in the greatest, the power and the love of the Almighty. It means, in prose or verse, what Father Tabb has defined poetry to be:—

A gleam of heaven; the passion of a star  
Held captive in the clasp of harmony;  
A silence, shell-like breathing from afar  
The rapture of the deep—Eternity.

Nor does this imply limitation. The truth shall make you free has its application here as elsewhere. The Catholic writer has the whole world for his workshop. He has the world, with its lights and shades, with its forms and shapes and colors, with its mysteries of life and growth and death, with its hills and valleys and seas, with all its beauties and its wonders, in which he can see reflected the glory of the Divine Exemplar. He has humanity with its marvels surpassing the other marvels of nature, the innocence and prophecy of the child, the tenderness and splendor of the woman, the strength and chivalry of the man, the glory of human love, filial, conjugal, parental, the unsolved riddles of human sentiments, emotions and convictions. All these are his. But over and above these possessions held in common with his brethren of different beliefs or of none, he has the divine gift of faith that brings him into touch with the supernatural, awakens a sense of immortality and adds to the fire that consumes his soul, a light and a



power that could be derived from no other source. Catholic literature, therefore, although it does not always speak upon religious subjects has a distinctive spirit and that spirit is ultimately and fundamentally the optimistic, hopeful spirit of the Catholic faith.

The difference between other and Catholic literature can easily be brought out by comparisons. For example, compare the poetry of William Butler Yeats and that of Lionel Johnson. I choose these because they have written largely upon the same subject, Ireland. Both have had a deep interest in the spirit and life of the Irish people; both have been exponents of true literature, expression of thought that reflect phases of life as it is; both have written exquisite verse; both have shown real poetic genius. But when one probes for the soul of their verse—what a difference! The conviction forces itself upon us that one is pagan, in the highest sense indeed, but still pagan, and that the other is Christian, a difference as great as that between the poles of the earth.

In bringing out the beauty of Ireland's life, in vivifying dead forms, in establishing a relationship between the past and the present Ireland, Yeats has forgotten that the genius of the Irish people underwent an essential and enduring change when, centuries ago, they left the shrines of the Druid to worship at the altar of Christ. Consequently his interpretation of the Irish people has suffered. He has, in his verse, presented them without their true Christian spirituality, he has attached to them an unrelieved sense of sadness and sorrow, as foreign to the Irish character as it is to the Catholic temper.

How different is Johnson's vision. Life is intimately connected with literature both in the effects that literature produces, and in the causes that produce the literature. Perhaps above all other literary men, the poet must express himself. Johnson's philosophy, of life was Catholic. Amid sorrow and sadness and suffering, he saw a brighter side. In treating the same theme as that which inspired Yeats, he brought out the cheerfulness, the hopefulness, the faith, the spiritual triumph of the Irish people over all material defeat. In a word he

depicted the Catholic soul with its undaunted energy and its unyielding life.

Such a comparison of views might be instituted at length between all non-Catholic and Catholic literature of to-day, especially when we remember that non-Catholic writers have, almost universally broken away from the old Christian ideals.

When we say, therefore, that the "second spring" of English literature has dawned, we mean that, to a degree not realized for centuries, Catholic writers in number and ability, have to-day made their influence felt upon the life around us. And the father of all this is Newman. G. K. Chesterton, in his work, "The Victorian Age in Literature," has this to say of Newman:—

"The quality of his literary style is so successful that it succeeds in escaping definition. The quality of his logic is that of a long but passionate patience, which waits until he has fixed all corners of an iron trap. But the quality of his moral comment on the age, remains what I have said; a protest of the rationality of religion as against the increasing irrationality of mere Victorian comfort and compromise. So far as the present purpose is concerned, his protest died with him; he left few imitators and (it may easily be conceived) no successful imitators. The suggestion of him lingers on in the exquisite Elizabethan perversity of Coventry Patmore; and has later flamed out from the shy volcano of Francis Thompson. Otherwise—he has no followers in his own age; but very many in ours."

Very many followers in our own age! These have brought about the "second spring" of Catholic letters. For that they can speak with power, they owe, if not to an imitation of his style, if not to immediate inspiration from his works, at least to the fact that he compelled the recognition of Catholic thought.

On all sides to-day we can find the Catholic note in literature, the protest of the rationality of religion. It does not spiritualize the material, but in the material it sees the spiritual. It touches even commonplace things of nature with the supernatural. Read such poems as "The Toys" by Coventry Patmore, "To A Snowflake" by Francis Thompson, "The Daisy" by Mrs. Meynell, and almost innumerable others, and you will come face to face with that Catholic spirit, manifesting itself

in true literary form, and raising the mind from the beauty of earth and humanity to the beauty of God. It is this same spirit that causes Catholic literature likewise to bring to life a healthful message of common sense and strength, as against the vagueness, the paganism and the fatalism of the ablest productions in other camps.

Though I have referred principally to the poets, because thought is more crystallized in verse, the same contrast is found among the novelists and essayists. Compare the "Robert Elsmere" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward with the "Far Horizon" of Lucas Malet or the "Luke Delmege" of Canon Sheehan; compare the cynical counterfeit of wisdom in Bernard Shaw, with the strong sense and cutting wit of Hillaire Belloc or Agnes Repplier; compare the literary merits of the greatest non-Catholic English novelists with those of John Ayseough, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, Monsignor Benson, Henry Harland or Joseph Conrad; compare, above all things, the views of life put forward by those that have the greatest influence in the literary world outside the realm of Catholicism, the views that are advocated by such men as Shaw, Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hewlett, Galsworthy and a host of others, with those views that are given us in the best novelists of our own faith, and you will find that Catholic writers have, equally with their best rivals, power of analysis, beauty of expression, richness of imagery, wealth of thought but, over and above, a something that gives to human life definite, sensible and inspiring guidance.

The essential points are: first, that the Catholic view of life is a quite distinctive one; secondly, that this view has made itself apparent through many of the best literary productions of the day; and thirdly, that this literary manifestation is having its influence upon life itself.

There was a day—and not long since—when, in the world of English literature, we could point to but few Catholic names. To-day this is not the case. For, though there is much room for creation and growth, still there is no branch of literature in which you cannot find Catholic writers of note. Would you wander in the realm of romance and fiction, you



could not do better than follow Mrs. Harrison, known as "Lucas Malet," Mrs. Craigie, known as "John Oliver Hobbes," or Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, or Henry Harland, or Canon Sheehan, or Joseph Conrad, or Monsignor Benson, or Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew, known as John Ayscough; would you enjoy the wisdom of the essayist you could not do better than take the hand of Hillaire Belloc or Wilfrid Ward or Agnes Repplier or Montgomery Carmichael; would you be taken up into the third heaven of poesy, you could not do better than attune your ear to the strains of Alice Meynell, Louise Imogen Guiney, Katharine Tynan, Father Tabb, Francis Thompson or Lionel Johnson.

And not a little significance of the Catholic message of these writers, is to be drawn from the fact that many of these, and in fact many others prominent in literature, are converts to the Catholic Faith. Little did Charles Kingsley think when he committed the (*felix culpa*) of provoking the "Apologia" from John Henry Newman, that one day his daughter would write "The Far Horizon" as a thank-offering for her conversion to Catholicity. Little did one who was Archbishop of Canterbury dream that one of his three gifted sons would become a most enthusiastic advocate and defender of the old religion. Little did the "Spectator," judging from its review on the occasion of their appearance, realize that the poems of Father Tabb were the productions of a Maryland convert to Catholicity. Little did the readers of the "North American Review" a few years ago, think that its editor at that time would one day be Father Paschal Robinson, the Franciscan, and the writer of much Franciscan literature.

Nor are these the only prominent writers in this same category. For in it are numbered likewise such as Father Maturin, Henry Harland, Miriam Coles Harris, Crawford Flitch, Cecil Chesterton, brother of Gilbert K. Chesterton, Miss Lawrence Alma Tadema, the poetic daughter of the famous painter.

Altogether this select host has given us reason to see and to hope: to see the dawning of the "Second Spring," and to hope for the summer of more plenteous realization. To them

we owe the debt of gratitude which we can express only by making them our familiars: to them we owe the debt of correspondence, which consists in the absorption of their thoughts and the application of them to our life and in our world.

It is not too much to say, that their writings belong to that great Catholic family, of which philosophy and theology and the scriptures are members, namely the Word of God. For all have the Catholic soul. And the written word with the Catholic soul goes forth as the priest, to strengthen the wandering and the wavering, to lead others from unbelief to faith, to remove from the eyes of others the scales of blinding prejudice, to give to some, face to face with temptation, the incentive to resist, to call back the prodigal that had cast himself into the delirium of sin, to maintain virtue and to conquer vice, to enkindle hope and to crush despair, to inspire nobler souls to walk in the ways of self-denial, and sacrifice, and love, to bring rest to the wearied soul, and peace to the troubled heart.

THOMAS F. BURKE, C.S.P.

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### A Threnody for the Child Catharine Shea.

Ah! gone forever in the voice, the fond heart broken too,  
For she, the beautiful and young, the lovely and the true,  
Is swept away, and a cloudy day now darkens o'er the home  
Where a mournful dirge, like the wild sea's surge is wailed for  
her alone.

Now mourn our loss, let the gift of prayer go solemnly up  
to God,  
And weep for her the fair young one who'll lie beneath the sod;  
For our hearts' delight is confined to-night, and mute the  
silvery tongue;  
Then a dirge for the child so fair and mild, who died, and  
died so young.

Come nearer, and place the rosary in the hands of the  
debonaire,

And twine the rose and the lily in the folds of her golden hair;  
Fit emblems they, on this mournful day, to tell of the life  
she led,

And silently speak for the young and meek, now lying before  
us dead.

O! stay not now the unbidden tear which falls for her so fair,  
For her whose sad untimely death now leaves us in despair;  
Though a sinless soul is gone to its goal, and closed the eyes  
once bright,

Yet our hopes and fears, our sighs and tears, lie there on her  
bier to-night.

Now bury her in the holy earth, where the winds her requiem  
sing,

And make her a grave in the field of the dead, where the  
trees their shadows fling.

At the foot of the Cross we'll mourn our loss, and weep for her  
early doom,

Then a dirge for the child, so fair and mild, who died, and died  
so soon.

W. R. H.

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THE REV. J. M. FRASER.

## In Fields Afar.

In fields afar, for Christ our King,  
Where darkness reigns, they haste to bring  
Our comrades bravely fight,  
The Holy Gospel's light.

The above quatrain is from the Alma Mater Hymn of All Hallows, the great Irish Missionary College that has sent a multitude of young Levites to unfurl the banner of the Lord in foreign lands. It is not, however, of one of All Hallow's sons we write, but of a Toronto youth, one of our own St. Michael's College boys, the Reverend John Fraser, the first English-speaking secular priest, we believe, to labour on the Chinese Mission. While studying for the priesthood in Italy, the subject of our sketch had volunteered for China; in 1902 at the call of Propaganda and at the request of Monseigneur Reynaud, C. M. Vicar Apostolic of the district of Tche-Kiang, a diocese of some sixty thousand square miles, Father Fraser bade farewell to home and friends and started for Ning-po. He was at the time, but twenty-five years old, and in his second year of ordination. He is the son of most estimable Scottish parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraser, and was born in St. Mary's Parish, Toronto. His first school was St. Mary's Academy, in charge of the community of St. Joseph so that he may be termed an Alumnus of our College. Later on he attended St. Francis' School, directed by our Sisters, and afterward became a pupil of the Christian Brothers at De La Salle from which Institution he proceeded to St. Michael's College. Owing to private assistance in study given him by Reverend Dr. Cruise, now of the Consistorial Congregation, Rome, Father Fraser was enabled to skip two classes at St. Michael's, where his zeal for study and great ability won for him the Elmsley Bursary. A four years' course in Italy at the College of Brignole Genoa, completed his studies for the Church, and perfected him also in modern languages for which he displayed extraordinary talent. It seems to have been during his



Genoese course that "the Call" came to devote his life to Foreign Missions. One wonders if Lavagne in the neighbourhood of Genoa, had aught to do with the inspiration that prompted him to go far, far afield, to labor for the Master, to help with the harvest of souls among Pagan peoples, to

"Gather in the heathen, who in lands afar,  
Ne'er have seen the brightness of Thy guiding star."

Mayhap in early childhood days, young Fraser in his parish church of St. Mary had knelt at the tomb of one whom the parishioners for sixty years have called "The Saint." Beneath the chancel lie the remains of a holy Capuchin, Father Louis de Lavagna, who had laboured for only ten short months in the parish, when on March 17th, 1854, he died in the odour of sanctity. His hallowed memory lives in benediction in the hearts of the people who cherish the hope that some day he may be raised upon the Church's altars. Preliminary steps for his beatification are now being taken by his religious confreres. Perhaps when kneeling before the magnificent shrines in Genoa, the young Canadian student thought of the saintly Capuchin born near "La Superba" but who had died far, far away from Sunny Italy, even in our own Toronto; and who knows but that memory, that example, urged the young ecclesiastic to make the greater sacrifice of exiling himself to the Orient. However it be, Father Fraser, as stated above, offered himself to Propaganda, and that God has blessed his sacrifice is visible in the splendid work he has already accomplished in the Mission Field.

His pious parents attribute their son's vocation, under God, to his religious teachers' example and instruction; they are far too modest to assume any share of the credit to their own holy lives; but the boy, with loving discernment did not fail to attribute in large part the share his good father and mother had in moulding his character for righteousness, in directing his thoughts to the sanctuary and to his Lord's service. The steadfast faith of those splendid Highlanders from whom the family on both sides are descended, never wavered in days of persecution, but burned the more brightly the

heavier the trials: that same faith has strengthened Father Fraser's parents to give to God's service, not alone their well beloved John, but also his elder brother, the Reverend William Fraser, who also for a time labored on the Chinese Mission, and two daughters, the one a member of the Good Shepherd the other of St. Joseph's Community. That faith it was that upheld them in the heart-breaking time of farewell, when the young priest departed for the Far East. There were, however, no hysterical leave-takings, no violent outeries; but a scene was enacted such as the Ages of Faith might have witnessed and which, no doubt, puzzled and mystified the rushing, hurrying throngs in our Union Station, when the ardent missionary, accompanied by his family, made his appearance there, preparatory to his boarding the train for the Pacific; with one accord the venerable father, the fond mother, the loving sister, the devoted brother, knelt on the busy thoroughfare and the priest raised his hand in benediction, even as long ago his Master on Olivet had blessed His disciples ere He departed from their sight.

If Father Fraser suffered the anguish of loneliness for a time after his arrival in China, his immediate relatives have never known it. His early letters home, contain some amusing pen-sketches to enliven, no doubt, the far-distant dear ones; sometimes in his epistles one notices a tone of wistfulness, a tenderness for his Divine Saviour so little known alas! in the vast country wherein he labours. We read, for instance, "On the feast of the Epiphany, I had to say Mass in a kind of barn. I was sad to have to say Mass in so uncouth a place, but I felt happy to be imitating the Three Kings who adored our Lord in a stable." Glints of humour illumine other letters as when describing a missionary tour he laughs with his pen: "There was only one Christian family in the place and my catechist and I had to stop there for the night. I ate a bowl of rice, and after saying night prayers we retired. I never felt so happy in all my life. The downstairs where I slept served also as kitchen, and behind the stove there was a big, fat hog and some chickens. The hog snored all night but did not come near to disturb me. The cock crow early in the morning and

served as an alarm clock." Again, "The Chinese drink tea without sugar or milk. At first it is not very nice to drink, but after a while you get used to it. However, in many places I visited, they prepared for me, a special cup of tea with sugar in it, as they had heard from some one that foreigners drink tea like that. But often they did not know where to stop in their politeness and would fill the cup half full of sugar, which was as bad as having none at all." Sometimes he pens charming descriptions of the natural beauties of the country through which he travels; if any of its physical characteristics remind him he is an exile, he takes care not to inform the dear ones at home of the fact; if he long at times for the "Homeland," the dear Canada of his dreams, neither pen nor paper conveys the message,—

"And I long for it all, though the blossoms around me are red,  
And the arch of the sky overhead has bright blue for a lure;  
And glad were the heart of me, glad, if my feet could but tread  
The path, as of old, that led upward and over the moor."

Father Fraser has penetrated into parts of China where no foreigner had ever before set foot. His first appearance caused almost a riot. Men and women and children poured from houses and fought for places where they might see him pass. When he went forth it was between narrow lanes of people packed in the alley-like streets—most of them six feet wide and none over ten feet—staring wide-eyed at the stranger.

In 1911 when our young Missioner had spent almost a decade of years in China, his bishop instructed him to return to Europe and America to collect alms for the needs of the diocese, and also to obtain English-speaking priests for the Chinese Mission. As English-speaking influence is predominant in commercial, industrial and political circles in the Far East, it is requisite to make it evident to the heathen population that the Catholic Church is strong in England and America, and not, as they are apt to think, exclusively confined to the nations of the Latin races. Canadians will be glad to learn that Father Fraser has been a factor in the building by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, of the American Foreign Missionary College of Maryknoll, Ossining-on-Hudson, New York.



The Cardinal would have liked the young Canadian Missioner to remain at Maryknoll to teach the Chinese language, but circumstances would not permit it. Since returning to China, Father Fraser has built a church, house and large orphanage with funds collected and received in America. In the past, he has looked to the United States and the American press for aid, but now another source of comfort is his, in the knowledge that our own Dominion is showing great interest in his work. The Honourable Senator Coffey has generously thrown open the pages of his splendid paper, *The London "Catholic Record,"* to publish the needs of the Chinese Mission, and for more than a year has received for, and transmitted to Father Fraser, Canadian donations. Writing to the Senator the grateful Missioner warmly thanks him "for the substantial aid you have afforded me. The good your readers have enabled me to do by their alms is immeasurable." Father Fraser writes from the Catholic Mission of "Taichowfu" with the location of which some of us may not be familiar. If you look at that part of China bordering on the Eastern Chinese Sea, you will note down by the Chusan Archipelago the city of Ning-po, standing at the junction of two navigable streams and of numerous canals, and strategically important in military records. About one hundred and fifty miles from Ning-po is Father Fraser's Mission of Taichowfu which place you will probably not find marked on our maps; but do not imagine from this fact that our missioner's labours extend over a small circuit. We have it on his own authority that his parish consists of one thousand towns. It is vastly consoling to learn from his letters to Senator Coffey that "the faith is making great strides in China. Thousands are coming over to us, at least one hundred thousand a year, and new places are being opened up to the faith every day. Our great need now is priests. I sent three aspirants to the Seminary the other day, which makes six since I returned to China; but before they are ordained ten years or more will pass. In the meantime I must employ lay catechists, to propagate the faith. But alas! not a dozen towns in my parish of a thousand towns, are provided with catechists. They will wallow in idolatry until I can send them

a man of God. Ten cents a week from each of a club of ten persons would support a catechist. Now, I beg and entreat the friends who read this to club together in bands of ten and elect one of the number as president who will collect the weekly offering and send it to me once a year. The members of the club who support a catechist will be the means of opening up a new town to the faith." And again, when thanking the Senator for Canadian donations, "I am putting the money immediately into circulation. I am educating children, saving babies, instructing converts, opening chapels, starting schools, employing catechists, distributing books, etc., with the money you have forwarded me." On February 19th of this present year he writes, "I never saw such a concourse of converts to the faith as during the last few months. In the school in this city I have over a hundred of their children under instruction, the same news is coming from all over. In the southern part of our vicariate a thousand adults were baptized in the last six months." Have we ever thought what it really is to help to build a church to the honour and praise of the living God, to give a home to the Divine Guest, to erect a temple where the Adorable Sacrifice may be offered, where souls may be fed on the Flesh and Blood of Calvary's Victim? Do we realize that the "essence of the essence, the very summit and crown of the priest's life is in the offering of that Sacrifice which alone gives adequate, because infinite praise and thanksgiving to God, which alone makes adequate, because infinite reparation and supplication for the people. The Spirit of Love overshadows the priest and pours into his soul the fulness of His grace, the superabundance of His gifts, that he may give a sacramental existence to the Incarnate Word to form Jesus Christ in souls, and make Him grow in them in all His fulness." Shall not the members of St. Joseph's Alumnae help to increase Senator Coffey's list of contributions for our young Canadian Missionary who is forming Jesus Christ in the souls of His Chinese children—each of whom was created to slake the Master's thirst,—

"The new wines foaming flow, the Master's lips aglow,

Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needest thou with earth's wheel?"







REV. FATHER FRASER EXTENDING HIS ARMS TO A CHINESE  
INFANT.

*(Courtesy of Catholic Record, London.)*

“Ah! how deep an how rich the draught our Saviour drank from martyred souls during the Boxer Movement.”

Father Fraser, while in Europe and America obtained two volunteers for China in the persons of Father Galvin, an Irish priest of Brooklyn diocese, and Father McArdle, a native of Glasgow, Scotland. The writer recollects meeting Fathers Fraser and Galvin in the corridors of St. Joseph's College a couple of years ago. It was her first introduction to Father Galvin and she was not aware that he had volunteered,—nay, was even then on his way to China. But she noted with astonishment and sympathy the look of intense anguish that marked every feature and only afterward when she heard of his destination could she account for the angonizing expression that had haunted her for many days. He had counted the cost and in a measure was suffering his Gethsemenai; and no Angel of Consolation had whispered a message of peace. But the Irish priest bravely consummated his sacrifice by proceeding to China and there he now zealously labours for the souls his Divine Master died to save. Peace, heavenly peace has distilled its healing dews upon his spirit and he has learned that

“Calvary and Easter day  
Earth's darkest and earth's brightest day,  
Were just one day apart.”

The second priest named above, Father McArdle, when a student in a Scots' Seminary, heard Father Fraser lecture upon his well-beloved Missions. Fired with zeal to consecrate his life to the sacred cause the young student entered All Hallows; he too now labours in the Orient.

If we may not emulate those selfless servants of God, sacrificing themselves for Christ in far-distant China, we may, at least, aid them by our alms and prayers. We read that never has there been so propitious a time as the present for the evangelization of China. The oldest and largest republic of the world with its four hundred millions of people, stands at the parting of the ways. After centuries of combat, full religious liberty has been granted by the lately established government. As late as the year 1900, thousands of Christiands

died for the faith, bishops and missionaries were executed by order of the government. On the 27th April, 1913, Yuan Shi-Kai, the then Provisional President of the Republic, surprised the world by asking all the Christians in China to offer prayers on a certain day for the nation's well-being. The present Republic built upon the ruins of the Imperial dynasty of Manchu has given a tremendous forward impulse to that vast country and the missionaries are overwhelmed with the multitude of catechumens clamoring to be instructed and received into the Catholic Church; the days of St. Francis Xavier seem to have returned. Bright hopes of the Church's future in China are entertained. At the installation of the President, Yuan Shih-Kai, October 6th, 1913, the Right Reverend Dr. Jarlin, Bishop of Peking, was the object of very special attention. Alone of all the religious leaders he had been personally invited by the President and was granted a private reception as the head of the Catholic Church in China and in reply to the Prelate's address, the President assured Dr. Jarlin of his great admiration for the doctrines of the Catholic religion, and of the liberty he wished the Catholic Church to enjoy in China.

Surely this is our opportunity to aid and encourage the Missionaries, not alone by words, but by deeds. Our Divine Lord tells us to lay up for ourselves, "Treasures in Heaven, where neither the rust nor moth doth consume and where thieves do not break in nor steal." Shall we not lay up in Heaven's Bank something to our credit, where the interest is not a poor per cent., but a heavenly treasure, good measure, "Pressed down, well shaken and overflowing." God's rewards are not stinted as are men's. There is a homely saying that there are no pockets in shrouds, also that one who gives willingly is never the poorer for giving; Eternal Truth has said, "Give and it shall be given you." He who supports the Apostleship among the heathens by prayers or alms shall be rewarded abundantly, for the most divine work of all is to be God's assistant in the salvation of immortal souls. "They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many to justice as stars for all eternity."





REV. FATHER FRASER'S YOUNG CHINESE CONVERTS.  
(*Courtesy of Catholic Record, London.*)



Pope Leo XIII. taught us that in the Propagation of Christian truth each of us should labour as far as lies in his power. Beautiful examples of self-sacrifice are recorded of persons actuated by this Christ-like spirit! We read in the Propagation of Faith Annals of an American domestic who saved every penny she could earn to buy text-books for a poor student in a Foreign Missionary Seminary; of a coachman who gave up smoking that he might be able to send to the missions what he would spend in tobacco; of a student, poor himself, who tutored others and sent the money thus earned to a missionary; of a little old lady who took her coffee all the year round without sugar or cream, that with the few dollars thus saved, a heathen child might be ransomed; of a seamstress, who saved every scrap of material she could, and begged scraps from others and with these made dresses for little heathen children, often sitting up late at night to do this work.

Of old the Master said to His disciples, as He showed them the fields of ripe corn: "Lift up your heads and see the countries for they are white already to the harvest." And again, "The harvest indeed is great but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest." "Lift up your eyes and See," say the saints, "see how in heaven there are empty mansions." It is for us to fill them with souls saved by the Missioner; may our prayers and alms cause our Seminaries for Foreign Missions to be filled to overflowing with heroic young men who later shall become—

"The trained apostles, who with zeal aflame  
Send life and light where death and darkness are,  
Through chosen souls who bear the Sacred Name,  
To wandering sheep upon the Fields Afar."

S. M. E.



## Catholic Women and Journalism

**W**HEN I consider the large number of really intellectual and cultured Catholic women who will probably read this, I am almost afraid to begin. But, having begun, I must, perforce, continue. And, having started with a compliment, I will now proceed to season it with a little—no, not fault finding please—but just a polite wonder why some of those same cultured women do not diffuse a larger amount of their intellectual attainments in the direction where they would do the most good, I mean in literary work. Of course we are aware that there are already many Catholic women writers whose work has made a decided stir in the world, both among their co-religionists and among outsiders. But there is one branch of writing which has, as yet, received but little attention from Catholic women, though the good to be accomplished by it is enormous; I allude to the Catholic newspaper. I do not think there are more than two or three newspapers on this continent catering to Catholic needs which possess an accredited woman journalist on the staff. Probably this is due to the fact that, until quite recently Catholic journalism was not so prominently before the public. But now that it is forging ahead, slowly perhaps, but surely, it needs every help that can be bestowed upon it. The days have long gone by when it was considered unwomanly for a woman to write; when such writers as Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte and her sisters, had to keep a piece of needlework to throw over their papers in case visitors were announced. Then, the pen, though it might have been mightier than the sword, was not considered, in a woman's hand, mightier than the needle. There is, believe me, a great future before the Catholic newspaper woman, but—there is no money, and there is hard work, work that cannot be shirked or slurred over, if one is to have any measure of influence at all. And, in capable hands that influence is very great. This is easily seen in a perusal of the

work of women writers in the secular papers, whose word is always accepted unquestioningly and their opinions taken for gospel. It is a singular fact, and one for which the writer can vouch, that Catholic women will write to these secular papers and ask the opinion of these lady journalists on all kinds of matters, but they will not trouble to write a single line to the Catholic newspapers even should it be fortunate enough to possess a real woman's page, edited by one of themselves. And yet why, this is so is not easily explainable. Of course there is a very large number of Catholics who do not take a Catholic newspaper at all. There are many Catholic families who do take their own papers, but for all the interest they seem to display in them, at least, as far as the feminine portion of them is concerned, they might as well light the fire with the paper as soon as they receive it. Dr. O'Hagan wondered, a little while ago, what became of all the brilliant intellects which were nurtured in our schools and colleges. Do they turn their talents to account in furthering the interests of the merely secular in literature, or do they allow their light to be obscured and finally extinguished in the sordid pursuit of material gains or social conquests? Certainly, that part of the Church's literature which is embodied in the family newspaper benefits but little from their educational advantages. Why is this thus? Do we not take a pride in the glorious Church and Faith that have come down to us from the earliest century, and that puts in the darkest shade even the oldest of the man-made religions of the world? Why do we truckle to the spirit of the times and keep our religion in the background as far as we can for fear it will prejudice us in the eyes of the business or social world? What is there that the world can offer us comparable to the gifts of the great Church of God? When I look forth into the turmoil of this earthly life and see Her marching on, calmly, indifferent to the yells and execrations of Her enemies, setting Her foot where She will, and overcoming every barrier with which the impotent world tries to bar Her progress, I feel such an exultation surge up in my heart, such a pride in the great Mother of nations as the Ancient Hebrews must have felt in the contemplation of Israel

the chosen of the Almighty. And the desire rises within me to put such poor talents as I may possess to the service of the Church. If any of you who read this feel that you could do any good in the cause of Catholic journalism, I beg of you not to allow that feeling to be over-ridden by any consideration of difficulty or discouragement, though you will, I doubt not, meet with both. The great and crying need of the Church at the present moment is for a press that shall be worthy of her. Let us meet the army of vile and irreligious and lying newspapers with a solid phalanx of clean and true Catholic papers, written by men and women who will place truth and justice above every earthly consideration, who have educated themselves to show the people where truth may be found, who are ready, at a moments notice, to explain and defend the faith that is in them. We hear a good many complaints that there is no money in Catholic journalism. Nor is there at present, at least. But there must be pioneers in everything. Those who care only for money and fame may seek them where they are to be found. But those who wish to serve God and His Church have, in the end, a far greater reward awaiting them than the mere possession of dollars and a name. Those of us who cannot undertake editorial or journalistic work can, at any rate, see to it that our families shall subscribe for one or two Catholic papers and magazines. Also, we can give sometimes a few words of encouragement and cheer to those who are trying to make the papers bright and entertaining, and who have, many of them, a somewhat hard row to hoe, on account of the indifference and neglect they meet with. And let us, above all things, pay our subscriptions with regularity. There are a good many stale old jokes going the rounds of the smaller papers anent the delinquent subscriber, and there is really more pathos than merriment in them. One impecunious editor commented recently: "We hear there is a young lady in our town who kneads bread with gloves on. That's nothing. We also need bread with our gloves on, and without 'em, too, and unless some of our subscribers pay up we shall soon need bread without anything on!"



I hope to see the day when every Catholic newspaper will have a woman writer on the staff, with a large batch of correspondence to reply to every week. It will take some considerable time to educate the great majority of our women into an appreciation of the vast opportunities that lie before them. In the future, I have no doubt both fame and fortune, or at least competence, will await many women who shall edit pages in the great Catholic dailies that will surely come, but, for the present any who wish to help in the necessary work must be content with a mere pittance, scarcely sufficient for pocket-money. Our neglect of the press hitherto has been a very short-sighted policy, the folly of which has become apparent to those who think and follow the signs of the times. Nearly every question of the day concerns women more or less intimately, and it behooves us to be awake to every opportunity to increase our growing influence in the world of art, of literature, and of religion.

FLORENCE T. ROBINSON.

## Brief Summary of the Alumnae Annual Events

**T**O SAY that the season's Alumnae functions were successful, would be saying little. Mrs. Ambrose Small, the indefatigable, untiring, zealous President, together with the very capable members of her executive—namely, Miss Hart, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. McBrady, Mrs. Brazill, Mrs. Warde, Miss Elmsely, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. McCarron, Mrs. McDonagh, Mrs. Crowell, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Daly, and Mrs. Wilson—made each social or literary gathering an unqualified success. First in order of events came:—

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### .. The Annual Alumnae Banquet.

And that nothing succeeds like success was demonstrated by the enthusiasm of the gathering that assembled in St. Joseph's College Auditorium to celebrate the Annual Banquet. Each successive year finds this pleasant function more success-

ful than the last. Finds also the Alumnae Society increasing in numbers. November 22nd the auditorium was thronged with the happy former pupils, meeting again old school friends, renewing acquaintances, talking over the days of "Lang Syne." Mrs. Ambrose Small crowned the evening's entertainment with a delightfully interesting talk on Japan, illustrated with sixty-three limelight views. In her recent travel the lure of the East appealed to her, and her travelogue made the glamor of the Orient appeal to her listeners. From the many lovely views thrown on the canvas one learned that Japan indeed deserves its name of the "Flowery Kingdom." These little people fully realise what natural loveliness can, and will, do for a family with a little help. One flower festival follows another, cherryblossom, wistaria, chrysanthemum, azalea, iris—bloom everywhere, massed in gardens, on trellis, in parks, and running riot over the hillsides. When the blossoms are at the fulness of their beauty, the populace turn out in holiday attire and stroll up and down the avenues, enjoying to the full the exquisite beauty. The Japenese, we are told, are a most polite nation, their kind courtesy, and elegance of demeanour would teach bustling Westerners many needed lessons in etiquette so overlooked in our day. They are a very intelligent people, and when they come in contact with foreigners they are quick to imitate, then adapt, and lastly originate. In science they have reached the stage of origination, and in medicine have made useful discoveries. The religion is Buddhism and Shintoism. It is lamentable to remember that the people whose conversion St. Francis Xavier so yearned for, still sit in the darkness of Paganism and in the shadow of death. Here and there the Church's missionaries are doing heroic work, notably the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Jesuits. Mrs. Small is a very easy, fluent and convincing speaker, thoroughly at home with her subject and her audience. Enthusiastic herself, she is fully able to impart much of her earnest enthusiasm to her hearers. The members of the Alumnae Association were welcomed by Rev. Mother Superior, the President and the Executive. Rt. Rev. Mgr. McCann,

Patron of the Alumnae, and Rev. F. Frachon, Chaplain, were guests of honor at the high table.

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### **The Alumnae "At Home."**

On December 29th the Alumnae held their "At Home" in the beautiful Reception Rooms of the College. It was a delightful affair and was rendered memorable by the splendid gift which the members presented to Alma Mater in the shape of the most modern Stereopticon Lantern that science has placed in the market. Many beautiful copies of the Old Masters were presented, notably "Madonnas." As our distinguished Alumna, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, writes in one of her illuminating articles: "The artists whose works have been above price are invariably studies of the Sweet Virgin Mother. She was the inspiration of the artists of the Renaissance, who in the new gained freedom from the old, cold conventional type of men and women depicted on canvas, turned with exaltation to the maidenly loveliness of the Mother whose tenderness was so infinitely sweet."

A very large number of Alumnae members attended. The corridors and great hall were beautifully decorated with a colour scheme of blue, gold and brown, forming a picture of rare loveliness. A musical programme consisting of vocal and violin numbers was much enjoyed. A buffet luncheon was served and the function closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

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### **Mr. Francis Robert Benson.**

On January 9th, the eminent Shakespearian actor, Mr. Benson of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, was the guest of the College Alumnae. Our readers are probably aware that Mr. Benson is a cousin of the celebrated Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson whose splendid books are known wherever the English language is spoken. Mr. Benson's wife (Constance Featherstonhaugh) is a Catholic. His brother, Lord Charnwood, was very prominent in the Liberal party and was one of the best known members of the House of Commons.



before his elevation to the peerage. As Mr. Benson's eloquent address at St. Joseph's on "Shakespeare and the elements that assisted in the production of the greatest poetry of the present time" has already been graphically given in the March number of the "Lilies" it will be unnecessary to reproduce it here. The presentation by three of the College students of a sheaf of St. Joseph Lilies was a pretty scene. The eminent actor, accepting the sheaf, raised it high and ended a glowing appreciation by poetically designating the lilies as a gift for kings from the home of queens. Mrs. Ambrose Small, in a most apposite and graceful little speech, introduced Mr. Benson to the admiring audience.

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#### The Rector of Newman Hall.

On February 20th, the Rev. Thomas F. Burke, Rector of Newman Hall, lectured in the auditorium to a cultured, exclusive and enthusiastic audience. He took for his subject—A Literary "Second Spring." To attempt to make a synopsis of this most exquisite oratorical production would be merely to mutilate it. Our readers of the "Lilies" have the privilege of reading it intact. Father Burke was introduced to the Alumnae members by Mrs. Small whose pleasant, feeling and appropriate words were not inadequate to the occasion. Miss Hart, seconded by Mrs. Day, returned an eloquent vote of thanks.

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#### The Reverend Dr. Roche.

Delivered on February 24th a most instructive lecture on the Balkan States. He was introduced to the Alumnae members by Reverend Father Dollard in a charmingly eulogistic manner. The Reverend Lecturer wore the Cross of Sts. Cyril and Methodius which decoration was conferred upon him by King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Reverend Dr. Morrissey of St. Augustine's Seminary moved the vote of thanks which was seconded by Reverend Father Minehan.

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**Alumnae Notes.**

The Annual High Mass on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph for the Alumnae members of St. Joseph's College Association was celebrated on Sunday morning, May 3, in the College Chapel at 10 o'clock. A large assembly of members attended. The singing by the College Choir, and of Miss Catharine Clarke at the Offertory was exceedingly good. A forcible, lucid, and logical sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Ryan of St. Augustine Seminary. The altars, always beautiful, were radiant with St. Joseph lilies, the gift of the Alumnae.

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Wedding bells have rung their merry peal for Miss Minnie Morgan, who became, on February 17th, the bride of Mr. S. D. O'Connor of Dundalk, Ont., and Miss Bertha Mahoney who was married in New York on April 11th to Mr. George Lamont of Toronto. All happiness betide the bonnie brides and their devoted husbands.

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Easter holidays brought many faithful old pupils to Alma Mater; among others were, Miss Geraldine Rudkins of Peterboro; Miss Mabel Summers, Hamilton; Miss Isabel Abbott, Miss Aveline Travers, Sudbury; Mrs. Kelly, (Annie Duggan), Miss Daisy Ince; Mrs. Leahy (Anna Fitzgerald), Penetang; Mrs. McCarthy (Dr. Mary Callahan), Sault Ste. Marie; Miss Marie Barry, Loretto; Miss Minnie Sullivan, St. Catharines; Miss Elizabeth Mahar, Buffalo; Mrs. Bonner (Mary Pape), Boston; Mrs. Aust (Gertrude Pape), London; Miss Mary Ryan, B.A.; Miss Henrietta Phillips, Merriton; Miss Edna Hartnett, St. Catharines; The Misses Jessie and Irene McGregor, London; Mrs. Frank Anglin (Hattie Fraser), Ottawa.

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The sincere sympathy of the Alumnae members is extended to Miss Loretto Rathwell and her parents in their sad bereavement—the death of Miss Mary Rathwell, a dear Alumnae; also to Dr. L. Cashman on the death of his beloved wife, our dear old school friend Albina Renaud, and to Mrs. and Miss

Sullivan, on the death of the esteemed husband and father, Captain P. Sullivan, and to Miss McGrath and her relatives on the death of their beloved Nora.

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Mrs. William Donald Barron (Birdie McKeown) gave a delightful Vocal Recital to the pupils and teachers of her old school on February 13th. She was ably assisted by Mr. B. H. Carman and Mrs. Edward Faulds.

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Our popular President, Mrs. Ambrose Small, was tendered a reception and tea by the members of the Executive in the Blue Tea Room, April 26th. Mrs. McDonagh presented a beautiful bouquet of Killarney roses and voiced the sentiments of all present when she spoke of the untiring labours of Mrs. Small in the interests of the Alumnae Association. The latter, in a feeling manner, modestly declared that her success, if any, was entirely owing to the loyalty and good will of her Executive. Mrs. Small is doing much in Toronto for the social uplift, and especially for the Canadianizing of the Foreigner. In the Illustrated Saturday Globe, which had a portrait and sketch of Mrs. Small, we note that the new Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, (Sir Henry Pellatt) of which Mrs. Small is Regent, aims at being educational in regard to its members and educational in regard to its charities. Mrs. Small has spent a very strenuous season; she has addressed many gatherings and with remarkable success, lecturing before the "Queen's Own Chapter" of the Daughters of the Empire; "The Highlanders," "The Westminster," "The Grenadiers" and the "Janet Carnarhan." One very pleasing function was held in Newman Hall when Mrs. Small's own Chapter was addressed by Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian, on "Education."





**A** GAIN we have sharpened our Exchange Pencil, and we are reminded by its diminished length that this number of our magazine will be the last of this scholastic year. It will also be the first number of a new volume, the third of its public life. Now that our indulgent readers' eyes will no longer be dazzled by the brilliancy of our first literary products, we shall settle down to what we shall proudly venture to call our traditions.

As we exchange greeting again with the worthy editors of our many excellent College periodicals and others, we are happy now in quiet feeling of gratitude and appreciation for the gracious and encouraging words of a most pleasant company of friends, whose gentle thoughts have come to us from minds whose high character we know, and whose sound judgment we respect. We are truly appreciative of the well-meant criticism, and salutary advice, as well as of the tangible support afforded us by the generous literary and pecuniary contributions which have come to us from these numerous friends.

We cannot fail to remark the superiority of therecent March, April and May issues of the various magazines upon our table. Of none, however, can we find space here to drain its sweetness to the dregs; we can only do but as the bee that

extracts honey from the best-known source as he flits on busy wing from flower to flower. And happily it seems contrived that we are made with tastes and powers of ever-varying shade, so that each subserves the other's wants, and each his own peculiar praise deserves.

**The Redwood.**—In reference to the April number we would say that there is a spirit of life and interest pervading its ample pages which makes one read and enjoy the essays, stories, and above all, the editorials and exchanges. The poem "Night" is something above the standard of excellence of ordinary college productions. It possesses imaginative and suggestive qualities which make poetry endure. The strain to which the Muse has tuned her strings is unmistakably night-some, gruesome, pessimistic, and though all the chords are minors there is harmony.

**The Abbey Student.**—This little magazine at once arrests our attention, not only because of its conspicuous purple cover, but on account of the excellent matter contained within. It is manifestly the original product of thoroughly industrious students who can publish monthly a booklet containing much solid literary matter in splendid form. Your worthy example stirs up emulation among us.

**The Collegian.**—The March number of *The Collegian* is at hand. The stories are interesting, and possess a pleasant literary flavor, while they bear home to the reader a good lesson in every case. The poetry is not abundant, not ambitious, but none the less pleasing of its kind. Perhaps it is because we are young in the literary world, that we do not fully appreciate the "mirth" referred to in the editorial, "An Achievement"; or it may be possibly, because we too are women. However, it may be, we shall make no further comment, lest any remark of ours might aggravate the sickness from which the editor is suffering, and ultimately bring to an early grave, one who holds this "unique position" among his fellow men.

**The Niagara Index.**—True to its name, points out in its editorial pages the real state of affairs as regards "Non-Employment." "The American Navy," and "War." It is always a great satisfaction to students to obtain information

on "Current Events" from a reliable source. The Index is always a welcome and timely visitor, keeping faithful step with Time, fortnightly.

Delightful expectancy attends the arrival of "**Echoes from the Mount**" on our reading table. What this magazine lacks in quantity it supplies by quality. The writer of "An Esteemed Friend" has our gratitude for the high tribute to one who, by her works, has increased in our hearts a love of the Divine. The poetry is simple but good, and we may add that there still lingers with us a pleasant memory of "Jack Horner" who presented himself to us under many forms last year. Long may your "Echoes" "roll from soul to soul."

**The Laurel.**—The green-and-gold March issue contains many well written eulogies of Ireland's saints. The Easter number is a noble specimen of college journalism. The Life Sketch of Francis Thompson reveals many facts about this great English poet which are both interesting and instructive. The sketch will help those who love the sweet singer of immortal verse to interpret his deep, yet simple, beautiful songs. "Shakespeare's Anniversary" shows an intimacy with that poet's work which the student of literature might envy. Hearty congratulation!

**St. Mary's Sentinel.**—The recent numbers of this magazine are the first that we have seen, and we admire its workmanship. "The Little Flower of Jesus" is duly appreciated, since we have been thinking along the same lines. "The Third Day" reveals insight into the character of old and young, contrasting as it does the miserly Jew with the simple confiding child. "The Wages of Love" is uncommon, but shows some instances of repetition. The muse was evidently busy in the college at Easter time, and the result is a variety of verse. Success to St. Mary's students!

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of The Schoolman, The Loretine, The Pacific Star, The Echoes From the Pines, The St. Vincent's College Journal, The Loyola University Magazine, St. Mary's Chimes, The Nazarene, The Sacred Heart Messenger, and others.



March 26th, Michigan Catholic: "The Alumnae of St. Joseph College, Toronto, are to be congratulated on their excellent magazine, 'St. Joseph's Lilies.' Each number grows more interesting and the staff of contributors include some of the most brilliant scholars of the day. It is safe to say that the good and noble women, interested in their Alma Mater journal, will always continue warm supporters of the Catholic Press."

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"I would make any sacrifice, even to the pawning of my ring, pectoral cross and soutane, in order to support a Catholic newspaper."

"In vain you will build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed—if you are not able to wield the defensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic Press."

—HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.



## Toronto Members.

The following are the names of the Toronto Members of our Alumnae Association. The members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the June number. All Toronto Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Toronto Secretary, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, 188 George Street, Telephone Main 2647. Members will please notify Mrs. McCarron of any change of address, and of any error in addresses:—

Miss Isobel Abbott, Mrs. E. D. Almas.

Mrs. P. Bailey, Miss Olive Beer, Mrs. F. Belton, Miss A. Benning, Miss J. Benning, Miss Margaret Bigley, Miss Marion Blake, Miss S. Bolster, Mrs. F. P. Brazil, Mrs. J. Breen, Mrs. J. Bryan, Miss Madge Burns, Miss N. Burns, Miss N. Bryne.

Miss N. Carolan, Miss Isabel Cassidy, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. T. Cassidy, Mrs. W. Cassidy, Miss C. Charlebois, Mrs. Kate Clark, Miss M. Clark, Miss Kathleen Cleary, Miss J. J. Clancy, Mrs. M. M. Clancy, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Gladys Cleghorn, Miss Marjory Cleghorn, Miss Florence Cochrane, Miss Maud Collins, Miss Gertrude Colin, Miss Nora Corcoran, Miss Corigan, Mrs. Lawrence J. Cosgrave, Miss Margaret Cosgrave, Miss Kathleen L. Coghlan, Miss Margaret Cronin, Mrs. S. G. Crowell, Miss Margaret Cunerty.

Mrs. J. Daly, Mrs. J. E. J. Day, Mrs. J. Dee, Miss A. De Laplante, Miss L. Devine, Miss M. Devine, Mrs. Dickson, Dr. Agatha Doherty, Miss M. Doherty, Miss A. Donley, Mrs. A. Dubois, Mrs. J. Duggan, Miss M. Duggan, Miss C. Dunn, B.A., Miss I. Dwyer.

Mrs. D. J. Egan, Mrs. W. J. Ellard, Miss A. Elmsley.

Miss Margaret Finley, Mrs. C. Flanagan, Miss Katherine M. Flanagan, Miss S. Flanagan, Miss Faye, Miss Mary Fogarty, Mrs. W. J. Foley.

Miss A. Gallenger, Miss C. Gearin, Miss E. J. Gillies, Miss Jennie Gillooly, Miss Jessie Gordon, Mrs. W. Graham, Miss Mildred Gurnett.

Miss I. Halford, B.A., Miss Rosalie Harris, Miss Hart, Mrs. M. Healy, Miss Rita Healy, Miss Anna Heck, Miss Gertrude Heck, Miss A. Henry, Mrs. J. Henry, Miss B. Heydon, B.A., Miss B. T. Heydon, Miss A. Heyes, Miss Higgins, Miss Jennie Higgins, Mrs. W. R. Houston, Miss A. Hynes, Miss M. Hynes.

Miss M. Jaffray, Miss Jaffray, O. Miss Adeline A. Jordan, Miss M. Jordan.

Miss Helen Kearns, Miss A. Gertrude Kelly, B.A., Miss G. Kelly, Mrs. W. J. Kelly, Miss K. Kennedy, Miss N. Kennedy, Miss R. Kenny, Mrs. N. Kidd, Miss A. Kilman, Mrs. W. H. Knox, Mrs. J. S. Kormann, Miss Koster, Mrs. W. Krausmann.

Miss Lizzie Lalone, Miss Katie Laorden, Miss Rose M. Lawless, Miss I. Lawrence, Miss M. Lawrence, Mrs. Lee, Miss J. Lehane, Miss B. Leonard, Miss H. Leonard, Mrs. Lillis, Mrs. J. Loftus, Mrs. Thomas Long, Miss Lysaght.

Mrs. Thos. McCarron, Mrs. G. F. Madden, Mrs. W. Madigan, Mrs. L. V. McBrady, Mrs. McBride, Miss Emily McBride, Miss McCabe, Mrs. J. W. McCabe, Miss L. McCandish, Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron, Miss Kathleen McCrohan, Miss Margaret McCrohan, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Miss Josephine McDougal, Miss G. McGoey, B.A., Miss N. McGrath, Miss M. McGuire, Miss A. McLaren, Mrs. T. McMahon, Miss Helen Meader, Miss A. Meehan, Miss F. Meehan, Miss L. Meehan, Mrs. J. P. Melady, Miss Clara Menton, Mrs. J. J. Menton, Miss Kate Menton, Miss Middleton, Mrs. L. G. Mickles, Mrs. H. E. Moore, Miss K. Moore, Mrs. M. F. Mogan, Miss R. Morreau, Miss N. J. Moylan, Miss H. Mullins, Mrs. Mulqueen, Miss K. Mulvihill, Mrs. Agnes Murphy, Mrs. Sterndale Murphy.

Mrs. H. Nerlich, Mrs. Northgraves.

Miss A. O'Connell, Mrs. Chas. A. O'Connor, Mrs. E. A. O'Connor, Miss J. O'Connor, Miss Minnie O'Connor, Miss Patricia O'Connor, Miss Teresa O'Connor, Mrs. T. O'Connor, Miss I. O'Driscoll, Mrs. M. J. O'Hearn, Mrs. A. O'Leary, Miss F. O'Loane, Miss Mary O'Rourke, Miss Mary Orr, Mrs. J. O'Neil, Mrs. E. O'Sullivan.

Mrs. A. Pape, Mrs. Patton, Mrs. W. Petley, Miss Pickett, Miss Marjorie Power, Mrs. E. W. Pratt, Mrs. F. P. Pujolas.



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Miss Bernadette Real, Miss M. Reardon, Miss Mary Regan, Miss Minnie Regan, Miss Irene Richard, Miss Roche, Mrs. A. M. Roesler, Miss L. Roesler, Miss B. Rose, Miss E. Rose, Miss K. Ryan, Miss Rush.

Miss Madeline Sheerin, Mrs. J. Sheedy, Miss Simoni, Mrs. A. . Small, Mrs. D. Small, Miss J. Smith, Miss Edith Sullivan, Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss M. Stormont, Miss Stuart.

Mrs. O. Teening, Miss F. Tobin, B.A.

Mrs. A. Wallace, Miss O. Wallace, Miss Bernadette Walsh, Miss Helen Walsh, Mrs. W. Walsh, Mrs. J. Wards, Miss Nora Warde, Mrs. W. Way, Mrs. A. M. Weir, Mrs. T. Winterberry, Miss G. Woods, Miss L. Woods.

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### Out-of-Town Members.

The following are the names of the Out-of-Town Members of our Alumnae Association. Members whose names were not received in time for this issue will see their names in the June number. All Out-of-Town Alumnae who have not yet become members should communicate with the Out-of-Town Secretary, Mrs. H. E. Moore, 195 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ontario. Members will please notify Mrs. Moore of any change of address and of any error in addresses:—

Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. G. J. Aust.

Mrs. G. Barron, Miss Hattie Bauer, Miss Rose Bauer, Miss Sophia Bauer, Miss K. Bergin, Miss Irene M. Bishop, Mrs. P. J. Bonner, Miss Anna Bourke, Mrs. J. M. Bourke, Miss Lily Bourke, Miss Mamie Bourke, Miss Mollie Bourke, Mrs. F. S. Bourns, Mrs. F. B. Bowes, Miss Harriet Boyle, Mrs. T. F. Breen, Mrs. J. P. Brennan, Miss Lena Brophy, Miss Lilian Brophy, Miss Margaret Brophy, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. J. A. Burns.

Miss May Carey, Miss Mary Cassidy, Mrs. J. Chabot, Mrs. J. Charlebois, Mrs. D. J. Charlebois, Miss Elizabeth Clark, Miss Marguerite Clark, Mrs. George Clifford, Miss L. Coffee, Mrs. E. Conroy, Miss Margaret Considine, Miss Rosemary Conway, Miss Lily Cottom, Mrs. R. E. Cox, Mrs. Wm. Crosland.

Mrs. T. C. Denis, Miss M. M. Devine, Miss B. F. Devlin, Miss Devlin, Mrs. Manning W. Doherty, Miss T. Donnelly, Miss May Doran, Miss Sadie Doucette, Miss E. Dowdall, Mrs. J. J. Doyle, Mrs. Joseph Murray Doyle, Miss A. Driscoll, Miss Pauline Dudley, Miss Agnes Dunne.

Miss Margaret Eckart, Miss Egan, Mrs. Fergus Ellard.

Miss Margaret Feeney, Mrs. William Fisher, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald, Miss Terest Fogarty, Mrs. A. J. Forster, Miss Irene Frawley, Miss Mary Frawley.

Miss Rhea Gettings, Miss Alida Gendron, Miss Nellie Gilliyn, Miss M. E. Glavin, Mrs. Michael J. Glavin, Miss Doretta Gordon, Mrs. William Gordon.

Miss Loretto Hanley, Miss Mary Hanley, Mrs. J. Hannifan, Miss Edna Hartnett, Mrs. Ernest Hectoia, Mrs. W. R. Hees, Miss Elizabeth A. Henry, Mrs. Allan Hills, Miss Ethel Hinds, Miss Ethel Hogan, Miss Margaret Hogan, Miss Nanno Hughes.

Mrs. Fred. Johnston, Miss Minnie Jonson.

Miss Phyllis Kellett, Mrs. Edward Kelly, Mrs. W. A. Kendall, Mrs. Fred Keogh, Miss Mary Keogh, Miss Kathleen Kidd, Miss Mary Kidd, Mrs. D. G. Kilburn.

Mrs. J. F. Lackey, Mrs. J. Lahey, Miss Annie Langan, Miss Celia Langan, Miss Ina Larkin, Miss T. Lavelele, Miss Mary A. Lawlor, Miss Agnes Leonard, Miss Helen Lunn.

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INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

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## Editorial.

### Of Woman's Intellectual Development.

"If you work for God and for yourself the better  
to heed the utterance of the Word within you, there  
will always be a few beings who will understand  
you."—St. Augustine.

**T**HESE words are an encouragement for all humble works,  
for all faithful efforts that develop the faculties received  
from God. All are not destined to distinction and im-  
mortality. Some must console a few souls only, and like daily  
bread meet the day's requirements without enduring until the  
morrow. God has given us all hands (which according to  
interpreters signify prompt and intelligent action) but on  
condition that we do not bring them to Him empty. God  
has explained His intentions in the parable of the Talents,  
where He declares that a strict account must be rendered to  
Him, talent by talent. No moralist, theologian nor Father  
of the Church has ever asserted that this parable did not con-



cern women as well as men. There is no serious distinction to be made. Each must give an account of what he has received; and good common sense plainly indicates that one sex has no more right than the other to bury, or to waste the possessions granted by Heaven to be employed and increased.

St. Augustine also teaches that no creature to whom God has confided the lamp of intelligence has a right to behave like a foolish virgin, letting the oil become exhausted because she neglected to renew it, letting that light die out that was to have enlightened her path and that of others too, if only, (as in the case of some wives and mothers), that of her husband and her children. Intelligence is one of the noblest of gifts bestowed by God upon His creatures; hence the rights of women to intellectual culture are not merely rights, they are also duties. If they were only rights, women could sacrifice them, but they are duties, and the sacrifice is either impossible or ruinous. The Scripture tells us that souls left to waste, like fallow ground, bring forth only wild fruit, weeds, thorns and briars, and God did not make the souls of women, any more than the souls of men to be weed-producing, baren or unwholesome soil.

We hear it said, "Women have never created masterpieces." Does this mean that their intellectual efforts have been, and that they always will be sterile? Have we not seen, and does not history prove that the acquirements of women have contributed to the preservation of ancient literature? Does not the pen seem as well placed in the hand of St. Theresa, as in that of St. Augustine? Was not St. Clement of Alexandria a disciple of the celebrated Hypatia? Was not the illustrious St. Catharine a teacher of Christian philosophy? Was it not St. Paula who inspired St. Jerome to undertake his noblest and most important work,—the Latin translation of the Bible from the Hebrew text? In the twelfth century did not St. Hildegarde receive revelations concerning the physical constitution of our globe, and write treatises upon laws of nature anticipating modern science? May we not read how St. Gertrude learned the Holy Scriptures by heart, and translated them from the Greek?

Passing over centuries we reach a day when women attained such a degree of popular recognition in the world of letters that "to be learned" was the fashion set. Like every other fashion, which for the one who could assume it to advantage, there were fifty whom it rendered utterly ridiculous and absurd. Molière discharges much of his bitter spleen against the weaker sex in his "*Femmes Savantes*" but it is evident that he attacked neither culture, nor learning, nor genuine intellectual ability, but rather pedantry, pretence and puerile vanity, as in his "*Tartuffe*" he attacked hypocrisy, not genuine devotion. Coming down to later times if we examine the records of history in the fields of literature, art, science and intellectual attainment, we find that genius has descended upon the feminine intellect, endowing it with gifts as brilliant as any that can be cited. It would make a list too long, to mention even the names of women in whom shone the gift of luminous science; revealed but partially, because of the existing hindrance to complete mental development.

Human nature in all its faculties demands instruction, enlightenment, elevation. Nothing is more dangerous than smothered faculties, unanswered cravings, unsatisfied hunger and thirst. Thence comes the perversion of passions created for noble ends, but turned against truth and virtue. Thence issue those crooked ways, into which we are drawn by our ignorance, incapable of choice, judgment or self-restraint. There lies the secret of many scandals or, at least, of much wretched levity among women. If these rich ardent powers had been cultivated, we should not have to deplore the incorrect intellectual standard, the mental weakness, the empty vanity of so many women whom education, checked in its development, has made elegant ornaments of society, perhaps at twenty years of age, but a decade or so later, merely frivolous, commonplace, useless companions, destitute of resources in themselves, and often insupportable to their husbands and children. Nothing is more dangerous for a woman, than incomplete development,—half-knowledge that shows her glimpses of broader horizons without giving the means to reach them. When equilibrium is not established

between aspiration, and the power to realize it, the soul after making fruitless struggles to obtain its ideal, becomes discontented with common life, and craving some excitement of mind or imagination, seeks it in emotions and pleasures always dangerous and often culpable "If you do not direct the flame upward it will feed upon the coarsest earthly aliment."

In sermons and homilies of to-day we hear complaints of the vanity, of the luxury and coquetry of women. But for what else does present-day popular instruction prepare them? Far from forming in them a taste for serious things or even for subjects worthy of interest, they are taught to ridicule those who have such tastes. The world is positively irritated against those who teach young women that they should use the gift of influence with which they are endowed, not to become queens of the ball-room, and revel, dance mad, beneath its candelabra or triumph at the bridge-table, or shine behind the foot-lights, but to become in their own homes, skilful and patient advocates of every thing noble, intellectual and generous.

In the present state of customs and arrangements, that beautiful, salutary, formative influence of home life is being lost or altogether banished. As soon as possible children are placed "en pension," or handed over entirely to the care of a governess. The mother, out of love of amusement deprives herself as early as possible of the supreme happiness of bestowing upon her children the first gleam of intellectual and spiritual life. And when the children go to college, or to a convent, what becomes the mother's chief care? That they should not work too hard, that they should enjoy special privileges, outings, exemptions, and incessant interruptions of studies.

Can anyone fail to see that at present we are verging on socialism? The masses will not work, they detest labour; salaries have been raised again and again. It is for the higher classes who are supposed to understand their duties, and to feel the importance of their responsibilities, to reinstate labour in popular esteem. Example must come from above. Our generation must be steeped in industry. There only, is to be



found our safety, and parents must be convinced of this truth. They must encourage and even compel their children to form habits of industry, of self-culture, and serious application to laborious study, and this even from tenderest years. If parents were less indulgent, and if the world gave more encouragement to studious women, those who have such tastes would gratify them, and would infuse a certain life into society, even if their number were limited. Perhaps the standard of conversation, of occupations and ideas would rise, and elevated subjects inspire more interest. Instead of ending their education upon graduation day, and afterwards throwing themselves heart and soul into society, young women would preserve the habits of intellectual training; they would carry on and complete for themselves, their husbands and their children, the education already commenced, and would exercise a new and salutary influence at home and in the world.

Between the spiritual and the material life, which answers to two orders of duty, the intellectual life should have its place; a place at present usurped by frivolity. The most cheerful women, the most equable, serviceable and, I may add, the healthiest women are those who are intelligent and industrious, and who through the medium of a well ordered activity have discovered the secret of reconciling the duties they owe to God, to their families and to themselves. Material existence extinguishes the light of mind and soul. Art and literature elevate the heart, excite a distaste for gross enjoyments, and spiritualize life. They afford nourishment to mental activity, which is now the prey of levity, especially among women, seducing them to vain and dangerous pleasures. All grand and beautiful things so worthy of the human intellect betray the emptiness of material enjoyments, ennoble the soul, and lead it to heights that approach Heaven.

The culture of art and letters would occupy the feminine imagination profitably. It would create, or rather reveal to women, admirable resources conducive to happiness, to virtue, in a word to complete existence; whether in society, where women's influence can elevate or debase ideas, occupations, interests and sentiments, or at home, where talents and in-

formation, while conferring a great charm, would render her more skilful in the exercise of domestic duties.

Thus the intellectual and the spiritual life would be united under the blessing of God. Thus we should find in the various classes of society, intelligent Christian women, elevated above frivolity, capable of sustaining and inspiring every noble idea, every useful effort, every productive life. Women at home or in the world would be more enlightened, energetic, influential, estimable and forceful than the women of the present day. If more artistic and intellectual life were introduced into Christian society, one would not feel obliged to go to the theatre to catch a few "reflets," as I have heard said, even in families where religion was in other respects quite faithfully practised.

No doubt intellectual culture may present dangers, but such only as are easily guarded against. Of these perhaps pride affords the most specious plea for the restriction of female education. We should like to preserve to them that modesty which is their brightest ornament, but are we sure that ignorance is its guardian? Is not a cultivated mind, of all others the best fitted to a comprehension of duty, of relative position, based on an understanding of the merits of others, and of our own defects? It is intelligent humility, that is to say, true modesty, which preserves us from pedantry. Great gifts bring with them a danger against which the mind must be fortified in advance by education which adapts itself to different natures; and education must make the moral development keep pace with the mental, preserving equilibrium between the ideal and the practical life, which interfere with each other less than is supposed. Let us hope that in many fair young blossoms, which year after year unfold their sweet, delicate petals, in the Garden-Home of "Saint Joseph Lilies" may, when developed to maturity, display behind the foil of an unblemished loveliness, an intellectual, and a spiritual beauty, giving charms of a higher order, and a power deeper and more resistless than all others.

S.M.P.

## Come Unto Me.

Come, while the blossoms of thy year are brightest,  
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;  
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,  
And Joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;  
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,  
Waken rich feelings in the care-free breast—  
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—  
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,  
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.  
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,  
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray,  
O! touch the sceptre!—with a hope in Heaven,  
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence,  
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,  
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,  
Will of thy patient race appear the goal—  
Home of the weary, where, in peace reposing,  
The spirit lingers in unbounded bliss,  
Though on a world forgotten the door is closing,  
Who would not early choose a lot like this?



## Our New Volume.

**T**HOUGH our Magazine is now established on a firm basis, there is still need of sacrifice, and undaunted courage, and unremitting energy on the part of all, to maintain its acknowledged high degree of literary excellence. The results that have been attained are great, but those yet to be realized are such that all should be stimulated to earnest endeavour. In this day of the woman question and its many phases, a Catholic body of young women, working along expansive lines, in touch with the highest and best in a world's advancement, and capable of distinguishing between true progress and license, in the noblest sphere of the sex, means more than an ordinary influence for good, it can be an example of possibilities within the circle of an universal Church. Farther than this, a great world may be instructed and enlightened regarding a woman's true status, as portrayed by true Christian principles and moral attitudes, and in no phase of auxiliary church work, are these principles more truly and effectively exemplified, than in the work of the Alumnae of St. Joseph's College, Toronto. It should not be forgotten that the high aim of a Convent education is to make intelligent, useful, broad-minded and religious women, of the stamp who will always find a welcome in any social circle, and be its truest, brightest ornaments. Apart from religion, education adds more than anything else to the means of human happiness. It lifts the possessor to a higher plane of thought and feeling opens up before her avenues to keen and elevated enjoyment, which are closed to the uncultivated mind, and better still, enlarges ten-fold her power for good. With the multiplication of labour-saving inventions, and the gradual shortening of the hours of daily toil the time is coming, when every one who works with the hands can, if so disposed, redeem at least an hour or two of every day for more intellectual pursuits. There is still too great tendency in these ultra-practical days to regard education as a means to an end, instead of its own highest end.

## Pioneer Women of New France

**W**HILE every Canadian is familiar with the events connected with the discovery and colonization of our country, the part played therein by a few noble-minded French women, is comparatively unknown. Nearly three centuries have passed, since these heroines renounced the luxury of wealthy and aristocratic homes, to devote themselves to the struggle of civilizing the savage Indians. The history of many of them will never be known, for it is buried with them, while some, who became historically connected with the making of Canada, are barely mentioned in our histories, and it is of these we propose to write.

One of the first was Madame Helene de Champlain who came to Canada with her husband, the first Governor, in 1620, when Quebec was "at its lowest ebb." From the first the Indians almost adored her, wondering how anything so beautiful could come amongst them. She carried a little mirror in her belt, and, as the savages were continually looking at themselves in it, they came to the conclusion that she carried all their images in her heart. She, on her part, had great faith in the docility of the Indians and did everything in her power to instruct in the Christian Faith, all who came her way.

At last, however, want of the comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed, began to prey upon her health and as she also suffered a great deal from homesickness, Champlain resolved to take her back to France, and they sailed on August 15th, 1624. She never returned to Canada, but after her husband's death she founded the Ursuline Convent at Meaux, and died there with the reputation of sanctity. L'Ile de St. Hélène, the summer resort of Montreal, commemorates her name.

In 1635, Father Le Jeune, one of the first Jesuit missionaries, seeing the great need of a girls' school in Canada, wrote to France in the following words: "If the excess and superfluity of certain dames of France, were employed in this so

holy work, what blessings would they not bring down upon their families." Among the many noble ladies who read this letter, was Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of wealth and position. It is said that, shortly before this, while she lay seriously ill, our Lord appeared to her and told her it was His wish that she should go to Canada, to labour for the souls of Indian girls. When she pleaded her unworthiness for such a mission, He said, "True, but I wish to make use of you in that country, and notwithstanding the obstacles that will arise to prevent the execution of My orders, you will go there, and there you will die."

Accordingly she decided to undertake the mission, and though her plans met with great opposition from her relatives, she succeeded in carrying them out, and accompanied by six other brave women, sailed from Dieppe, May 4th, 1639. After a stormy passage, they were received with joy by the two hundred and fifty inhabitants of Quebec, nearly all of whom were present to meet them, and great was the celebration in their honour.

They took up their residence in an old storehouse, and under the tutelage of the missionaries, began at once the study of the Indian languages. Being apt and eager pupils, they were soon ready to teach, and began their school with six Indian, and a few French girls. Madame de la Peltrie proved so succesful as a teacher that pupils came in great numbers. Many were the virtues and accomplishments which she taught them, but what she tried to impress most particularly on them was a love of purity and modesty. The savages seemed to recognize her superiority, and her power over them was very great.

After the first few years, we hear little about her life, but always was it one of strenuous endeavour. Occasional glimpses reveal her humbly washing the feet of the poor women of the colony on Holy Thursday, and at Midnight Mass on Christmas kneeling at the altar to receive her Lord in the midst of forty converted Indians. How pleasing she must have been to Jesus, the Divine Lover of souls, even those of the dusky



savages! She continued to reside in Quebec till her death in 1671, at the age of sixty-eight years.

"The inspiration of the little colony of New France" for nearly thirty-five years was Marie Guyard. She was one of the Ursuline Nuns, known in religion as Mother Marie de L'Incarnation, who accompanied Madame de la Peltrie to Canada, and who was her counsellor and friend for the thirty years they worked together. She was the Superior of the school for Indian girls. She and her Sisters taught the children Catechism and French, and her skilful management and executive ability brought the struggling institution through many perils. Her indomitable spirit earned for her the title of "The General on whom the whole success of the campaigning depended." The enthusiasm shown in her letters to France was the means of inspiring many others to join in her work in Canada, and soon several recruits arrived to share the burden of their Sisters.

Many were the trials and adventures of this noble woman in this New World. Shortly after the re-building of the school (the first one having been destroyed by fire) news came of the threatened attack of the Iroquois on the French settlements. The school was converted into a fort, and Mother Marie, with three companions, remained in the building furnishing munitions to the soldiers and cooking their food. The heroism of Adam Daulac and his companions prevented the attack and saved the colony. But what must have caused the greatest sorrow to Mother Marie was the realization of the futility of her efforts to Christianize the Indians. "It is easier for a Frenchman to become a savage," she said, "than for a savage to adopt the customs of civilized nations," and thirty years after the opening of her school, she acknowledged that out of the great number of Indian girls instructed in it not more than a hundred had remained constant.

But pupils were not wanting, for the daughters of the colony were to be educated, poor as well as rich. The former were obliged to go at least a few months of the year, while many of the daughters of the rich entered the school at the age of six and remained there until they were fifteen or sixteen

years old. And to-day, the beautiful Ursuline Academy in Quebec, erected on the same spot as that chosen by Mother Marie in 1641, stands as a lasting monument to her courage and perseverance.

Before her death which occurred on April 30th, 1872, Mother Marie compiled two large dictionaries of the Algonquin tongue, as well as a translation of the Catechism and the Scriptures into Algonquin.

Jeanne Mance, another of the pioneer women of New France, came to this country with Maisonneuve, one of the founders of Montreal in 1642. Her mission was to be the founding of a hospital, for which work she had received a liberal donation from a rich and pious widow, Madame Bullion, who made the offering on condition that her name be kept secret. For some time Mademoiselle Mance found no hospital work to do, as peace prevailed in the little settlement. Before long, however, the Iroquois discovered the new French settlement at Montreal and began a persecution from which the colony was not free for many years.

While such a condition of affairs lasted, Jeanne Mance did not dare to delay longer the building of the hospital, and it was ready for occupancy in 1664. It would be quite impossible to tell of all the good done by this noble woman. In the words of her biographer "her life soon became identified with the vital interests of the colony and all that one woman could do to draw order out of confusion, health out of sickness, happiness and tranquillity out of despair, and civilization out of barbarism, she did. No discouragement daunted her." Besides attending to her hospital work, she found time to learn the Huron tongue, and spoke it fluently. A story is told of her instructing in the faith a haughty Huron chief, Tessouat, who after his baptism was a model of piety and zeal.

Mademoiselle Mance made three trips to France to secure recruits and raise funds wherewith to keep the colony from ruin. Three of the young women who returned with her were Catherine Mace, Marie Maillet and Judith de Bresoles. All of these proved capable assistants of Mdle. Mance, but Judith de Bresoles is said to have been "the leading spirit of the little

company." She belonged to a noble family of Blois and had been training in Dauversiere's school at Le Fleche for six or seven years, where she showed great talent in the art of mixing medicines and in nursing.

After some years, the endowment of the hospital was lost in an unfortunate business speculation, and Jeanne Mance and her associates were recalled to France, but as a last resource, they appealed to the colonists, who, realizing what a loss their departure would be to the colony, agreed to bear the expense of their maintenance until things took a more favorable turn. After two years of privation various benefactions and endowments were received from France, and at last the hospital was firmly established.

Ten years later, in 1673, Jeanne Mance passed to her reward, two years after Mme. de la Peltrie, and one after Mother Marie Guyard. Her work was well done. Hotel Dieu Hospital, one of the largest and most prominent buildings of Montreal to-day, stands a testimony of her life-work. A fine bronze monument of Jeanne Mance was erected in Montreal in 1909, the 250th anniversary of the arrival of the three first hospital sisters.

Marguerite Bourgeois, the last subject of our sketch, came to Canada in 1653. Thirteen years previous to this, Our Lady revealed to her, during a procession on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, that she should devote herself in an especial manner to a life of good works. Naturally, Marguerite thought of New France, which was so much in the public mind at that time, and when the opportunity came, she seized it eagerly.

Maisonneuve was recruiting his company of soldiers in France, and, hearing of Mlle. Bourgeois and her pious desires, he invited her to Canada to teach. He gave her a letter to a friend of his at Nantes who would furnish her transportation, and so, giving up all her worldly goods, she set out with only her little bundle of linen, and, after unutterable hardships and vexatious delays, arrived at Quebec, Sept. 22, 1653.

When "this fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expanding in the rays of heaven" (as she is eulogized by Parkman) reached Canada, Montreal contained about fifty



houses. There were only two children to attend the instructions which Marguerite began, but as the population grew larger, the pupils became more numerous. Meanwhile, M<sup>lle</sup>. Bourgeois devoted herself to every form of works of mercy. She and the other "Mother of Montreal," Jeanne Mance, soon became great friends and shared together the toils and privations of their pioneer life. They re-visited France to seek recruits and Marguerite succeeded in getting three teachers for her school in Montreal which she had opened in 1657.

In 1657, she conceived the idea of building a church, and having stated her desires to Maisonneuve, he gave her a tract of land (the cheapest commodity then in Montreal) and after tedious waiting "Notre Dame de Bonsecours," the first stone church in Montreal, was erected. It was destroyed by fire in 1754 but was rebuilt and is now one of the landmarks of the old city.

The greatest visible result of M<sup>lle</sup>. Bourgeois' long life in Canada was the founding of the Congregation de Notre Dame de Montreal, a religious community of women devoted to the instruction of youth. The Congregation still exists in a flourishing condition.

Mother Bourgeois died January 12, 1700. She was declared venerable by the Church, December 7th, 1878, and was Beatified, June 19th, 1910.

"This group of pioneer women who made civilized life a possibility in this barbaric land, now sleep peacefully in their graves. Their lives were monuments in themselves, their deeds commemorative inscriptions which no temporal change in their adopted land could ever efface."

MARGARET ACRES.

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## Judith De Bresoles.

Judith de Bresoles to this country came,  
A sweet and sympathetic maiden she.  
All sufferers' needs she was the first to see,  
And cured with her sweet care the sick and lame;  
In mixing medicines she won much fame  
For talent great; and many a time 'twas she  
Who stood by sufferers from whom blood ran free,  
And dressed their wounds, thus keeping lit life's flame.  
O! Judith, may thy fame be ever known  
To all the world, and thanks be rendered thee,  
And in each human heart placed on a throne,  
As thou in Heaven now must surely be,  
Reaping the goodly harvest thou hast sown.  
Judith, this is our grateful wish for thee!

GRACE BARRON.

### A Character Sketch from "The Talisman."

**T**HE Knight of the Couchant Leopard, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, a brave and chivalrous Knight of the Third Crusade, is portrayed for us by Sir Walter Scott as one of the chief characters in his novel, "The Talisman."

In appearance Sir Kenneth was tall, powerful and athletic in build, with curling light brown hair, frank blue eyes and handsome features. His open countenance was an index of his character. He was straight-forward, chivalrous, intrepid and devout, an affectionate son and an indulgent master. In a word he was a splendid example of a mediæval knight.

His behaviour after the unfortunate incident of the stealing of the banner, gives us a good insight into his character. The upright manner in which he confesses to Richard his desertion from his post, and his unflinching bravery under the fire of Cœur-de-Lion's terrible wrath, arouse at once our warmest admiration. On the same occasion when El Hakim, impelled

by esteem and sympathy, urges him "to fly to the shadow of Saladin's victorious banner," where he may receive wealth, power and position, he replies, "My choice were rather that my writhen features should blacken, as they are like to do, in this evening's setting sun."

Sir Kenneth's high sense of honour was depicted in the following instance. After he has been given to El Hakim as a slave, the physician suggests to him a way by which, without disclosing his identity, he may return to the Christian camp to solve the mystery of the stolen banner. But he must bear a letter from the Soldan to Edith Plantagenet in order to gain the leech's help. Noticing his hesitation the Moslem inquiries "if he feared to undertake this message?" "Not if there were death in the execution," said Sir Kenneth. "I do but pause to consider whether it consists with my honour, to bear the letter of the Soldan, or with that of the Lady Edith to receive it from a heathen prince."

The Knight's fidelity to his word is well illustrated in the circumstance connected with the delivery of the letter, for by Richard's command he was restricted from speaking to the fair Edith. Not being allowed to explain to her the reason for his seeming loss of speech, he was forced to undergo her displeasure at his apparent obstinacy, and we can well understand his keen, mental anguish, when, because of his word, he steadfastly endured not only her displeasure, but her anger and even contempt, which burst forth in these words: "Begone! I have spoken enough—too much—to one who will not waste on me a word in reply. Begone! and say, if I have wronged thee, I have done penance; for if I have been the unhappy means of dragging thee down from a station of honour, I have, in this interview, forgotten my own worth, and lowered myself in thy eyes and in my own."

The piety of this Christian Knight was frequently depicted in his actions. When, in the company of the Saracen Emir he was passing through the "awful wilderness of the forty days' fast," he crossed himself devoutly and reprimanded the Saracen for his "ill-timed levity." And again his loyalty



to his faith was evidenced when he replied to Ilderim's seductions, "I might indeed hide my dishonour, in a camp of infidel heathens, where the very phrase is unknown. But had I not better partake more fully in their reproach? Does not thy advice stretch so far as to recommend me to take the turban?" And later when his return to the Christian camp was suggested, he said to Ilderim, "Take, them, the guidance of this matter; and so thou ask nothing of me contrary to my loyalty and my Christian faith, I will obey thee punctually."

Having followed the noble Knight of the Leopard with interest and admiration during that part of his career when Fortune did not smile on him, we are naturally curious to note his bearing in the hour of triumph. After his victorious combat with Conrad of Monserrat over the banner, he is led by the exultant Richard to the pavilion of the royal ladies where Berengaria performs the lowly task of unbuckling his spurs, and Edith unlaces his helmet. Upon his face being exposed to view, Cœur-de-Lion, to the astonishment of all assembled, proclaims the Scottish Knight to the David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland. He then turns to him with the question, "Why did you not mention your rank, noble Huntingdon, when endangered by my hasty and passionate sentence? Was it that you thought Richard capable of abusing the advantage I possessed over the heir of a King whom I have so often found hostile?" And the calm dignity of the reply, revealing as it does the man of worth, never unduly elated at the moment of success, makes one confident that our estimate of this man's character has not been false.

"I did you not that injustice, royal Richard, but my pride brooked not that I should avow myself Prince of Scotland in order to save my life endangered for default of loyalty."

We rejoice with him in his hour of triumph and leave him with his happiness complete,—his honour restored, and his faithful love rewarded by his espousal to Edith Plantagenet.

GRACE BARRON.

### Algebra.

To One Who Has Never Studied It. . . . .

"Yet all experience is an arch, where thro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
Forever and forever, when I move." —*Tennyson*.

The glorious, pleasure-filled days of the summer vacation are nearly at an end. The tortures of the examinations which you wrote in June, are fading into memory. Then suddenly, you are called from your round of paddling, swimming, and angling, to the grim world of school.

For, in the week-old paper, which has come to you from the city, you see the list of successful entrance candidates. You skim over the long column of names, with eager eyes and there, staring at you in black and white, you see your own. And your heart gives a bound of joy, for after your name is written the coveted word—HONORS!

For you, the last milepost in the journey of the Lower School life has been successfully passed. Stretching ahead of you into the far, far distant horizon, is the world of broader learning and knowledge, which you enter, through the portals of the High School.

Algebra—a study which should by reason of its use of the A, B, C's of early days be easy! But in Algebra, A and B and C take on new meanings. They no longer serve to form a word for your baby lips to utter. Instead, they go to make up a branch of the science of mathematics, which resembles arithmetic, but in a supposedly simplified form. Algebra is a series of problems, in which persons are treated as letters, money is simply termed "x" or "y", and, as one rather sarcastic beginner told me, "We use symbols when we do not know about what we are talking.

However, though we may all dislike the subject, we are bound to acknowledge that it is a study, which brings its reward. It is supposed to steady the brain of every boy and girl, and to fit each one to cope in later life, with the problems in which "x" and "y" become dollars and cents, and A, and B, and C, are the real persons with whom we come in contact.

All honour and glory to the patient scholar who delves away into the "Wee small hours," in order to master the details of this brain-developing science!—IRENE MONKMAN.

## An Answered Prayer

Abundantly He answered all my prayer,  
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought  
With blessing, more than I had dreamed or thought,  
For I with confidence had laid it there.  
A blessing undisguised, and free and fair,  
Is granted me—yea, all the boon I sought,  
Most wonderful what He for me hath wrought,  
A favour such, none other can compare.  
O faithless heart! He said that He would hear,  
And answer thy poor prayer, and He hath heard,  
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear,  
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?  
More wonderful if He should fail to bless  
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.

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### Some Famous Florentines.

**T**HOUGH "Immortal Rome" must rank first among the cities of Italy, there is one that may lay claim to be the best beloved, and we will turn aside from the glorious "Queen of the Seven Hills" to where Florence, outlined in its domes and spires, "lies out on the mountain side." The thoughtful tourists wandering about the streets may recall at every step, memories of "old unhappy far-off things" that haunt the fair "Lily of the Arno." From Fiesole, the "Ancient Mother," the whole city lies stretched out in gorgeous panorama. There is the Cathedral dome, the little sister as they call it, of St. Peter's at Rome, and Santa Croce where Michel Angelo lies and looks out towards the dome he loved, and best of all, the "startling bell-tower Giotto raised," the marble that takes color from the sky that gleams in the moon-light and flushes with the setting sun almost like a snowy Alpine peak. It is a shaft of pearl reared against the deep blue of the Italian sky, the "Lily of Florence blossoming in stone."



What a galaxy of glorious names is called up by the very word Florence. Dante the "divine poet," Boccaccio, renowned for his merry stories; Vasari, whose quaint chronicles are beloved by all in literary circles; Michel Angelo, Donatello, Brunelleschi, unsurpassed as sculptors; and Giotto, Fra Angelico, Sando Botticelli, artists whose names will never die; these are but a few of the numberless Florentine genii that claim our attention. But among all these glorious names, those of a trio,—Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michel Angelo are unsurpassed the world over.

### THE POET—DANTE.

If, as Plutarch says, "The first requisite to happiness is that a man be born in a famous city," Dante was peculiarly blessed. Though not the glorious city that was later the pride of Italy, during the Renaissance, Florence even in 1255 when Dante was born, was world-famous for her numerous guilds and her democratic government which was unique at that period. It was here, then, in the beautiful month of May, 1265, that Dante first saw the light. He was baptized in the quaint octagon of the Baptistery where so many small Florentines have been admitted into the Fold. Little is known of his childhood save a single incident related in the "Vita Nuova" which tells of his meeting with Beatrice Portinari in 1275. After an interval of nine years he again met this central star of his life who was to have such influence over him. After her death in 1290 he was inconsolable, but three years later married Donna Gemma Donati.

Boccaccio tells us that "the care of a family drew Dante to that of a Republic" and he was soon actively engaged in political strife. He was sent on many embassies and on his return was elected Prior of Florence. At length the opposing party, the Neri, gained the upper hand and the principal members of the Bianchi were exiled and with them, Dante. So violent was the hatred of the victors that Dante was fined the sum of six thousand lire and condemned to be burned alive if he ever again ventured into Florentine territory.

The first part of his exile was spent in wandering from court to court in the vain hope of finding some opportunity of returning to his beloved Florence. Though little is known of his wanderings, it is almost certain that he spent some time in Paris, studying philosophy, and later proceeded to Oxford. But—

“Men are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
They learn in sorrow what they teach in song.”

and Dante performed his greatest work while in exile. During his years of prosperity he had crudely sketched a poem in Latin that was the germ of his great Divine Comedy. Madonna Gemma, his wife, managed to save this sketch with a few other papers, before the poet's effects were confiscated, and forwarded it to him. During all his long wanderings, he worked on it, but it was found to be incomplete when he died. An old legend tells us that he appeared to his son and showed him where the missing thirteen cantos lay. They were found and added to the rest of the poem which was completed by the addition. His death occurred in 1321 at Ravenna. The whole city mourned his decease and his obsequies were conducted with all the pomp befitting the greatest poet of the age. A beautiful marble tomb was erected to his honour in the Convent of St. Francis of Assisi. In the words of Tennyson—

“He saw through life and death thro' good and ill  
He saw thro' his own soul  
The marvel of the everlasting Will  
An open scroll,  
Before him lay.”

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### THE PAINTER—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

From the shadowy figure of the “divine poet” we pass on to Leonardo da Vinci who, shrouded in mystical glory, is hardly known to the world at large save through his few remaining works. He was born at Vinci, a small village in close proximity to Florence in 1452. As a child his marvellous talent soon made itself evident, but it is positive that he received little or no education from competent teachers. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed at the bottega of Andrea

del Verocchio where he was a fellow student of Perugino. His first work was the painting of one of the attendant angels in Verocchio's "Baptism of Christ."

Leonardo owed little of his methods to antiquity. A few sketches such as the "Dancers" of the Academy of Venice, are his only works that show classical influence. When he was thirty years of age he wrote a letter to Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, offering his services as engineer, artist, architect and sculptor. In reading this remarkable epistle, which is still extant, the reader will note with some amusement the artist's extreme self-confidence. At this period he also evinced remarkable musical talent, particularly as an improviser, accompanying himself on a peculiar lute which he designed. His works of this time are "The Virgin of the Rocks" and "Woman with a Martin." Undoubtedly his masterpiece is the "Last Supper" a fresco in the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Crazie, to the preparatory stages of which he devoted ten years. He also planned an equestrian statue of Ludovico, his patron, which was unhappily destroyed by the French.

After Duke Sforza's fall, there began a time of roving from court to court and to this period belongs the beautiful "Mona Lisa," which now hangs in the Louvre, and which required four years of strenuous work. Soon after this was completed, he proceeded to France where he spent the last three years of his stormy existence. Francis I., with true appreciation of the old artist's genius, gave him sumptuous apartments in the Chateau of Cloux, near Amboise, and a pension of seven thousand crowns. Though his faculties were somewhat dulled, Leonardo was still actively engaged in studying canalization. In 1519, while still in pursuit of these studies, he died, some say in the arms of the French King, but this legend has been effectually disproved by the fact that Francis was on that day at St. Germain-en-Laye. Thus ended the career of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the "Master minds of the Renaissance." Though we know little of his life, his glory has come down to us of the twentieth century by the fame of his beautiful work,



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**THE SCULPTOR—MICHEL ANGELO.**

The change from Leonardo to Michel Angelo is a striking one. Though comparatively few details of the former's life have been preserved, there is no such uncertainty regarding the latter. Michel Angelo's life, actions, works, even his very thoughts have descended to us with as little doubt as if the sculptor had lived but yesterday. He dominates all Florence. Even Dante, whom many regarded as the greatest of the Florentines, is thrown into the back ground by this great mind. His father, Ludovico Buonarroti, was of the Grandi or nobles. Michel Angelo showed a precocious talent for sculpture. His father had many children, and was desirous to dispose of Michel Angelo in the Arts of Wool and Silk, but like many other sons, doomed their fathers' souls to cross the boy was equally desirous to apprentice himself to one of the numerous bottegas of Florence. Accordingly, after much opposition, he entered the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo (the Garland-Maker). His life-like work attracted the attention of Lorenzo, the Magnificent and on Ghirlandajo's recommendation he took up his residence in the palace where under the tuition of Butoldo, a former pupil of Donatello's he studied sculpture. The quickness with which he took to the art astonished Lorenzo who commissioned him to carve a faun's head in marble. At this period, Lorenzo had gathered around him at his beautiful palace all the greatest minds of the Renaissance. Politian, the poet, introduced Michel Angelo to the literary circles at the Academy where he assimilated a love of classicism.

Shortly after the fall of the Medici, Michel Angelo journeyed to Rome whither his fame had preceded him. Here he executed the "Pieta" which now stands in St. Peter's. On his return to Florence he carved the famous "David." Shortly after this, he devoted himself to painting in Rome under the patronage of Pope Julius II., his greatest work there being the famous frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

After passing through many vicissitudes, the sculptor returned to his beloved Florence to fortify it from the attacks

of the Medici, who, after having been driven forth were again endeavouring to return. Needless to say the emissaries of the Medici conquered and Michel Angelo was forced to remain in hiding until he was persuaded to come forth to finish San Lorenzo, a mausoleum, in honour of his former patron. The four great figures of Day and Night, Twilight and Dawn, therein represented, are the monuments not of the Medici but of the dead hopes of conquered Florence.

Shortly after the completion of this great work, Michel Angelo again went to Rome where he erected the "Moses" over Pope Julius' tomb, and performed his greatest work, the mighty dome of St. Peter's. After twenty years of peaceful existence in Rome, he died from the effects of a fall from a scaffolding on which he had been working on his "Last Judgment," one of the famous frescoes.

His character was strange, being many-sided. Very independent and determined in his views and endeavours, he was, on the other hand, generous to brother artists, and devoted and even tender-hearted to his father and brothers, while with his pupils, Vasari and Condivi, who wrote his biography, he was on most cordial terms. Savonarola's sermons, it has been said, influenced him strongly, and were probably the cause of his practising a certain austerity of life, seen in his self-denial in matters of dress and diet. In Literature he was a student and admirer of Dante, whose style he imitated in some verses and sonnets which are not without merit. The whole character of the man seems to reveal itself in his own words in the following lines:—

"The course of life has brought my lingering days  
In fragile ship over a stormy sea.  
To th' common port, where all our counts must be  
Ordered and reckoned, works for blame or praise.  
Here ends love's tender fantasy that made  
(I know the error of the thought) great art  
My idol and my monarch; now my heart  
Perceives how low is each man's longing laid,  
Oh thoughts that tempt us, idle, sweet, and vain,  
Where are ye when a double death draws near  
One sure, one threatening an eternal loss  
Painting and sculptures now are no more gain  
To still the soul turned to that Godhead dear  
Stretching great arms out to us from His cross."

As Mrs. Oliphant says, "How can we better take leave of Michel Angelo in his sorrow and his greatness, than with these sad words of mortal failing, yet everlasting loyalty and hope."

GRACE ALLCHURCH.

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### An Orchard in Spring.

**I**T IS SPRING.—The nights are cold and clear, the days are warm and delightful. The orchards are in bloom, and a profusion of sweetest, most delicate perfumes fills the air. An abundance of fresh, green, tender leafage teeming with sap and glistening in the sunshine, adorns the heretofore bare branches of the fruit-trees.

The Spring beauty of a Canadian orchard cannot be exaggerated and this beauty is ever a new one, for, great transformations take place daily. Perhaps one might notice, some quiet evening, a few little shoots on the apparently dead branches. In the morning, crinkled leaves have developed and, day by day, these green trimmings increase in number and beauty. But apart from the growing foliage, delicate blossoms,—some snowy white, some pinkish white, some purplish white,—deck the trees with beauty, and fill the air with sweetest fragrance.

The gentle breezes waft the branches bearing their light snow-drift of blossoms to and fro to the pretty music of the sweet-singing birds. Underneath the trees the grass, peeping at first, shortly covers the ground and has the rich smoothness of velvet. Walking along this green carpet, and admiring the gentle flowerets clustering on the trees which now look like large bouquets, one wonders if anything can surpass the beauty and the loveliness of an orchard in Spring.

MARY LATCHFORD.



### The Morality of King Henry IV.

**T**O DISCUSS the morality of almost any Shakespearean play seems at first sight a difficult matter. For strange as it may seem, from the perusal of these great works, one seldom receives a distinct impression of morality, taken in the strict sense of that word. But we never reproach Shakespeare with the omission, for we do not quarrel with one who introduced us to Humanity. We meet Julius Cæsar,—warrior, Macbeth,—murderer, Hamlet,—intellectual giant, none of them conspicuously moral. Again we see Juliet, a victim of violent passion Portia, Beatrice—brilliant women, and womanly women, doubtless moral also, but with that point quite unemphasized. We ask ourselves, “Was there no morality?” or “Was it distasteful to Shakespeare if it did exist?” and therefore “Are his pictures after all false?” Again we examine that priceless collection of historical portraits, which he has bestowed on the English nation, and we conclude that if we often search in vain for conspicuous signs of morality, the omission must be assigned to the subject, and not to the painter. We conclude that if we do not find morality, it is because that was not an essential feature of the characters he presents to us: that he gives us such characters, because in terms of the drama, morality is neither attractive nor valuable.

Henry the Fourth is one of those characters, whom we are often inclined to judge, by a different code from the one by which we try lesser mortals. We are tempted to pass sentence on the value of the result of his work, rather than on the methods by which that result was attained.

In this manner, opinion is now generally agreed, that Elizabeth was one of the greatest rulers England ever had, though very few can be found to declare the means irreproachable, which she at times employed. So, as in the case of King Henry, if we decide that they accomplished, or even sincerely tried to accomplish, lasting good for the whole people, we are inclined to let that weigh against minor injuries done to a few powerful people, and consequently, place them among those

who have wrought well, rather than to condemn them by the strict letter of the law.

There are several reasons for believing that Henry really worked for the good of his people, and one of these is his treatment of his son. He thought of Prince Henry, as Prince of Wales;—as the next King of England, not as his own son. This treatment which tends to appear harsh and unjust, was caused by his disappointment in not perceiving in his son those qualities which he would require to fill worthily the position which the King had acquired “by paths and indirect, crooked ways,” and for the dignities and responsibilities, of which the Prince apparently, had no thought. In fact, a remark which I came across lately in an historical work, seems to sum up quite well my opinion of King Henry. The statement was to the effect, that a certain high office was so immensely difficult to fill, that anything short of failure deserved to be called a success.

We find Prince Henry at first mingling in the lowest company, and apparently finding there most congenial surroundings. We become used to this idea, when we find out, on his own testimony, that this conduct is merely a pose, that every one of his actions is calculated for effect. This is not a pleasant revelation, and we find it difficult to reconcile ourselves to such an idea. In fact we should almost prefer to find him engaging in such pursuits because he had a real taste for them, than indulging in them in this calculating manner, which goes a long way towards proving him his father’s son. It would be difficult to believe that all the time the Prince is amusing himself with Falstaff, that he is not actuated by any true friendship, but as heir-apparent, having no important duties pressing on him, that he is merely serving his time, and using Flatstaff as a superior type of jester, Official Master of the Revels to Prince Henry.

We clearly perceive that there can be no satisfactory working relation between such a father and such a son. The King’s distrust of his son leads him into harsh upbraidings, by which the Prince appears to be unmoved: but we know that his atti-

tude is not the result of indifference, but rather of that strongest of supports,—calm, self-knowledge and self-control.

The father and son come to a more thorough understanding on the King's death-bed, than they reached at any time during his life. The Prince's action at that scene is certainly capable of unfavourable interpretation, but his artful misrepresentation of his previously experienced sentiments neither deceives nor displeases the King. At any previous time such a deception would have proved an additional source of displeasure to Henry, but here it comes as a needed reassurance to him, and he recognizes in his son, the presence of those qualities which will enable him to carry out the policy initiated by his father, and in his last moments he can rest satisfied. However, there is great pathos in the words, "Thy life did manifest thou lovest me not, and thou wilt have me die assur'd of it," which makes us feel certain that the King has missed the best in life, and makes us wish that the reconciliation had been brought about earlier.

So we are not altogether surprised when Henry turns Falstaff away, for we have been waiting as he has, for the moment when he was to declare himself. We realize as fully as he does, that in this new life there can be no place for Falstaff. He has a great work before him, and he must be free to go about it unencumbered by the past.

The strange thing about this is, that though this action is undeniably moral, it is one which antagonizes many people. The wild escapades performed in company with his low companions evoke no comment, but the first act of the responsible King calls forth a storm of protest. This is an interesting point when we consider the part which morality plays in this work.

When we examine the great character of Falstaff with regard to his morality, a decision is more easily reached. Falstaff is not moral; thief, liar, cheat, drunkard, there is nothing very elevating in that list. Nevertheless, the decision, though easily reached, is not satisfactory, for it does not account in any way for the wonderful fascination which the fat



rascal has exercised on every one, from the time of Henry down to the present day. It may be truly said of Falstaff, that he lives by his wit, for were it not for that remarkable wit, that wonderful personality, he could not have received that universal tribute, which has been paid him. Falstaff is the most immoral character in the play, he is also the most fascinating, a fact which gives food for more reflection in considering the place of morality in the play.

And so, examining the play as a whole, we see that it does not depict moral characters and actions strictly speaking. But nevertheless, it abounds in moral teaching in a negative kind of way, by showing the weight of the burden borne by those in high places, the great temptations to which they are exposed, and the comparative insignificance of any reward which they obtain—"the base ingratitude of the great and the fickleness of the masses."

The youthful critic is sometimes shocked at the scenes portrayed in Shakespeare, and inclined to dismiss with sweeping condemnation, the whole age, so different from our own. But then it is always well to pause a little, and remember that there was only one age which had a Shakespeare to depict its weaknesses and follies, and we have food for endless interesting speculation, when we ask ourselves the question, "What would Shakespeare have done with the Twentieth Century?"

MARGUERITE BLAGDON.

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## The Beethoven Club.

On the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 25th, and also the eve of our dear Rev. Mother's departure for the distant Vancouver Mission, a most enjoyable musical entertainment was given by the members of the Beethoven Club. An opening address made by the enthusiastic President, Miss Lucy Ashbrook, which was well worthy of a devoted disciple of the great Bonn Master, reflected clearly and faithfully the noble sentiments of the club, and expressed in graceful and well-chosen words, the lofty aims and aspirations of her associated devotees of music. The other numbers of the programme, as announced by Miss Josephine Marion, gave evidence of a degree of efficiency in the members of the club, which even now presages future distinction. When instruments and voices are in accord with such a spirit as animates these young musicians, it goes without saying, that each performer did her best, and her best was excellent. The following is the programme:—

Chorus.....	God Save All Here
The President's Address.....	Miss Lucy Ashbrook.
Piano Solo.....	Miss Gladys Lye.
Concerto.....	Misses Flint and O'Neil.
Vocal Duo.....	Misses Devlin and McCarthy.
Piano Solo.....	Miss Theresa Haynes.
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Bernadette Howe.
Piano Solo.....	Miss Bernadette Walsh.
Reading.....	Miss Wilma Dodge.
Piano Solo.....	Miss Stella O'Neil.
Chorus.....	Sunshine and Rain

## Rev. Father Ethelbert's Visit.

Turning over the pages of our School Chronicle, there stands out in most pleasant memory a delightful hour which we spent listening to the charming discourse of Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.S.F., of Montreal. The Reverend Father had visited our College during the preceding week, had been present at a little entertainment given by the members of our Historical Society, and had returned to spend an evening with us. After complimenting us upon our humble performance already mentioned, which dealt with the associations of historical Oxford—a place intimately familiar to this polished English scholar, and classmate of Father Benson—quite naturally the subject of the evening turned upon the life of Saint Francis, and the foundation of his great Order.

Familiar as the subject was to us, and often as we had heard narrated anecdotes from the life of this great wonder-worker, never had we been so impressed, as by the fascinating charm of the language and the peculiar personal magnetism of the speaker on this occasion,

Gay was the love of paradise he drew  
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell  
Upon it till it had a life; he threw  
A tint of heaven athwart it—who can tell  
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,  
That bound him to that vision?

Few among the saints are so well known, and so much loved as St. Francis of Assisi. The fame of his holiness has gone abroad into every land, and the name of that fair spot in Umbria which gave him birth has become universally familiar. The cause of this wide-spread devotion is not far to seek. St. Francis chose a life of poverty bearing in its every detail the closest resemblance to that of the Divine Master. For His sake he renounced all earthly possessions, and such was the love he bore The Crucified, that he merited even to receive the stigmata. This ardent love has gained for him the glorious title of "The Seraph of Assisi." Although his



sanctity is so exalted, his character is the simplest, kindest, and most lovable, that can be imagined. Nowhere does the beauty of holiness shine brighter than in the life of St. Francis. To him the universe was full of the presence of God; every creature, flower, bird, or animal appeared to him as the reflection of some divine attribute; and his pure, joyous heart beat in sympathy with it all. The birds, the trees, the streams—all told him about God. But above all St. Francis was in full sympathy with his fellow-men,—his brothers all, as he called them. In them he beheld what was inexhaustible charity, of which his life affords so many beautiful examples.

By the glowing eloquence of Father Ethelbert, the love of his dear patron was fanned into fresh re-kindled fire in our hearts; and that the Franciscan Order, of which the gifted speaker is a member, might be reinforced in the present day by many zealous disciples, we confessed that we would be willing to see our own dear brothers join the good Father in his new college at Montreal, which is to be opened next September.

We cordially thank Father Ethelbert for his most welcome visit to St. Joseph's, we congratulate him on the courage he shows in the new undertaking upon which he has entered, and we heartily wish him success.

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On March 31st, the Gounod Music Club entertained the other pupils of the school by a musical programme which was well executed and highly creditable. The opening number was a chorus—Hail Beautiful Spring—then followed a brief address by the President, Miss Rita Ivory. Piano solos were added by the Misses Kathleen Halford, Rosetta Kirkwood, Mary Galvin, and Marie O'Mara. These were relieved by recitations by Miss Helen Maher and Naomi Gibson, and a vocal solo by Miss Doris Canfield, accompanied by Miss Stella O'Neil at the piano, and Veronica Ashbrook with her violin. The last number was a hymn to St. Joseph in which all present joined their voices to praise Our Holy Patron.





THE LITTLE SISTER.



### A Morning Glory from Our Lady's Vineyard (France.)

**T**HE sweet frail flowerets of early Spring—the pure snow-drop, the velvety hepatica, the gentle violet,—are usually hidden under some protecting foliage and those who would find them must search after them. Such were the blossoms we saw, when before we visited the Garden of Saints. We were charmed by the sweet simplicity of Little Therese; we were attracted by the loving ardour of Little Clare.

But this mystic enclosure is a model garden—there is not one variety of beauty that is lacking, there is not one taste that could not be satisfied, there is not one virtue that is not represented, there is not one prerogative of the perfect Holy Child that does not receive homage. Thus, in beauteous contrast to our ever charming simple flowers with modest drooping heads, there are those whose beautiful open corollas attract attention at once, because they reveal at the same time the freshness of their petals, the richness of their colours and the loveliness of their grace. We recognize in them the emblems of sweet innocence, of winning candour, of admirable ardour. These blossom early, they put forth all their beauty almost before we expected to see it; then they soon fade, and we exclaim of each: “It was too sweet to last.”

A vigorous plant may, then, put forth, under the first warm vernal rays, its firm, healthy leaves and unfold its richly coloured petals before other plants dare open their buds and confide their delicate beauties to the still chilly atmosphere. So, “a soul forestalling the summer heats, may be already ripe for heaven and may be fruit in God’s sight while we still regard it as blossom.” Thus spoke Pere J. M. Chicard of Sœur Lucie, the subject of our narrative. To her may be applied the words of Holy Writ—“During a short period, she fulfilled a long time,” for already, at the age of twenty-four, her course was run, her active, impetuous character had completed its life-work, the deep-hued petals of the blossom, though having feigned to remain folded for a time, had suddenly disclosed all the richness of their colour, all the sweetness of their nectary, and then, had as quickly faded away and died, for the fruit

was ripe indeed. But this fruit was never to fade and wither; it was to delight the ages to come by an example of attractive imitable virtues. Above all, it was to be an encouragement to us, austerity-fearing people, that a perfect fruit can be developed from a very insignificant bud, if only the warm sunshine of cheerful generosity, and the refreshing dew of grace are afforded it. Neither the duration of the work nor the importance of the offices filled, determine the merit acquired, and the quality of the effects produced on the soul. A soul like Sœur Lucie's, "overflowing with faith and love and supernatural longings, may have garnered her sheaves when the sun has scarcely risen, while for others, the whole day does not suffice." A few ardent desires, a few earnest resolutions, a few whole-souled beginnings, a few persevering acts, a few short years of loving, generous service, forgetting self as we reach out longingly toward the desired treasure, and lo! it is within our reach. God, touched by our lives, has raised us near to it, or has made it descend towards us, we know not which,—but we are transformed, our souls and hearts are changed, filled with the love of God. It was thus that Sœur Lucie ended her work so early. She continually urged herself to ardent loving service by this thought which was dominant, and which she often repeated: "Life is brief, and I desire to go to Heaven by the shortest road."

Lucie D. M. was born in the year 1873, in Charente, on the shore of the Atlantic. Her father's spacious country house, Louisiana, in the shadow of huge pine trees, was sheltered from the blustering gales of the Bay of Biscay, by a narrow ridge of land; but from the upper windows, through a clearing in the woods, could be seen the mouth of the River Seudre, down which passed continually fleets of fishing smacks and other boats. From her earliest years the sea fascinated her, and the solitude of the forest held a charm for her. She played with the waves as other children play with their dolls; she sculled her little boat against wind and tide, and followed with delight her brothers, Geeorge and Joseph, in adventurous expeditions in canoes. Dangers only stimulated her courage and added to her joy.

"Down by the sea on the glittering sand,  
Breathing the air of some far-away strand,  
Softly the shells murmur'd into her ear  
Stories that she had been longing to hear,  
Whence visions arose, that never could be,  
Save by the sea,—by the beautiful sea."

Accustomed to wide vistas, and taught by the magnificent ocean, now joyous or plaintive, now sullen or despairing, no wonder that Lucie was independent, brave, bright, impetuous and high-spirited. When only four years old Lucie had an attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which there seemed to be little hope of recovery. In their grief, her parents, by a simultaneous impulse of faith, dedicated their child to the Blessed Virgin, promising that if her life were spared, she should wear Our Blessed Lady's colours until the day of her First Holy Communion. The prayer of faith was heard, and the little one at once became better. Therefore, until the age of eleven when Lucie made her first Holy Communion, she always wore white or blue.

Like most souls whom God wishes to favour, little Lucie, as free from care as the mobile waters with which she played, was to be taught in the school of sorrow, lessons too deep to be learned by chance. When she was only eight years old her mother died, and though her strong nature succeeded in restraining, for her dear father's sake, her terrible grief, Lucie tells us that sorrow entered her life then, and that it never left her, for her sweet mother's death left a permanent wound in her heart. The tears always came into her eyes when anyone spoke to her of her mother.

At ten years Lucie left home to join her sister Jeanne at the Convent School kept by the Nuns of the Assumption at Rheims. She loved the Sisters and the school, and during the eight years spent there, she acquired many accomplishments, notwithstanding the many trials of her school life. Her spirit of independence, which had made her reserved, increased; she thought she would not be understood hence she concealed the secrets of her mind and soul from everyone. Under a gay exterior then, she hid the mental suffering, the strange thoughts, and the lofty ideals which were hers at this period. When at



the age of fifteen, she was told that one ought not to be her own guide through life, her inclination to reserve became a resolve, and she rashly vowed to herself, that she would never submit to any outside influence. She said: "I will never confide anything about myself to anybody."

Her Convent Chaplain, knowing her suffering, tried to win her confidence, and warned her that she was in a perilous way. He pointed out to her that this was an illusion of the devil, and that obstinacy and reticence are very dangerous. At last the poor child becoming ill, realized that it was her soul that was ailing and not her body. She acknowledged that pride had closed her lips, and she now opened her heart to her confessor, handing over to him the key of her soul, and promising never to ask for it again. For twelve years the fervor of her piety and the promptings of conscience had been broken upon the rock of her independence, but now, the qualities of her character were disclosed: frankness, generosity, piety, cheerfulness, nobility. Owing to her energy, uprightness and impulsiveness, she would naturally have been abrupt and dictatorial, but these tendencies were counterbalanced by great goodness of heart.

Her studies being completed when she had reached the age of eighteen, Lucie left the school of the Assumption, but before returning to Louisiana she asked for a rule of life to be a guide and support to her good will. It was not a mere impulse of fervor, that made her resolve upon following a regular course in life: her earnest determined character was proof against inconstancy in good resolutions. She herself wrote: "I did violence to myself. I have undertaken a great deal. I now feel that happiness lies not in the satisfaction of my will but in duty. I know too, that I shall not go to heaven by following my caprices; that life is short, and that the chief thing is to spend it in a holy manner. Cost what it may, I will go forward. I am passionate, proud, selfish. I will become gentle, humble, devout. What others have done, I will do."

And there was indeed in Lucie a transformation, which was the joy of all the family, and of her director. Especially

did Lucie's genuine piety edify the household. She spent much time in the little house-chapel where Mass had formerly been said every Sunday, and during Lent she persuaded the whole family to recite with her the Rosary every evening, and to be present at her Spiritual Reading. It was thus that Lucie tried to make up for being deprived of frequent Holy Communion, her home being four miles from the nearest church.

At the age of twenty there was something about Lucie that won the sympathies of all, who came in contact with her. Her open countenance, her limpid gaze, her delicate and gentle smile, her manner of speaking, her whole personality bespoke a perfect balance of simplicity and distinction, it being hard to say whether her simplicity accentuated her distinction, or whether it was the distinction that enhanced the charm of her simplicity. In her home, at her aunt's, in social gatherings, Lucie was the life and soul of the group, ever thoughtful for others and forgetting self. No one was forgotten,—she found opportunities of rendering services, of giving pleasure to everyone. Her geniality, her cheering words, her charm of manner, her ever-ready sympathy made her loved by all and augmented her power for good.

For a long time her father had been an invalid and his condition now grew worse. His daughters did all that the deepest affection could suggest, to relieve the tedium of his illness. Year after year, his sufferings increased, and it was a heavy cross for his loving children to see their father suffer so much, and not to be able to relieve him.

Besides this, Lucie suffered much from spiritual dryness. Her aunt, who was her special confidant, did much to make her understand the workings of Divine Providence. She writes: "The evil is not in your being in aridity, but in letting yourself be discouraged by it. You will see, in spite of the fact that you do not feel it, that Our Lord has loved you much. He is treating you as the vine-grower treats his vine." Sister Lucie understood this language and so well conquered self that no one was aware of her sufferings.

Her broad and cultivated mind was well fitted for the

highest intellectual pleasures. She had a remarkable way of listening to good music, to eloquent sermons, and to anything that might delight a noble mind. "Her whole soul was in her eyes." And though this energy and intelligence were beautifully blended with kindness, ardour, and simplicity, it had never occurred to anyone that God had thus richly endowed her to keep her for Himself.

It was in 1892 when she was eighteen, that the thought of the religious life first came to her. She had been reading in a meditation, "The harvest is plentiful but the labourers are few." She said to herself at the time, "Why should I not go and win souls for God?" But the thought was put aside as presumptuous and impossible, and Lucie's life went on just as her sisters'. But we know that the voice of God cannot be hushed so easily. It was a hard struggle for poor Lucie. She loved the world, and her affection for her family was of the deepest kind. Then as if to try her still more, she received an excellent offer of marriage, which her father and friends were most anxious she should accept. Wishing to know the Will of God, Lucie went to Rheims and made a Retreat at the Convent of the Assumption there. This decided her. She writes, "I feel O my God, like St. Augustine, that Thou hast made me for Thyself, and that my heart will ever be in unrest until it rests in Thee." "Thou hast called me, Thou hast said, 'Wilt thou follow Me?' Lord, this day I answer 'Yes.' I will leave all to follow Thee."

The child's loving heart realized that the revelation of her decision would deal a heavy blow to her father. It is touching to read of the gentleness with which she broke the news to him, offering words of consolation and promising him that the Blessed Virgin, whose Grotto at Lourdes he was then visiting, would obtain courage for him to make the sacrifice of his "Lucie." The father, whose soul was no less lofty than his daughter's, generously offered the sorrow this separation would cause him, and his letter to her breathes the heroic "fiat" of fatherly affection.

But a deep unexpected sorrow was pending. Soon Mr. D. M.'s christian resignation was met with opposition. A sup-



posed friend, by offering a shallow sympathy, kept the wound of his grief open, and continually reminded him of the bitterness of his sacrifice, until he yielded to despondency. It was even insinuated that his daughter was taking this means of freeing herself of all responsibility toward him. She writes, "My heart is indeed crushed, to think I should be regarded as an ungrateful child." To see her father sorrowing was a terrible anguish to Lucie and when, in tears, she would kiss him, and talk to him, he would weep and say: "I have made the sacrifice, but that does not hinder my sorrow. I will not be consoled."

But the valiant child was not left alone in her tribulation. She received much comfort and encouragement through letters from her director in which the value of crosses and the merit of sacrifice were taught. She was told that these trials were pledges of the great favours that God wished to bestow on her later. Her good aunt, ever a true friend of her soul, encouraged her and wrote: "God is only excavating deeply into your soul so that your religious life will be well founded, not upon sand but upon the rock of suffering and abandonment."

These trials were indeed not obstacles to her answering the call to religious life, but preparations to answer it well. Mr. D. M. recovered from his attack and yielded to his daughter's entreaties to make the sacrifice cheerfully. He accompanied her into Champagne; and there, as if the past three months had been only a dream, the beautiful resignation that he had displayed at Lourdes returned to him at Rheims. Lucie's joy, at the change in her father, helped her much when the touching moment of her farewell came.

On October 28, 1895, she left home, simple and strong as ever. Right to the last she succeeded in hiding the anguish that filled her poor heart. Her grandmother who had been her visible providence, and her aunt who had been her second mother, accompanied her to the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, rue Violet, and with great faith, they gave Lucie to God forever. It was with great emotion that Lucie clasped her grandmother in a long embrace and tenderly bade farewell to her loved aunt. Her heart breaking with anguish,

she hastened to the Chapel where she renewed her oblation and found consolation in the sympathetic Heart of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She writes: "Looking at the Tabernacle, I understood that Our Lord would give me strength."

Her good father had written her at the very hour of her entrance. He said: "May this letter bring you some ray of happiness, with the assurance that if I still weep for you, my tears are no longer bitter but are caused solely by the memory of the twenty-two years of happiness that you have given to me."

When Sister Lucie retired to her cell that evening, she took from her pocket a letter which had been slipped into her hand by her aunt when she had bade her adieu. "I must not," it ran, "fail you at this trying moment when, having left all, it must still seem to you that God has abandoned you, that you remain alone in conflict with your nature which protests and trembles. Throw yourself with full trust into this mist of darkness; above it, the sun is still shining, just as it shone on the twenty-first of May when you freely made your decision." This letter replete with helpful advice and kind encouragement, was indeed worthy of her truly Christian aunt. We quote some more extracts: "You know St. John was favoured with a special love and it is to him that Our Saviour said, 'Can you drink of the chalice that I shall drink?' It is also He Who says, 'Thou wouldst not be worthy of Me, didst thou love more than Me, thy father whom thou leavest in affliction, thy sisters and brothers and all those who have a place in thy heart, the home of thy childhood, the ocean that thou hast loved so well.' Continue to love them, because all this is good and right, but love Me yet more and for the proof, leave all and follow Me.'" "It is done: And now you are alone! Weep, but continue to trust, because it is in order that He may find you, that Our Lord has led you into this solitude. Weep, but let your tears be a prayer; let them say to God, 'Fiat'."

Having finished the customary retreat made on entering this Convent, Lucie wrote her father, November fifth, "My retreat is over. To tell you that these first days have not

tried me, would be untrue. You know your child's heart too well not to know what it must have suffered. But in my retreat I found strength and courage, with the conviction that I am where God wants me to be."

Sister Lucie was pleased with everything in her new home. The realities corresponded with her ideal, and she wrote her father that the rule was just as she had imagined it to be,—broad and simple, and fit for the formation of a life of work combined with prayer.

The Institution to which Lucie had come was born of nothing, so to speak, in Paris in 1864, in a garret, without resources, supporters or credit, but merely through the ardent zeal of a holy priest and the devotion of a pious woman.

Pere Pernet and Mlle. Fage based their enterprises upon the principles of taking no thought of the morrow. "They would nurse the sick poor, no one but the poor; for nothing, always for nothing," and they would manage as best they could, living from day to day on alms, and trusting in Providence.

The saintly founders realized that the real evil of the poor is their forlornness and ignorance. They suffer from a destitution of soul whereby their miseries are goaded to despair, no less than from actual bodily hunger. They become embittered against man and God. The aim of these holy people is to give the poor that which they seek everywhere, but seldom find—true kindness. The Little Sister is not satisfied with visiting the sick in hospitals, or going occasionally into their homes, but, she finds out those hovels where sickness prevails, and for four hours in the morning and the same time in the evening, she installs herself as infirmarian, attendant and servant of all. She cares for the patient, and then, when the children have been washed and dressed, she turns to the housework and cooking so that often, when the laborer comes home in the evening, he hardly recognizes the miserable abode whence order and cleanliness have so long been banished. Gradually by her patience, love and humility, the Little Sister brings back those souls to God. In this way, she can often work in places where the priest would be unable to penetrate. No wonder that this noble work appealed to Sister Lucie's generous heart.



Mother Magdalen who was in charge of the postulants furnished her pupils with a living copy of the rule in her own person. She was naturally kind-hearted but, as a matter of principle, she always assumed a somewhat severe manner which had a tendency to intimidate many. Sister Lucie, however, understood her from the first and yielded herself whole-heartedly to a severe direction which weaker spirits might have considered too austere.

Sister Lucie's charming personality, her gaiety and ready wit at recreation, her generosity and humility in the fulfillment of lowly duties, made her admired and loved by all her Sisters. Yet, cheerful and thoughtful as she was, she had many a dark hour when her whole nature seemed to recoil from the sacrifices which were constantly demanded. But she knew that the moulding process must go on, that her soul might be prepared to take part in the apostolate to which God had called her. On one occasion she wrote, "My heart is torn asunder, I feel, but my soul does not faint and has no regrets. For nothing in the world would I now turn back from the path that I have chosen. I am determined to refuse God nothing." With a soul as earnest and magnanimous as Sister Lucie's then, progress was ensured. And as the time for the reception of the Holy Habit approached, it was remarked that she became even more constant in prayer, more devoted to her duty, and more fervent in her efforts to advance in perfection.

On the day of her mysterious nuptials when Sister Lucie was clad in the Religious Habit, her countenance was illumined with supernatural joy. When the celebrant placed on her head the virgin's crown, a garland of roses, the presage of her future triumph, Sister Marie Lucie indeed experienced the joy of belonging to Jesus, the Spouse of Virgins.

And now the Little Sister was more in earnest than ever to make herself a true Spouse of her Beloved. She writes: "I am happy in the Novitiate because it is here that I shall be made a true Little Sister of the Assumption. I am now clothed in the Habit and am desirous of devoting myself with my whole heart to the work of self-perfection."

As gold is refined in the furnace, so Sister Lucie's virtue

was tried and perfected in the crucible of suffering. It was only at long interval that her Divine Spouse designed to make her taste the sweetness of His consolation. But grace enabled her to understand that whosoever is resigned to God's Will and fulfils it, need have no fear. At the close of 1896 she wrote: "All is well and peace is increasing in my heart. My prayers are still arid and my Communion even more so, but I am happy in having this suffering at least, to offer Our Lord.

Ten months had now gone by, months which had developed her good time energy and initiative, her gaiety and animation, but they were now more under control and sweetness by the most delicate thoughtfulness for all. Everyone liked to appeal to her, because she was always easy of access, her reception invariably kind, and her heart ever quick to respond. Many people say kind things through politeness, but with Sister Lucie it was clear that her words came straight from the heart, and that all she said was genuine. In every way she worked and lived for God, and in the presence of God, scattering the sweet perfume of His Holy Love wherever she passed.

But alas! as Sister Lucie went gaily about her work, death was lying in wait for her. On the morning of January 13th, 1897, she was not first in the Chapel as usual. She was in the infirmary, prostrated with a severe attack of appendicitis. Her only fear now was that her illness might necessitate her removal from the Convent, but being assured that this would not be, she showed the most admirable resignation and docility. She loved to talk of the mission-work and she would study the movements of the Infirmary for, as she said, "I shall now know how to behave when I go out amongst the poor." She spoke freely of death and her longing for heaven, but her zeal made her desire to live that she might serve God's poor.

At first, it seemed as if God meant to spare her for His work, but at the end of a week it was found that an operation was necessary. Sister Lucie's peace was not disturbed and on the morning of the operation she prepared herself for Holy Communion, which was to be her Viaticum, with quiet recollection and touching fervour. Then with perfect calm, she entrusted herself to the skill of the physician. The Community were all assembled at prayer in the Chapel, and more

than one of her companions offered their lives for hers on that day. Their prayers seemed to have been heard, for apparently, the operation was successful. On awaking, the invalid suffered greatly, but neither pain nor exhaustion could keep her heart from prayer. Even when the fever was at its worst, her habit of mortification did not leave her. When fragments of ice were put to her parched lips, she would turn away whispering, "Our Lord did not have it on the Cross."

Once when her pain was at its worst, Sister Lucie happened to see in the distance a light far up in a fifth-floor window. "Perhaps," she said, "there may be a Little Sister in that poor attic nursing a sick person. How I wish it were I! The poor are not spoiled as I am. Later on it will be good to have suffered. I shall understand my patients better. How greatly are they to be pitied who have no religion, and are alone in their despair. Oh, God, have mercy on them.

The following day Sister Lucie's condition grew decidedly worse and it was thought best to warn her of her state. In the Convent this task is not so hard as in the world, for death is not regarded as a catastrophe, but is usually greeted with joy;—the summons to quit the Convent and join Our Divine Lord in Heaven is but the completion of the call that once came, to leave the world and follow Him in religion.

When Sister Lucie was told that she would now be permitted to make her vows, her whole countenance became radiant with joy. Lying with closed eyes, she repeated to herself the glad tidings, "I am to make my vows." The Chaplain was sent for, and he administered Extreme Unction. Then, bending over her beloved Little Novice, the Superior repeated slowly in her ear the formula of the vows—"I, Sister Marie Lucie take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Assumption . . . and this for always." Her face lighted up for an instant, and she made a supreme effort to pronounce the words which made her Christ's Spouse for all eternity. She repeated in a whisper, scarcely audible on earth, but the echo of which resounded in heaven, "And this for always."

She was ready. God made a sign to His angels and Sister Lucie, the newly betrothed, was escorted into the celestial



bridal mansion, there to celebrate her first and final profession in an unending union with Jesus, the eternal Spouse.

A profound grief, evinced by all the Sisters, told of the affection in which Sister Lucie was held. News of the same rending of hearts amongst her own people at Louisiana and Rheims, reached the Convent but the sorrow in both cases was equalled by the firmness of their faith and the sweetness of their resignation. And this faith and resignation enabled the Community to see in their beloved Sister's death, causes of joy, rather than of sorrow. "She was beautiful, with a celestial beauty, and her angelic smile seemed to ask us not to mourn over her happiness." "How beautiful she was then, as she lay smiling amidst the lilies that adorned her bier! Over her novice's veil had been placed the garland of white roses that she had worn at her clothing, and her clasped hands held the crucifix that the Little Sister receives at the altar on the day of her Profession." It was thus that the Sisters read in her angelic smile, the blessedness of a holy life closed by a holy death.

In conclusion of this little account of the sweet, short life of Sister Lucie, we can do no better than to quote the opinion of the Very Reverend Maurice Landrieux, Vicar-General of Rheims, the author of her beautiful life—"A Little Sister." The beauty and literary value of the Vicar-General's work is attested by the fact, that it has been crowned by the French Academy. These are his words of faith, "If her example has made her companions better; if she is the tutelary Angel of the Novitiate; if, because she passed through it and is never forgotten, the fervour there is more intense and the self-sacrifice greater; if the value of the religious life is more highly appreciated, and the preparation for the mission is better made; if the fire which burned in her soul has enkindled other souls; if this life has called into being a generation of apostles who will go forth to take her place in the ranks, and do the work that she was not permitted to do, it will be evident that this apparently unutilized life will have borrowed an unexpected radiance, a marvellous fecundity, from the grave, and like the grain of corn in the Gospel, this grain of pure wheat, which in some eyes seemed to be lost because it was laid in the ground, will have borne fruit sixtyfold and an hundredfold."

## Moonlight on the "Matchless Bay"

(After Reading Stoddard.)

**T**HE moon was shedding its silvery light over the beautiful Bay of Naples. The waters gently lapped the shores of the town of Castellamare as I stepped into my little boat,, together with my Neapolitan guide.

We pushed off, and rowed softly over a path of liquid silver. On the other side of the bay, rose Mt. Vesuvius—a tall and fiery king. The sky was lurid from the red glare of this "Peak of Hell," and now and then was heard a faint, far-distant rumble.

As we neared Capri the moon went behind a cloud, and we were left in darkness for a few minutes. But no, not quite in darkness, for several lights gleamed on the water, the signal lanterns of other little boats like ours, bound on seeing the beauties of the bay by the light of the moon.

Again, however, light was bestowed to us, and upon my vision burst the view of Capri by moonlight. Never shall I forget it. The dim, ancient villas of the Cæsars outlined against Mother Nature's cloak of black velvet, the bold, rough rocks standing out prominently in the still water. We lay silently by, out of the radiance of the moon, watching it. The Queen of Night was playing hide and seek with the few clouds, casting shadows upon the old ruins.

After a time, we rowed silently forth again into our silver path, the memory of Capri by moonlight, still with us. The guide stopped rowing and we drifted slowly on. How pleasant it was lying there with the moon gazing at us, a veritable Queen!

Suddenly a faint strain of music was heard. Nearer it came, and yet nearer. As it approached it got deeper, more thrilling, more wonderful. It seemed in keeping with the time and place. Then it stopped—only for a minute,—for out of the clear night air came the sounds of a violin. I was completely carried away with this music, and sat spellbound, till

the boat containing the musicians glided past us, and the delightful strains became softer and softer, and finally died away in the distance.

We then rowed in the direction of Ischia, an island farther north. It is a very pretty little place, though subject to earthquakes. Many people still live there in spite of these "shudders of the earth." There are a great many volcanoes on it, which are nearly all active.

An old myth about Ischia states that it is built on the back of a giant. The giant finds the island very heavy at times, and when possible he tries to get it off his back by turning over, thus causing the earthquakes.

As we rowed from Ischia to Naples, where I was to remain for some time, a faint pink was beginning to rise in the east. It was near the sunrise hour, and as sunrise in Naples is very beautiful from land, I had planned to see it from water. The pink flush became deeper and deeper, other colours appeared, and, when these had blended to make a many-coloured throne for the King of Day, he rose in all his magnificence, casting streams of golden glory o'er the sunny land of Italy.

KATHLEEN GRAY.

Girls—and some who long ago were girls—must often realize how true is the suggestion so gently and convincingly made in the following lines:—

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun;  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts at night."

Such little flowers of courtesy, when they blossom unhindered by indolence or forgetfulness, are the result of the same innate or carefully cultivated root of consideration and unselfishness from which spring the graceful stem and spreading foliage of good manners.



## A Drama in Four Acts.

Time—11.50 a.m., Friday, March 20th.

Scene—Our Lady of Victory Corridor in College Building.

Caste—One Hundred and Fifty Students and four or five Teachers.

### Act I.

DING! DONG! sounds forth over the College wing. All doors on third floor open and students file out into the corridor for the Angelus—Boarders to the left, Day pupils to the right. A signal is given—all kneel, and o'er the scene a silence falls. The first invocation of the Angelus is said.

### Act II.

Unearthly yells and terrible shrieks! Everyone rises hurriedly and leaves a wide unobstructed pathway for the innocent cause of this commotion, as disobediently descending the forbidden stairway, Mr. Mouse glides swiftly and not ungracefully across the corridor in the direction of the Science Room, wondering no doubt as the sudden change from profound silence. Sr. L—— tries to restore peace the while with looks rather severe!

### Act III.

Order is restored—Angelus resumed and finished and the rank passes down stairs, Sr. L. meeting Fifth Class girls remarks, "You would think it was a lion"! Said girls remarked to themselves, "We must all have been of one mind as Sister jumped up as quickly as we did."

### Act. IV.

Time—11 a. m., Sunday.

Scene—Junior Sixth Class Room.

Cast—Thirty girls and Teacher.

Catechism Class in progress—Suddenly cries of Oh! Oh! a mouse! a mouse! are heard. True enough. The unwelcome visitor of Friday morning, evidently of a religious turn of mind has again appeared. Chairs are resorted to for safety

from the intruder, while the heroines? pursue him from book-case to radiator and radiator to book-case until finally Veronica S. with wonderful presence of mind throws the ever useful chapel veil over his head just as he passes Sister without making the customary bow. Holding him triumphantly aloft she looks at Sister inquiringly. Dorothy G. interpreting the look very intelligently opens a window and Mr. Mouse is thrown ignominiously to the ground. Sighs of relief!

**Curtain.**

N.B.—Anyone interested in the whereabouts or subsequent history of this mouse might apply to Madeline H. of the W.C.D.

JULIA DWAN,  
BERTHA QUINN.

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With all due respect to the high authority which for the present has set aside the uniform High School Entrance Examination, we do not think the evils attributed to it, and which have of late been so loudly deplored, are a necessary, (though too common) effect of the system. Everything depends upon the kind and end of the examination. As a means of enabling both teacher and pupil to test the extent and thoroughness of the latter's progress, it would be hard to find a substitute for the written examination. The time spent in answering a set of properly prepared questions is most profitable in its educative effect. The student is called on to summon all her energies and concentrate them upon the work in hand. If examinations were strictly upon subjects rather than text-books, the root of the mischief would be reached. Such papers demand much skill in preparation and much wisdom in estimating results, but they are possible and highly desirable, and would doubtless work a great reaction against the extremes of the present day.

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**A Maltese Festa.**

Malta, the "Key of the Mediterranean" as Napoleon called it, is a land of flowers and sunshine. On the Maltese faces seem to shine the bright reflection of that great green sea, in which the island sparkles like a gem held lovingly upon its breast. In spring time it might well be named the "Home of Flora," for in that season flowers of every hue decorate the dwellingsdwellings which are built of stone and have one or more projecting balconies, screened occasionally by colored awnings.

Although the common people in Malta speak nothing but Maltese, their language is neither read nor written, and the children must learn English or Italian in order to obtain the slightest information from books. Unfortunately poverty in Malta has gone hand and hand with ignorance. The Maltese are prolific, and the island is over-populated. Maltese mendicants are, however, easily satisfied, and thankfully receive one of the tiniest coins in the world, known as a "Grain," and worth one-tenth of a penny. These "children of the sun" are seldom sad, because their wants are few, and they are thoughtless as school-boys who have never known a care.

It is an universal belief that in 58 A.D., when on his way to Rome to plead his cause before the Emperor Nero, St. Paul was shipwrecked on the coast of Malta, as is related in the Acts of the Apostles. Hence upon this island stands a colossal statue of St. Paul, and on the 10th of February every year an imposing festival or "Festa" is celebrated in honour of the Apostle's advent.

On this day all the bells of the churches begin to ring as early as four o'clock in the morning, and continue at intervals throughout the day. The streets are decorated very elaborately—a number of men having been employed some days before to erect arches at short distances along the way leading to the principal church. The chief arch has a large statue placed above it, which is afterwards taken down and carried through the crowded streets on the shoulders of several men. It is considered a great honour to be selected to perform this



service. At night the festoons, which consist of laurel leaves and flowers, are lighted by hundreds of electric lamps, in these modern days, and the effect thus produced is extremely brilliant and attractive.

At the close of the Festa, band-stands are erected in various places, the bells are again rung, and the bands furnish the music of which the Maltese are so fond. Then a great fire-work display takes place, and the day closes amid the general rejoicing of the people.

I have lived in Floriana, and have had the privilege of watching the procession from the balcony of a friend's house. The scene which was most impressive, is one which remains vividly stamped upon my memory, and in the days to come, when its record may have faded, I feel that it will leave a line of light across the page.

DOROTHY DAVIDSON.

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"The feast of the glorious St. Patrick" was loyally kept at St. Joseph's. Having entered the Chapel for Mass a little earlier than usual, the pupils united in a full chorus to sing, even before the beginning of the Holy Sacrifice, the hymn, "All Praise to St. Patrick." This hymn was repeated with the same enthusiasm several times on that day. Of course, the French and the Scotch girls joined in singing the praises of the great St. Patrick, for, if he is the special Apostle of the Irish, he may be invoked as a great saint by all. An impromptu concert brightened the evening of the great day.

---

On the feast of St. Michael, May 8, there was, fitting the occasion, a reception of members into the Sodality of the Holy Angels. After the white procession of flower-crowned aspirants, bearing their beautiful banner, had reached their places, a charming little exhortation was addressed to them by Rev. John Ryan, C.S.B., who then received the happy band into the Society of Angel-proteges. The ceremony was followed by Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

On the evening of May 9th, the young ladies of the Catholic Literary Association gave a delightful programme of Shakespearean music and readings which was of the nature of a surprise, and a rare treat to the students of the College. The performance was highly instructive, and cultured to a degree. Those taking part were: Mrs. J. B. O'Donoghue, Misses K. and E. O'Donoghue, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. W. N. Wilkinson, and Miss Hart.

One of the rare treats of the season was the Recital given in the College Auditorium to the students and to her former teachers by Mrs. William Donald Baron, assisted by Mr. B. H. Carman, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, at the piano, and Mrs. Edward Faulds as accompanist. Mrs. Barron is an alumna of whom the College has a right to feel proud. Her voice has still the freshness of young spring flowers, and the depth of feeling which it has power to express has something of their fragrancy. The delight one feels in listening to her sing makes life for the time all poetry, and weariness a name. The excellent interpretation, admirable technique, and thorough mastery of his art, which was evinced in every number executed by Mr. Carman on the following brilliant programme, made us feel highly privileged to be able to enjoy a treat such as this, wherein nothing was left to be desired even by the most competent critic.

NI JAMAIS, NI TOUJOURS  
CHANTONS LES AMOURS DE JEAN  
LISETTE

	.....XVIII. Century French
(a) FLEUR DE LUNE	} .....
(b) JARDIN SOUS LA PLUIE	
MOONLIGHT.....	Debussy
NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL.....	Ware
SYLVELIN.....	Quilter
SAIDA.....	Sinding
THE FOGGY DEW—From "Songs of The Irish Harpers".....	Matthews
VAINKA SONG.....	Whishaw
6TH RHAPSODIE.....	Liszt
LES CLOCHES.....	Debussy
NUIT D'ETOILES.....	Debussy
CHANTONS LES ROSES.....	Vieu
STANCES DE VENUS.....	Vieu

## Do It Well.

Having learned how much the better  
'Tis to do each duty now,  
Will you ask yourself this question—  
Do you do each duty how?  
If a race is worth the running,  
Then make up your mind to win,  
If a task is worth the doing,  
Quick, resolve e'er you begin  
To do it well.

After hours both long and dreary,  
Spent in hard and tedious work,  
Where the mind and heart were absent,  
And desire was strong to shirk,  
Have you felt regret within you,  
Heard a faint voice whisper nigh,  
“Would you not have done much better  
Had you but resolved to try  
To do it well?”

Oft attainment of some honour,  
Kindles joy within your heart,  
While desire to win God's favour  
Makes you choose the better part  
Bringing secret satisfaction,  
At the whispered soft reply—  
“Nobly you have set example,  
Just because you really try  
To do it well.”

Having felt the sense of pleasure,  
That a task accomplished brings,  
Holding still a higher motive,  
Than the praise that this world sings,  
Is it not worth all the trying,  
All the effort you may make,  
Best you can to reach the perfect,  
Something do for God's sweet sake?  
So do it well.



## Outside the Gate

Open to me the low, low gates of sweet Humility,  
That I may steal through the shadows late, and walk alone  
with Thee.

Up and down through the narrow paths, close to Thy side  
to keep,

Learning the secrets of Thy Heart, that silent Heart and deep:  
In and out of the thorny ways, that I may know Thy law,  
Looking into Thy tender eyes with love and sweetest awe;  
The dazzling rays from Thy virgin face are pure, celestial  
darts,

To cleave a way through the coldest clay, and melt the hardest  
hearts

I smell the smell of the violets breathing over the wall,  
The dewy, delicate violets that blow inside the wall;  
I smell the smell of the lilies white, the lilies white and sweet.  
And a breath from the roses, red as blood, that cluster round  
Thy feet.

They seem to sigh with their longing lips: "Draw us and we  
will run

After the scent of Thy loveliness from rise to set of sun;"

Oh! to be as a violet within Thy garden fair,

Full of the odors of Thy grace, wet with the dews of prayer!

Oh! to be as a lily white, unspotted flower and bud—

Or to lie at Thy feet like a scarlet rose, red with Thy precious  
Blood!

Lord of the meek and lowly souls that lose themselves in Thee,  
Give me to love Thy glory more than all earth's vanity!

Weary am I of pomp and pride, weary of self and sin,

Open the gate, O Crucified! And let me enter in.

The Dramatic Club of 1914 gave a pleasing exhibition of their ability to "Act a Part" in their skilful presentation of a charming drama, the scenes of which were laid in the gay flowerland of Japan, in and before the beautifully festooned summer-house of the Princess Kiku. The graceful costumes of the dainty little Japanese ladies, their quaint and mellifluously courteous forms of expression, their gentle sylph-like glide, and their flitsome butterfly dances, together with the picturesque stage setting, added much to the beauty of the action as a whole.

We subjoin the caste of characters and a brief synopsis of the play:—

### PRINCESS KIKU.

#### SYNOPSIS.

*Scene I.*—The Chrysanthemum Garden and Summer House. Princess and her Ladies-in-waiting. Intrusion of Lady Cecil. Story of the shipwrecked baby.

*Scene II.*—Sakara bribes little Ito to bring misfortune on the Princess by a play-act, which the Princess believe is reality. The working of Sakara's spell.

*Scene III.*—Miss Prendargast's solicitude for Arthur (Cecil's brother).

*Scene IV.*—Sakara gives Ito further instruction. Sakara's curse.

*Scene V.*—Princess Kiku's hallucination: "What I touch withers." Cecil and companion's interview with Kiku's ladies.

*Scene VI.*—Ito repents. Kiku supposed she had struck Ito blind. He confesses it was only play-acting. The story of the shipwreck. The heiress is found.

#### CHARACTER

Princess Kiku—Favorite niece of the Emperor..	Miss Marian Rutherford
O Mimosa San	Miss Lucy Ashbrook
O Totmal San	Miss Gertrude Bradley
O Haru San	Miss Margaret Acres
O Yuki San	Miss Ella Ashbrook
Ladies-in-waiting.....	
Sakara—Japanese lady devoted to Ancient customs.....	
.....	Miss Margaret Pratt
Ito.....	Miss Camilla McBrady
Lady Cecil Cavendish—English girl travelling in Japan.....	
.....	Miss Isabel McLaughlin
Miss Prendargast—Her companion.....	Miss Irene Monkman
Dancing Girl.....	Miss Wilma Dodge
Songs, Chorus, etc.	

WILMA DODGE.

St. Joseph's Day is always a joyous feast at St. Joseph's. As the delicate fragrance of the St. Joseph lilies gently diffuses itself from the many shrines of our holy patron, a peaceful atmosphere of joy and devotion permeates the Convent in all its parts on this day.

The day always opens with spiritual feasts, and this year we were specially favored. As usual the first Mass, at 6.30 a.m., was said by our Chaplain, Rev. Father Frachon, whose venerable appearance, as he offered the Holy Sacrifice, could well serve to remind us of our Holy Patron. St. Joseph, asking favors for us.

The beautiful main altar and St. Joseph's shrine glowed with lights, and were adorned with fragrant St. Joseph lilies, all the beauty and sweetness adding much to the devotional atmosphere.

All joined fervently in the singing of some beautiful hymns in honor of our glorious Patriarch.

In addition to this early Mass, we had the honour and privilege of having said in our Chapel at 10 a.m., that morning, a Mass by His Grace, Monsignor Budka, Ruthenian Bishop of Canada. The holy Mass, said according to the Ruthenian rite, was impressive and devotional. The procession formed by His Grace, clothed in mitre and cope, and his attendants, was a prelude to a series of beautiful ceremonies. Dignity, reverence and grace characterized all the movements of the officiating Bishop and Deacons. The reverence shown in the sanctuary was edifying, and all felt the truth that there is indeed nothing so beautiful and so graceful as the Catholic Church. As the good Bishop raised his hand to bestow his blessing on us as he passed down the aisle after Holy Mass, we in turn, asked blessings on him, and on the immense field of labor entrusted to his care.

It being a recreation day, a visit to the Parliament Buildings had been arranged for the pupils. At 2 p.m. they formed rank and marched across Queen's Park to our majestic "House of Meetings." Mr. James Murphy very kindly showed the girls through and all were much interested, and satisfied with their visit.



The following little programme had been prepared for the evening. The choice of the selections and the pleasing manner in which they were rendered account for a very agreeable hour, thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Down By the Sea.....	<i>Marzo</i>
Rosetta Fantaisie.....	<i>Bohn</i>
Ruth Agnew, Rita Morgan, Rita Ivory, Vera Guyett.	
Irish Melodies.....	
Olive Flint.	
Vocal Duo—Sing, Oh! Sing.....	<i>Babcock</i>
Marion Macdonald, Bessie Mulligan.	
Bellsario.....	<i>Donizetti</i>
Olive Flint, Grace Barron.	

The little concert ended by a hymn to our Holy Patron, after which refreshments were passed around, and all felt that St. Joseph's Feast had been, as it should be, a greater and a more eventful day than ordinary feasts.

Some weeks ago we spent a very pleasant evening being entertained by the rare talent of Miss Florence McMullen, which was admirably displayed by her brilliant performance on the violin. We fully appreciated the many varied and excellent numbers which Miss McMullen rendered with unusual artistic ability, and exquisite taste. The finished grace, and the delicacy and beauty of expression peculiar to this young lady's manner of handling her pet instrument, shows her to be the perfect mistress of these sensitive little strings, which respond with the most subtle sympathy to the refined and cultured soul that inspires them.

Now that spring has come to introduce to us her pretty sister, summer, there are evidences of new life wherever we look,—leaves, and flowers, and beauty, everywhere! In the class-rooms also, the "burst of spring" is evident, and seeds are germinating, tadpoles are swimming, and flowers are blossoming, not only in germinating boxes or in aquaria, but even on the blackboards. If it requires tact to make plants grow in gardens, the art of making flowers bloom on the blackboard is, by no means, less worthy of appreciation. During May we have been delighted by the artistic drawings of the Misses Dorothy Barry, Grace Barron, and Kathleen Gray.

## The Things We Shall Not Forget

The early rising bell.

Parties in gaily coloured robes.

The Little Study.

The happy feeling on receiving a letter.

The popular colour green.

How slow M. Acres was.

S. M. L.'s frequent Exams.

The various slippers of Wilma Dodge.

The Marathon to our alcove, when beads were heard.

How some among us admire our Superiors—Names unnecessary.

Marian McD. (with great enthusiasm). "Let's have a re-union."

Melba's imagination.

The Rink.

Grace L.'s innocent expression.

The voices of Sisters on Dormitory Duty, "Girls, go to your curtains."

The bell "Lights out."

Which had you rather do or go fishing?

How high the surrounding fence was.

Edith H.'s memorizing "Stunts."

The last night before holiday time.

Dorothy L. and her love-taps.

Nora T. and her many accidents.

How quiet Ellen A. was.

How faithful S. M. H. was to her duty.

The sign "Keep off the grass."

How cold the chapel seemed at 6.10 a.m.

The interest Lucy A. took in Beethoven.

Which door was locked last.

Our half-hour walk weekly.

How we welcomed "Benedicamus."

The troubles of Mamie.

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CARDINAL BEGIN.



# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Volume III.

TORONTO, SEPT. 1914.

Number 2.

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## Editorial.

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### Canada's Second Cardinal Prince

**F**OR the second time in the history of our new nation, the Sovereign Pontiff has covered with the Roman purple the throne of the Archbishops of Quebec, and the city now repeats, in 1914, the accents of joyous gratitude which it sounded forth in 1886. Once again, the chimes of church bells mingle with the melodies of jubilant voices, singing their "Vivats" to welcome a Prince of the Church.

It is with good reason that particular churches reckon it a high honour to have one of their prelates elected as a member of the Sacred College, of the Supreme Council of the Church, of that most sublime Senate the world has ever known. This year, this honour has been given the Church of Canada by our Holy Father Pius X., in calling the illustrious Archbishop Begin to the cardinalate. This honour is welcomed with a lively emotion, from which springs a double sense of gratitude: gratitude towards our beloved Holy Father, and gratitude toward the venerated Archbishop whose personal merits have concurred to make this ray of glory shine on the Church of Canada. May Pius X. be blessed for his generous goodness and his royal munificence toward his distant children in America.

The antiquity and the diginity of the See of Quebec would not have sufficed to give us a Cardinal, if the incontestable merit of its Chief Pastor had not furnished a decisive element.

Even a brief retrospect shows how worthy Archbishop Begin is of the title now conferred upon him. Whether we recall his brilliant career as a scholar in Canada and in Rome; whether we consider the eminent theologian, the remarkable linguist, the learned teacher of sacred sciences, or the wise administrator of the Normal School; or whether we peruse his doctrinal and controversial works, which attest prodigious labour and deep erudition, we find those distinguished qualities that make for eminence. Or, if again we recount the history of his episcopate, and reflect upon the efficiency of his zealous labours in the Church, we recognize in our new Cardinal an apostolic soul whose high virtues make him worthy of the signal honour of membership in the Sacred College.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" is happy to join its voice to the many congratulations extended to the Cardinal Prince of Canada. We offer most sincere felicitations to His Eminence Cardinal Begin, and with the clergy and the faithful of all Canada we unite to pray the Almighty that, in His Gracious Providence, He may lengthen the life-span of our beloved Cardinal. Long live our Venerable Prince for the good of the Church, for the honour of Quebec, and for the glory of Canada "Per Multos ac Faustissimos Annos."



## The White Sister

**T**HIS is the title of one of the last stories from the pen of that prolific writer of stories, the late Francis Marion Crawford. It has been dramatized and the play has been staged in many cities. Advance agents have been known to say that leading clergymen approve it, or, at any rate, pronounce it to be quite in harmony with the teaching and practice of the Church. If this is true they can have made but a superficial study of it.

The story is of an Italian girl who is betrothed to an army officer. He joins the ill-fated expedition to Abyssinia, and presently word comes that he has fallen in battle. Angela, for such is the girl's name, is inconsolable over the death of her lover. In her desolation finding herself destitute of all means of support, she joins the White Sisters, a religious order devoted to nursing the sick. The author, himself, says "he does not believe she had the very smallest intention of becoming a nun, nor that she felt anything like what devout persons call a vocation." A nun she becomes not the less, and is known as Sister Giovanna, which corresponds to her lover's name, Giovanni.

In the course of a few years, Giovanni comes back—as from the dead. The report of his having been killed was untrue. There arises, now, in the breast of the White Sister, a fierce struggle between her old love, which is still strong as ever, and her new obligation. Giovanni, who has not a spark of faith in him nor the fear of God, is determined to make her his wife in spite of her religious vows. By a ruse he gets her into his brother's house and there tries to frighten her into marrying him. But she is no weakling and shows a proper scorn of his unmanly conduct. And here the play diverges from the book. In the latter, Monsignor Saracinesca, the spiritual director of Sister Giovanna, gets her a dispensation



from her vows. In the former, the officer foiled in his attempt to frighten her into breaking them, ends by putting a bullet through his brain. His avowed object is to save the Nun's honour. But the criminal and cowardly deed must needs have failed of its object, for she was known to have been in his company just before he fired the fatal shot. Crawford's own way of ending the story is infinitely better.

The main objection to both book and play is that they give a false idea of the religious life and especially of the motives which prompt people to enter it. Outsiders will be apt to conclude that, in the estimation of Catholics, anything is good enough for God, and any motive so it be humane, adequate to warrant one in vowing oneself over to His service. The White Sister will be taken as a type and will serve to strengthen the world in its notion, that a convent is a place of refuge for confirmed spinsters and silly young girls, who have been crossed in love.

It is quite plain that Angela had no vocation to be a nun. The author, himself, as we have seen says, he does not believe she had the remotest intention of becoming one, nor the least sense of "what devout people call a vocation"—which is a mildly cynical mode of speech. He tells us that, even after she had been two years in the convent, she still hoped against hope, or, as he puts it, "hoped against all reason" that her lover might yet be heard of. Just before taking the veil, she seems to have some scruples herself on this score, and so goes to Mgr. Saracinesca, her spiritual guide, who knows her story, and asks him, 'Is it wrong to love him still?' His answer is, "If your love for the man who is gone looks forward, prays and hopes, it will help you; if it looks back with tears for what might have been, and with longing for what can never be, it will hinder you." This is all very well as a direct answer to her query. The real point to be settled was whether or not she had a vocation to be a nun, a point on which her own words, spoken straightway after, throw a flood of light: "I began to work here hoping and praying that if I could do any good at all it might help him, wherever he is. That is the only vocation I ever felt." Then it was no vocation. She had never a

thought of God or her own soul, but only of the man that she had become infatuated with. If Mgr. Saracinesca knew his business he would have told her on the spot, that she could not be a nun. Instead "the quietly spoken words satisfied him and a little more. There could be nothing earthly in such a love as that." There could be nothing ignoble in it, if you will, or ethically wrong. But at the best it was the earthly love of one creature for another, not the love which makes so many a child of earth leave father, mother, brother and sister to give herself to her heavenly spouse.

The Mother Superior of the White Sisters shows the same lack of spiritual discernment as the Monsignor. She judges of Angela's vocation solely by the conduct during the two years of her apprenticeship to the religious life. "In all that time no one had been able to detect the smallest fault in her, either of weakness or of hastiness, still less of anything like the pride she might actually have felt in her superiority. To keep her back now would be to accuse perfection of being imperfect; it would be as irrational as to call excellence a failing." It would be nothing of the kind. There are many persons in the world every whit as perfect as Angela was, who have no vocation at all for the religious life. There have been saints in the cloister, who, perhaps, would not have saved their souls there, because of the lack of "what devout people call a vocation." (Motive is the first thing to be thought of in those who seek admission into a religious order). But Mother Veronica does not know how to discern the true motive. "Why do you wish to be a nun?" she asks Angela. "If I can do a little good, by working very hard all my life," replies the latter. "I hope that it may be allowed to help the soul of a person who died suddenly." "That is a good intention," replies the Mother. "If it is sincere and lasting, you will be a good nun." A good intention, in sooth, but not the intention that should be uppermost in the mind of one who wishes to enter a religious life. We are not surprised to find the same Mother telling her spiritual child that "a thousand hours on your knees are not worth as much as one night spent in helping a man live or die." This is the verdict of the world, which makes so much of what is

done for man, and so little of what is done for God. But in the judgment of the Master, to which nuns especially should defer, it is Mary, the type of the life of prayer, and not Martha the type of the life of active effort in behalf of others, that has chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her. "Work, work, work," says the Mother Superior, "But it shall not be for the sake of the end, else you will be working only for the hope of rest and you will try to kill yourself, with work, to rest the sooner." A strange sentiment in the mouth of a nun, and a silly saying. As if the Apostle did not bid us "Hasten to enter into that rest"—Heb. 4. We are not, of course, to try to kill ourselves with work to rest the sooner, which would be a species of suicide; but we are to do the work that falls to us day by day, taking no thought for the morrow.

At page 225, Monsignor Saracinesca gives further proof of his ignorance. He says, "The Church will do nothing that the law would not do," which is not so and he puts the obligation of a religious vow on a par with the marriage vow in respect of indissolubility. He should have known that the Pope cannot annul a consummate marriage, which corresponds to final vows in religion, but can dispense from religious vows even solemn ones. He declares at first that there is no ground for granting a dispensation, though Angela herself had told him she would not have taken vows had she known Giovanni was not dead, and her sole motive in entering religion was to be helpful in some way to her soldier lover. Afterwards (p. 333) he finds a reason for seeking a dispensation, which is far fetched, to say the least. The real reason was the lack of a true vocation. This is evident once more at the end (p. 335) when there is held out to Angela the assured hope of a release from her vows. "Her joy was almost agonizing, . . . . . and in her heart rang such a chorus of glory and rejoicing as not even the Angels have heard since the Morning Stars sang together." Here surely was cause why she should be dispensed from vows that were not true when she took them, If she had really given herself heart and soul to God, she would have found her joy in being faithful to her Divine Spouse even unto



death. One who loves God above all things, loves his neighbor as himself for God's sake, and never forgets that his first duty is to God.

We have a right to ask that the artist, who sets himself to portray Catholic life with pen or pencil, shall present true pictures, not caricatures. Art itself, as well as truth and religion demands that he shall do so.

†ALEXANDER MACDONALD,  
Bishop of Victoria.

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## AN IDYL

Like the hectic flush of the Autumn leaves,  
The sunset red illumines the bay;  
Each sombre cloud in the gloaming weaves  
A shroud for the dying day,

When lo! in that mystical, solemn hour  
A Voice rings out, like a bell, on high:  
'Tis God, from His own celestial tow'r,  
Who summons the stars to the sky!

He calls them by name. Then anear and afar  
They glide thro' the hovering shadows by,  
Where the echoes resound to the voice of each star:  
" 'Tis I, great Lord—'tis I!" E. DAVIS.

## Notes of Foreign Travel

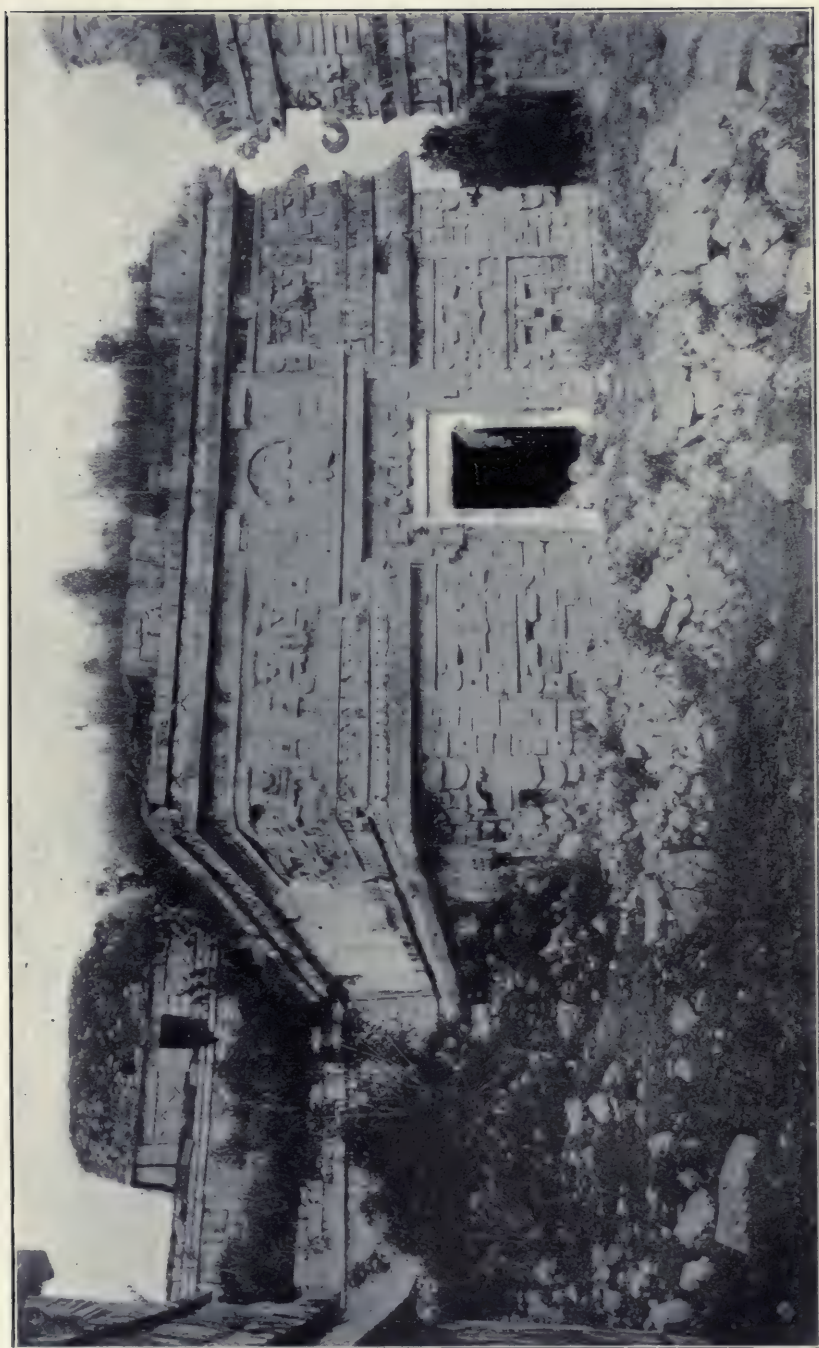
### Chi-Chin-Itz, The Phantom City

**T**HIRTY miles inland from the Gulf of Campeachy, Yucatan, repose in pitiful isolation the abandoned buildings of the ancient Maya city of Chi-Chin-Itza. The great ruin rises in a desolate plain seventy-six miles east of Merida, the most populous city of Yucatan. A very slow going, but profitable little railroad train, leaves Merida every morning for Tixkobob, and before next December the road will be carried to Zamal, thirty miles from Chi-Chin-Itza.

The largest building of this ancient city is quadrangular in shape, and has four outer stairways leading to the summit. At the base of each of these stone stairs is a huge, open-mouthed serpent, admirably executed in stone. Grouped around this central structure are many buildings of great size and of fine proportions. The stone blocks of limestone are laid in mortar, and the joining is as close as in modern masonry.

Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan" (Vol. II., p. 27) and Désiré Charney in his "Cités et Ruines Américaines" (p. 48, et seq) describe the buildings with minute accuracy, and show drawings of the great hall, the four serpents, and of two elaborately ornamented and solidly constructed buildings, probably a theatre and a convention hall. Bishop Landa of Merida, who visited Chi-Chin-Itza in 1560, tells us in his "Relation de las Cosas de Yucatan":—

"I saw before me an astounding group of buildings. . . . Here too were lions (pumas) sculptured in stone, beautiful vases and other objects so remarkably well done that it is difficult for one who has seen them to believe that the men who worked them had not a knowledge of metal tools. I also found the statues of two men, very tall and clothed as was the habit of the ancient people. There was a peculiarity connected with the head of one of the statues. Rings were pendant from the ears, the hair was carried back and formed a knot on the







neck. This knot, or sheaf, was buried in a deep hole sunk in the back of the neck. The foreheads of the men sloped to a cone (flatheads), the cheek bones were very prominent, and the lips were thick."—Landa, p. 201.

To enter into a detailed description of the buildings of this pre-Columbian city, its terraces and temples, its pyramids and sculptured columns, would only interest a specialist or antiquarian. I pass on then, to more important issues by inquiring how far this ancient race had carried in art and in morals its civilization, the ruins of which confront us to-day.

The art of these people carries with it, probably, the clearest demonstration of the influence of religion on the spirit of their age, and the monuments and remains of their culture are, so to speak, the consecration of religious thought and ideas. These religious conceptions of the race had given birth to an art superior to that of the Assyrian, hardly inferior to the Greek and, what is remarkable, to an art singularly chaste. Nowhere among the remains of these desert or forest shrouded cities did I come across any indications of the nude, or receive any hint of phallic worship.

In the sculptures of this art we notice three processes or designs; (a) bas-relief—raised work in sculpture; (b) alto-relievo—high relief; (c) embossed work. Thus, with certain inevitable variations we notice in this art a remarkable homogeneity in the interpretation and stylization of the decorative motives. We also perceive that these motives represent the sun, the moon and stars, plants and figures of men, of animals and astronomical signs. The human figure is always gorgeously clothed and is never represented in isolation or alone from companions.

The painter or sculptor presents his model in a kneeling posture, or in the act of performing some religious ceremony. Very often, too, the artists represent priests or warriors, who hold in their hands some instrument of worship, arrows or trophies of war.

In the human figures we notice always, as a mark of distinction, the singular flat head—le front étroit, the retreating forehead, the Semetic nose and voluptuous lips. Representa-

tions of the serpent are very common in Central American and in Southern Mexican ancient buildings. But the persistence of this reptile in Yucatan ancient art is striking. Here the serpent is sometimes winged as a flying dragon, at other times, he is represented as coiled and ready to strike, and again is recumbent, coiled around a pillar, or escaping from the mouth of a colossal figure.

Chi-Chin-Itza at the North, and Copan at the South, offer the best types for the study of the arts of these ancient people, for in these places we may trace the variations and follow more satisfactorily the evolutions of the art and architecture of this vanished race.

I am of the opinion that these ancient people had reached a level of artistic culture of a character entirely original, a culture which by degrees, and little by little, arrived at its apogee many centuries before the coming of the Spaniards. It created around itself a large zone of influence, declining at last gradually, and leaving us, as reminders of their glory, magnificent ruins to tell of their advanced civilization, a civilization, which at the epoch of the discovery of America, had almost disappeared.

Miss Briton's reproductions in colour, of the frescoe painting found on the walls of Chi-Chin-Itza and Uxmal are on exhibition in the Peabody Museum. These splendid frescoes are of the highest value, for they afford us rare examples of Maya art and furnish us with occasional, if not intimate glimpses of the ordinary life of the people.

Incidentally, I may remark, that among the institutions that have carried on extensive field work in Yucatan and Honduras, the Peabody Museum easily takes first place. The valuable results of its researches are seen in the excellent collection and specimens housed in this Museum and in its many publications edited by such specialists as Tosser, Malens, Gordon and Thompson.

From an intimate examination of the Peabody Exhibit, we learn that the methods employed by the builders of Chi-Chin-Itza in the plastic and graphic arts differed little from those of pre-Christian Asia and Europe. Delineation and painting







upon a variety of substances carving in wood, chiseling on stone and modeling in terra-cotta, clay and stucco were widely practised. Terra-cotta figurines cast from moulds were found in nearly all the pre-Spanish cities. Very few specimens of metal work have been found among the remains of the abandoned cities. When we consider that the stones used in the temples and monuments were mostly of coarse and uneven limestone, and that the workers, having no knowledge of iron, could only make use of stone tools, and stone hammers, we marvel how they accomplished so much.

The pictorial representations, the mural reliefs, the sculptured monoliths, and the ornamentation in stone and stucco executed by these ancient people in Mexico, Yucatan and Central America, show the wonderful state of organization and the high plane of material civilization reached by this mysterious race. We do not know when their civilization matured. Possibly when this ancient people were cultivating the arts and crafts of a highly developed order the ancestors of the Celts, Gauls and Saxons were grovelling in darkness and in the grossness of savagery, and feeding on the flesh of their enemies.

As regards the inland cities of Yucatan, we have early notices of Chi-Chin-Itza and Uxmal. These fugitive passages indicate that, long before the discovery of America, these cities had fallen from their ancient glory, and the civilization which they proclaimed had entirely disappeared. In the days of the Spanish conquest, these cities were, as they are to-day, striking and memorable ruins.

Chi-Chin-Itza, like Copan, is a distressing and depressing place, a city of emptiness and of death. No hope can live here, nor joy abide, nothing but wonder and despair may endure in this pile of ruins. The solitude is indescribable, and the ruin and the desolation justify the solitude.

W. R. H.



## The Complaint and Repentance of Ossian,\* Son of Finn.

*(Written for The Lilies.)*

I am Ossian that was Harper to the Finians  
Son of mighty Finn am I, and saved by Jesu's grace;  
Long I sang of combat and of Finn his foes controlling,  
Sang of blood and battle and the waves of slaughter rolling—  
Now I sing of Heaven and the light of Jesu's Face!

Bold was I and froward, and the sun in lofty dwelling  
Saw me walk the earth like one that feared not God or man;  
Haughty were my port and looks—I smote the Harp like thunder—  
Struck it till it groaned aloud in madness and in wonder  
Praising War and Slaughter in a reckless heathen rann!

Then all my joy was in conflict, or in hunting,  
Hunting with the Finians—with Bran and swift Lomair;  
The wolf and wild boar, and the deer fled before us,  
The sun sank to sleep and the moonbeams fell o'er us  
Thoughtless were we and oblivious of care!

War called us back to High Almuin of Leinster  
War thrilled our hearts as we seized spear and shield;  
Oh, the bright battalions, with golden helmets gleaming!  
The neighing of the chargers, the coloured pennants streaming!  
And Goll and mighty Oscar blazing to the field!

Home from the fray there was joyance and feasting,  
And murmur of harps like the wind through the trees;  
Brave songs were sung and our hearts thrilled to hear them;  
Bards shouted ranns to the chiefs crowded near them,  
Till night gently fell and we slumbered in ease!

Now I am old! All my friends long departed;  
Goll, Finn, and Oscar—Oh where are their shades?  
Grant them, Oh Lord, of Thy mercies—they crave them!  
Ah, had they known, they would love Thee—so save them  
And show them Thy glories where joy never fades!

I am Ossian and I weep night and noonday,  
On cold flagstones kneeling to Jesus I pray!  
High in His Heaven may He join us together,  
Glad as of old in the fair golden weather  
Comrades forever in bright endless day!

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

\* In the Irish, the name Ossian is pronounced Usheen—accent on the second syllable.

## The Cathedral and Rambla, Barcelona.

**T**HE following was written during the course of a brief stay in Spain's largest and most progressive city. I have not changed it, as it has, at least, the freshness of impressions, gathered on the spot and set down, whilst in the midst the scenes, and whilst the people, in general, were stirred deeply by the dastardly attempt upon their King's life—J. T. R.)

Europe and America are getting to resemble each other more and more. The remains of feudal days are being replaced by structures, which are more in keeping with the demands of modern life, but people do not come to Europe in order to see mills, mines, warehouses and factories. Here and there an old city like Carcassonne, in Southern France, carries us back in thought to the brave days of old, but even there the "honk" of the automobile is heard in its narrow streets, and a Rue Gambetta reminds us of the less reverent spirit which animates Europe at the present hour.

The ancient cathedrals still remain, but, though they are the chief attractions for a large class of visitors, the new generation over here cannot understand why it is that so many strangers prefer them to cafe-chantants, Riccoco edifices and the monuments erected to latter-day mediocrities.

The porter of my hotel here in Barcelona smiled indulgently when I asked him the way to the Cathedral. On inquiring I discovered that he had never been inside it, although it was only a five-minutes walk from the hotel door. And yet this ancient edifice, with its chaste columns, fluted arches and glorious Gothic choir is perhaps the one thing really worth seeing in Barcelona. One can see mills and factories all the way from Yonkers to the Golden Gate and back again. These are useful and important in their way, but they are too much identified with the drudgery of daily life to be of interest to men and women with tired nerves and weary brains. It is the beautiful

in nature and art that raises man above the sordid cares, which press upon him from all sides and he is the better and happier for having seen the masterpieces of chosen souls, who were so enamoured of the beautiful that they consecrated their lives to setting forth its varied forms.

### **On the "Rambla."**

After the Cathedral, the next most interesting sight in Barcelona is the Rambla, which is merely another name for a great promenade, running the whole length of the city. At 7.30 p.m. this promenade is one moving mass of humanity. The 700,000 people, who make this city their home, seem to be seized by a common impulse to go forth and rub shoulders with each other, and to demonstrate in a forcible way the gregarious instincts of the human race.

It is there that the signoras and the signoritas eye each other most closely for the latest hint from Paris. Their poorer and humbler sisters are also there, and their simpler costumes do not seem out of place in that moving throng. It goes without saying too that the "caballero," or mere man, is very much in evidence and that he is the same soft-headed individual here that he is on the streets of Chicago or Toronto. He ogles the dark-eyed beauties, twirls his mustache, assumes theatrical poses and behaves with the foolishness common to the sex the world over.

Amongst the women of the Rambla the prevailing colour is black as it is very generally believed that this colour accords best with the Spanish type of beauty. Extreme fashions and striking colours are considered to be in bad taste. They convey an impression, which is not by any means complimentary to the ladies who affect them, and the Spaniards, as a race, still insist upon modesty and decorum in public places.

For almost a mile on either side of this great promenade there is a continuous succession of flower-stands, presided over by girls and women, who do a thriving business during the evening hours. It is not an uncommon thing to see a flock of goats driven across the Rambla to provide near-by families with their evening supply of milk. The nonchalance of these



useful animals is truly surprising. Street-cars, automobiles, pedestrians and vehicles of every kind give them the right of way,, and their calmness in the face of impending danger is often in striking contrast with that of their drivers. I know of no better way of getting a supply of pure, rich milk to the people of a city, than by means of this healthy, happy-looking quadruped, whose superiority to the cow is attested to by all experts. Everywhere throughout Europe it is goat's milk that is given to babies, and this fact may account for the consideration, with which the animal is treated. It may be well to state too in passing that the reputation of the Barcelona goat, as a milk-producer, is very high. In quantity it comes close to the average American cow, whilst on grounds of quality there is really no room for comparison.

### Spanish Courtesy.

The Spaniard is nothing if not courteous. American curtness does not go very far in a land, where even the lowliest servant uses the expressions, which are found only in the mouths of the gentle-folk in other lands. The signs in the street-cars, trains and public-places, relating to smoking and expectoration, imply that the authorities are dealing with a polite and highly cultured people. At the Cinema the other night I saw a sign, which read as follows: "Gentlemen are respectfully requested not to smoke without urgent necessity." Needless to say there was no smoking. Yesterday I had occasion to ask an old gentleman if he would be kind enough to tell me how I could get to a certain street. I gathered from his reply that he was like myself, a stranger, but the evident regret with which he informed me of that fact, and his courteous bearing, more than compensated for his lack of knowledge.

Here and there one is surprised at the charming frankness with which the Spaniards deal with the realities of life. Across the street from my hotel there is a large sign over a barber-shop, bearing the following announcement: *Salon Especial Para Pintar las Senoras,*" which being translated reads, "Ladies are painted here." This would seem to imply that

either the Spanish ladies are not as sensitive about such matters as their American sisters, or that they are more given to vain practises. This, however, is a matter on which the mere man has no right to speculate. He must take the ladies just as he finds them, and in Spain, as elsewhere, he generally finds them a whole lot better than his own sex.

### **The Attempt on the King's Life.**

I arrived in Barcelona just as the newsboys were startling the crowds on the Rambla with the announcement of the attempt made on the King's life that afternoon. Although the rank and file in this city are supposed to be republican and revolutionary in their tendencies there seemed to be a general feeling of thankfulness that the attempt had not been successful. The papers during the next few hours were busy issuing special editions, setting forth the facts in the case and these were promptly bought up and eagerly scanned for all the details bearing upon the affair. Here and there a group of young men waved their hats and shouted a hearty, "Viva el Rey," but the people, as a whole, seemed to be too deeply impressed for demonstrations of any character.

The fact that Sancho, the anarchist, is a native of this city lent additional interest. He is not, however, the only enemy of kings and civil rulers that has made Barcelona a stamping-ground in recent years. Thanks to the late Mr. Ferrer and others of his type there are five thousand more of his brethren here and, though they will sing low during the next few weeks, there is no telling when another of them may make a similar attempt, and with more success from their view-point.

All here agree, however, in declaring that King Alfonso is greatly beloved by the Spanish people as a whole. He is simple, democratic, kindly, and has shown a real desire to be a constitutional monarch in the best sense of that term. His coolness and bravery in trying moments have elicited the admiration of a people, who place a high value upon personal courage, and even the most fanatical republicans are ready to

admit that he has been thus far an exceptionally good and wise ruler.

Spain's English Queen is equally popular and equally be loved by all classes. Her simplicity, her kindness to the poor, her devotion to the King and to her own charming little flock, and her sympathetic attitude towards the people in general, have won all hearts and have made it certain that her son will be Spain's future king. Europe's royal families, at the present hour, are making a brave attempt to live up to their responsibilities, and none, perhaps, with more success than the royal young pair, whose lives are constantly menaced by the Barcelona conspirators.

DR. J. T. ROCHE.

### A Forecast.

When I am very old, ripe mellow grown,  
And wrapped in shawls, I knit beside the fire,  
I shall rejoice that one day I have known  
The pranks of youth when life was all desire.

The things I thought, the tricks I planned and played,  
The punishments I suffered for the same,  
And love's sweet impulse which I quick obeyed,  
When touched by memory's flint will light a flame,—

A flame, which thinking of that early day,  
Will warm my heart's blood into livelier flow,  
And banish sadness from my soul away,  
As I recall the joys of long ago.

I shall be glad that I was foolish once,  
Shall kindly smile as I turn o'er the page,  
And snugly in protecting cowl ensconce  
The palsied head, grown white and sane with age.

I shall not laugh at any dream of good  
Nor fruitless pity of those early years,  
But shall look gently then with tender mood,  
At youth that reaps experience but with tears.



## Old Times In St. Michael's

**I** HAVE often been asked by interested professors of to-day: what kind of boys did you have in the college forty years ago? Do you observe any difference between them and boys of the present time? In reply to these questions it may be said generally that boy nature is much the same the world over, at any time and among all classes. One has only to read the reports of travellers, ancient and modern, to grasp that general principle. Customs differ, training differs, time differs, and these three factors bring about changes in boy character. Noting the boys of to-day one cannot help remarking that life is too easy for them, they have more spending money than is good for them, and too little of hygienic hardship; the faddists in education seem bent on making the road of development luxurious rather than severe.

The boy in St. Michael's forty years ago had not a high opinion of himself, because his life was simple, full of healthy hardship, and he was kept in his place by parents, teachers and society. He certainly was not the loquacious, loud, impudent and extravagant youth of the present day. No one would have endured him a moment on those terms. His discipline was pretty much the same as prevails in military schools and barracks just now. There was no coddling, and consequently no molly-coddles. The main result of the hard training was a young man of the temper of the West Point cadet, generous and restrained, moderate in everything. There was more roughness, of course, because the times were simpler, the barbarian is right under the skin of the best-trained boy.

What suited us best in that far-off time, and influenced us most, was the good teacher and the genial confessor. These were the respected men in college, though not always the most popular. Mr. John Quinlan had the most obnoxious theories in politics, such as the natural inferiority of the Irish race in political affairs, and the natural superiority of the English.

His pet theory was the speedy dissolution of American democracy, which he looked for about 1900. Nevertheless, because he was a fine professor, a fair and square man in his duties, and a lover of learning, we respected him highly, and forgave his foolish theories. In their behalf he suffered much from old campaigners like Patrick Boyle of the Irish-Canadian, old Mr. Teefy, the red-headed and valiant defender of his race, and the irascible Father Mulcahy. Heated discussions attended their conferences, which were likely to break up in a row, and gave us immense entertainment.

Father Murray is still in the land of the living, as flexible and cunning as in his best days. He had a face like a cherub, united with the disposition of Sherlock Holmes. Nothing offended him, if there was a glint of humour in it. Among his piano pupils was a singular youth with an astonishing gift for the piano and no other gifts worth mentioning. At a lesson one day Father Murray played for him a composition, in order to illustrate the best manner of interpreting it. Whereupon the genius dashed through it in perfect imitation of his teacher's manner, added a few improvisations not in the text, and then remarked casually, "I can play better with my feet than you with your hands, Father Murray." We were all indebted to Father Murray for this light on the wits of the pupil and the disposition of the teacher. He was a popular confessor, for the reason, that with his penitents he was gentle, kindly in the bestowal of penances, and serious in his instructions. He never grew old except in the whitening of his hair, and to-day, at an age when most men sit by the fire, he seems as flexible physically as a young man.

Father Chalandard was popular for his fiery temper and his steady good nature. In class his uproarious method of teaching, his ironical compliments to the blockheads and idlers, would have led a spectator to believe that he was suppressing an insurrection. Newcomers trembled before his sonorous voice and fiery expression; but the real man behind the uproar had a generous heart and a simple nature. He could refuse a boy nothing. Leader of the college band, and the college choir, with a wonderful baritone voice which was the delight of our entertain-

ments, his appearance was always the signal for applause. Boys have a high regard for the men who shed any splendor on the public affairs of the college, such as athletes and singers and speakers; and when Father Chalandard stood forth to sing, or waved his baton at the band, we just sat back in content and said to one another, "Now watch him get away with it."

It is perfectly clear to me now that every professor in the house had his useful influence in one quarter or another, although he did not always get credit for it from his fellows and his superiors. I believe the band and the big hall where it roared are now silent. Perhaps a good deal of time was wasted on practice in music and speaking and acting, and their abolition is justified. But there is significance in the fact that the college theatre, with its music and its acting and speaking, is creeping back to its old place in many eminent institutions. For the average man, the arts of expression are of more continuous importance than either learning or culture, and that average man thinks more of his singing and speaking and acting and playing at fifty than of his intellectual acquirements.

But I have not yet told what kind of boys we were in 1874. It must be done by examples. One day Fergus McEvay and I set off for town and met Father Guinane talking with Father Harris at the college gate. We had often seen Father Harris at the college table and entertainments, and looked upon him with proper awe as a leading priest of the day. Tall, handsome, distinguished and well dressed, he seemed to be like a giant beside whom we were unnoticeable pygmies. Father Guinane courteously introduced us. We would have just bowed and walked on, as became inferior creatures, when Father Harris took our hands in turn with cordial pressure, and made a speech that went somewhat in this fashion.

"Mr. Smith, Mr. McEvay, I am more than pleased to meet you. I have heard of you often very pleasantly, and I would like to see you oftener. If you ever come my way, my house at St. Catherine's is open to you. Mr. Smith, on your way home to New York it will be the easiest thing in the world



to delay a few days and enjoy a visit in our pretty town. Now promise me, won't you, that your next trip home will give me that honour and pleasure."

Of course we promised everything, and went away astonished and impressed. Father Harris meant every word he said. Had we paid the promised visit he would have spared no pains to entertain us. It was a simple incident, forgotten by everyone concerned except him who afterwards became Archbishop of Toronto and your humble servant, as a sample of that courtesy which lifts the insignificant up and elevates its possessor still higher in general esteem. We related the story among our own set, and the stock of Father Harris soared to incredible heights in consequence. You see we were not used to courtesies of that sort, nor to language of that kind from our elders.

The average boy is mischievous, sometimes with principle, oftener without it. There is no law and no moderation in boys' mischief. I always maintained the principle that the law should be outwardly observed, that no one should be harmed, and that the conventions should be scrupulously observed. Mahony and McDonell, my companions in crime, had no principle except to raise as loud a rumpus as possible. In these instances you will see how the two methods worked together. Mahony decided one night to throw a fit about eleven o'clock, and I was to act as manager of the performance. The fit consisted in contortions, shrieks and yells, of a character to rouse envy in a Sioux war-dance party. The piece was to be staged in a remote dormitory, where nondescripts and delinquents and convalescents slumbered under the fostering indifference of Father Murray. The modest aim of Mahony was to rouse the whole college into terror, to bring in the police, and if possible, hospital ambulances, perhaps, also the military. My honourable intention in accepting the position of stage manager was to confine the effects to the dormitory.

At eleven o'clock the house slumbered, and I lay in the darkness chuckling at the uproar soon to disturb the innocent sleep of Father Murray. At the first peal from the lungs of Mahony I lay stunned and horrified. As it continued, a fright

took possession of me. I did not believe that any human being, even insane or under torture, could emit such a series of shrieks and yells and snarls as came from his writhing figure. It seemed certain that the fire department would turn out, in addition to the police and the ambulance service. Already the convalescents and derelicts were struggling into consciousness and clothes, and fighting for the door. Father Murray was trying to light a gas jet and somebody was yelling for help in trembling shrieks. By that time I recovered from my horror and with one leap landed on the recumbent form of Mahony. It was no time to argue with him, for like every improvisatore in the stress of composition and utterance he was bound for the limits of uproar. I sat on his breast and squeezed his throat to silence. There would have been a free fight over that situation, but that Father Murray got his gas jet working and hurried to the bedside of the convulsed youth. The miserable sleepers sat and stood about the door with their garments in their hands: I maintained my position on the panting breast; Father Murray soothed the trembling hands of Mahony and inquired sweetly about his condition.

The famous Mike Perry, after a survey of the whole situation, remarked: "That fellow has the devil in him, and needs exorcism with bell, book and candle. What's the use of having a priest in this dormitory if he don't use his powers." The incident ended by all returning to bed, while I agreed to watch by Mahony until his somnambulistic state had passed. Our conversation for an hour consisted of reproaches on his part that I had not permitted him to carry out his beautiful plans; a fine opportunity had been lost; he must try it at three o'clock; he would get even with me the next day; and so forth and so on until I had convinced him the scene must never be staged again.

This was mischief without principle. It might have had serious consequences. A more pleasant form of mischief was this. Father Mulcahy being a great story-teller, and fond of an appreciative audience, dropped into the room occupied by Joe Conroy, now the auxiliary bishop of Ogdensburg, and a fine raconteur himself. The entrance of Father Mulcahy made

necessary the instantaneous disappearance of one Cray, a student visitor, who had no right to be found in a professor's room at that hour. Cray stepped into a wardrobe of such a character that he could neither stand nor sit nor lie in it. It was like the pet cells of Louis XI., made for perpetual discomfort. Father Mulcahy told a story, and then a second, and a third, which were received with such applause that he set forth his entire stock for the best part of an hour. At every hint of departure his auditors insisted on still another. They screamed with laughter, but most of it was for the suffocating, tortured wretch in the wardrobe, who had to be lifted out at the departure of the priest, and rubbed into flexibility again.

There was cruelty in our mischief you see. Alick McDonell, after examining the hooks and eyes of the storm windows, originated the idea of locking in the entire house at midnight, students, professors, priests, and servants; so that morning would find all entombed, with escape possible only by the windows or the smashed doors, unless help came from outside. Now mischief of this kind, while it appealed to me on its spectacular side, was too opposed to my principles to win my support. Its success meant turbulence all over the house, the upsetting of the rule, and cheap imitation by amateurs. I accepted a part in it only because of Alick's appeal that it was our last year together in college, and because I hoped to frustrate his honourable intentions. All night we labored at the doors, carefully adjusting hooks and eyes. Father Frachon heard my tinkering at his door and coughed politely to intimate his wakefulness. Then he arose at dawn and pursued our velvet foot-steps up and down the corridors, rendering it impossible for further work. We had locked in everybody but him and the man who rang the first bell. Therefore we failed, but the amusing incidents which resulted made up in part for the disappointment. Professors hammered at their doors for rescue, the maids had to call for help, various inconveniences arose, but there was no disorder, only a mild curiosity as to the authors of the scheme.

One night a few adventurous spirits stole all the pies intended for the next day's dinner: then the pirates fell foul of



one another in the disposal of the spoil; at the last there was a free fight in the darkness and a ringleader was expelled. Another night, at a dinner of the choir, a steaming turkey was swept from the platter as the maid went by on her way to the table, and no one ever saw the thieves or the turkey. The college gobbled for a week over that. As frisky a lad as ever passed through the college was Denis Stafford of Washington. He belonged to a festive, lazy, lounging group, lovingly known as the hangman's gang, because the famous disciplinarian, Mr. Ferguson, had prophesied their ultimate fate on the scaffold. For a year these lads never opened a book, or observed a rule, unless under stress of punishment. They gloried in their crimes. Yet never a lad more lovable and clever than Stafford. We persecuted him with advice and affection. At the end of the year he promised me that his future would be all that the most fastidious could desire, and he kept the promise splendidly. When he died pastor of St. Patrick's in Washington, the country lost a superb orator, the pulpit a sincere and eloquent preacher, and American society a noble representative.

The boys of that day have done very well in the world. They are bishops and priests and professional men, well known to their fellows. A few of them became tramps, but very few, and quite a number died, which is so common a fault that it carries no reproach. The survivors of my acquaintance are most respected and efficient men, with a capacity and a fluency in giving advice to the younger set, that argues experience, wisdom and many other virtues, in addition to that generosity which urges them to give so much away for nothing. I hope the question, as to our character in 1874, has been well answered. At the worst our career never put any holes in the ancient and admirable proverb: Boys will be Boys.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.





PHILIP POCKOCK, LONDON, ONTARIO.



## Making Good

THE "LILIES" is to be commended for giving its readers short biographies of some of Toronto's Catholic citizens who have, as the phrase goes, "made good."

Their example is well worthy of commendation and imitation. We trust, that it will be thus considered by such, as have similar means and opportunities of being a benefit and a blessing, to others less fortunately or unfortunately circumstanced.

There are various interpretations of the current saying: "He made good." The busy world of men usually applies it to those only who have succeeded in accumulating riches, or in reaching prominence in political or social life. What use they have made of their wealth, or influence, for the good of others is not so closely considered, or is altogether unregarded.

In the March issue of "St. Joseph Lilies" we read with interest and edification a brief sketch of the late Eugene O'Keefe, of revered memory. He, in our opinion, certainly "made good," not because of the wealth he gained, but because of the admirable uses to which he applied it.

If others of our co-religionists to whom has been confided the difficult and dangerous stewardship of wealth, would view their possessions as he viewed his—talents confided to him by the Master, and therefore to be employed in the Master's service—how much of the misery suffered by the poor would be alleviated; how much advanced would be the cause of Catholic education, and in what various ways would the interests of religion be promoted.

Of those who have acquired wealth, "a few," to quote from the "Lilies" to which we have referred, "a few keep themselves above the reproaches that lie under the adulation which the world pays to wealth, because they agree with the axiom, that it is in the wise distribution of riches and not in the miserly hoarding thereof, that there is credit for the maker of fortune.

Some few there are, who go even deeper, and believe themselves stewards of the riches that have come their way, just as truly as if funds had been handed them to be served out for charity, religion and general good works. To this last mentioned order, did Eugene O'Keefe, Toronto's greatest Catholic benefactor, belong.

And to this order, we are glad to say, belongs Mr. Philip Pocock, senior member of the firm of Pocock Bros., London, Ontario, and "London's greatest Catholic benefactor," whom we now present with pleasure to the readers of "St. Joseph's Lilies."

By his exceptional business ability and sterling integrity of character, Mr. Pocock has made his way to the fore-front in the commercial life of his native city. He takes an active part in matters civic, and is at present chairman of the Water Commission. Whatever makes for the city's welfare finds in him an ardent promoter. He has, while still a comparatively young man, amassed considerable wealth. That he looks upon himself as steward of what his Lord has given him, is manifest to all who are aware of his continual and large-hearted benefactions to every deserving cause.

Though his wealth does not equal that of the late Eugene O'Keefe, he distributes it with a generosity quite as great.

What others in like circumstances spend lavishly on pleasure and ostentation, Mr. Pocock spends lavishly on the poor. In ways most unobtrusive he is their helper and friend. In short, there is no movement for the benefit of education or religion in London, in which his ready and liberal assistance may not be relied upon. The aged people and the orphans there, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, have cause to bless his name. For them his heart and his purse are ever open.

Mr. Pocock believes implicitly "That he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord," and that the return will surely come. "Good measure heaped up, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." In brief, he is a man of faith who squares his life by the maxims of the Gospel. Would that there were many more such as he!

We feel that all readers of the "Lilies" will join with us in wishing Mr. Pocock and his amiable wife, who is not less zealous than he in all charitable works, many additional years of prosperity and happiness.

[Two of Mr. Pocock's sisters are members of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto, Sr. M. Herman of St. Michael's Hospital and Sr. M. Alphonse (deceased).]

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### HAIL VIRGIN FLOWER.

Hail Virgin flower! Hail Lily fair!  
With love to-day we sing of thee,  
Giving thy life to praise and prayer,  
Earth's treasures leaving joyously,  
O Maid predestined! Maid divine!  
Thy soul brooked no delay,  
When God's sweet whisp'rings called thee forth,  
Thy vows of love to pay.

Hail full of grace! Hail Lily fair,  
Who in God's Temple didst unfold,  
Take us God's flow'rets 'neath thy care,  
Be thou our Temple, House of Gold,  
O shed on us bright rays of faith,  
And nourish us with love,  
That we may bloom with thee e'ermore,  
In temple courts above.

S. M. St. J.



## Indian Missions

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams  
For the heart's right hand we give you."

**T**HESE words undoubtedly are familiar to all our Alumnae and pupils who have read Longfellow's *Hiawatha*—I recall one memorable occasion which many of my classmates of 1909 will remember among other eventful scenes which took place in the old "distribution hall." At this special time we had the pleasure of hearing an American gentleman render this poem in a very effective manner.

The poet in the above lines gives a fine description of the sentiments with which the Illinois Indians received the celebrated Father Marquette of the Society of Jesus. The discoverer was at that time on his voyage to the Mississippi River, the "Father of Waters."

After the Black-Robe's arrival the Indians seemed to take kindly to the religion of the Great Manitou who had

"fasted, prayed and laboured;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked Him, scourged; crucified Him;  
How He rose from where they laid Him,  
Walked again with His disciples  
And ascended into heaven."

A few centuries have elapsed since this zealous Jesuit missionary laid down his life for his poor people. He was not martyred but died an early death from privations and exposure which undermined his strength.

To-day, his brothers in religion are carrying on the great work he commenced. It is true they have not the same hardships to undergo, but even at this date the woodland and water trips are often fraught with great dangers. Each Jesuit missionary has a large territory to cover, as the workers are few

and the souls numerous. The old-time canoes are to a great extent, disappearing and motor boats are replacing them.

The Jesuit Fathers have built an Industrial School for Indian boys on a large farm at the mouth of the Spanish River. This is on the main land and in Algoma District. The school is under the patronage of St. Peter Claver.

The boys are taught husbandry, cobbling, carpentering and other useful trades, as well as receiving a good English education. They are taught their Catechism in their native tongue, and receive instructions in the same language as well as in English.

Across the road from St. Peter Claver's school is St. Joseph's Industrial School for Indian girls. The girls, outside of receiving an English education, are taught dairying, gardening, sewing, knitting and a domestic science course which embraces all branches of house work.

Pupils come from the Iroquois Reserves at Coughnawaga, and St. Regis in Quebec Province, while the Objibway children come from all parts of Northern Ontario. The government pays a certain sum for each child per annum, but the schools have been built without any assistance from the Indian Department, and after many privations and sacrifices of which the good Fathers and the ladies in charge alone know the extent. However, with God's help they hope to pay for their well-equipped schools in time. The donations from charitable Christians to these places are few. Few people realize without seeing these places, what these good souls are doing to teach the Indian children their faith.

On Manitoulin Island there are a number of Indian Missions, the principal one being Wikwemikong, which means "A Meeting of Beavers" or "Beaver Bay." This place was the former site of the two schools, but when the girls' school was destroyed by fire, some three years ago, it was decided to move. The removal took place last vacation.

The Jesuits had built a large stone church and Indian college in Wikwemikong. Many tourists visit this place in summer. The building containing the class-rooms is now a mission day school. During the smallpox epidemic of the past

winter, this was turned into an hospital for the sufferers. The lady teachers from the various quarantined missions gathered at Wikwemikong and nursed the sick.

The Mission day schools are in charge of the ladies from St. Joseph's Industrial School. These heroic women spend the entire school terms in these isolated and lonely places, sometimes never seeing a white person, save the priest, who pays a monthly visit to the scattered missions. Two teachers go to each place, one teaching, while the other visits the sick and needy, looks after the church and does the house-keeping. By a special privilege these teachers are allowed to have the Blessed Sacrament continually in a little private chapel in their house.

Sodalities are established for the girls in each place. Their receptions are attended with a fervour very edifying. The teachers work earnestly preparing concerts and amusing entertainments, which tend to raise the ideas of these people above their ordinary views and thereby better their condition. Out of school hours classes are held in knitting, crocheting and plain sewing, for which prizes are given to the best workers.

The Indians are very fond of music. The men are, as a rule, better singers than the women. The majority are bright and intelligent, though a few are dull and have that heavy, stolid look, so typical of their race. The older people are quite reticent concerning their legends, which they do not care to disclose. The younger generations, however, tell some interesting stories associated with the names of many places in this vicinity. There are still a number of pagans who have their medicine men and, to a certain extent, practise their old customs. They seem to reject all attempts to convert them. However, we trust the time is not far distant when they may have the grace to embrace the

"Faith of our Fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,  
Oh! how our hearts beat high with joy,  
When'er they hear that glorious word."

JEAN C. McDONALD.



# The Dream of Gerontius

## PART I.

Poetry, according to Alfred Austin, is transfiguration—the transfiguration of the Actual or the Real into the Ideal, at a lofty elevation, through the medium of melodious or nobly sounding verse.

It is a well established fact that poetry, nowadays, has not the vogue of earlier times. A short lyric, a well aimed shaft of satire in verse, may hold for a moment the rush of public fancy, but men and women turn with coldness from Narrative or Dramatic verse. In defense of this it may be claimed that the bookseller can prove that more copies of the classics are sold now than ever before, but if modern education has not achieved all that it would it has certainly impressed people with what they ought to know—this, says Doctor Johnson, is a legitimate brand of knowledge—so they surround themselves with volumes of Shakespeare and Scott and Milton, in half-calf or boards, according to the state of their finances, hoping against hope that some day they will have time to open them. In the meantime—well, if one can't be with the king, it is something to have him in sight.

Unquestionably, the highest form of verse is Epic or Dramatic poetry, and the men who have been its most brilliant exponents, Milton and Dante, are travelling down the ages, to the end of time, always in the calcium light of appreciation from the keenest minds that each country produces.

Into this glare, and into this goodly company, came in later days, John Henry Newman, all unwittingly, too, for had not the discerning eye of a literary friend seen the manuscript, "The Dream of Gerontius" might never have survived to fill the hearts of countless thousands with the consoling hope and supreme exaltation which the poem inspires. True, his fame as a poet does not rest entirely upon this work,—

far from it, for millions have echoed their hearts' deepest feelings in 'Lead Kindly Light' where thousands have appreciated the lofty grandeur and serious sweetness of the "Dream." Many, too, of his "Verses on Various Occasions" strike the true poetic note.

In 1865, on the death of a dear friend, Newman, whose every second thought was of the great separation which comes to all, occupied his leisure in embodying his hopes and fears in the form of this narrative poem. But, like all great minds, he was not easily satisfied, and the manuscript was thrown in the waste-basket, where, happily, it was rescued and brought forth to add new lustre to the author's already brilliant record, and to be a joy to the lover of noble theme and chaste rhythm.

To quote Dr. Barry: "The 'Dream' is a rare poetic rendering into English verse of that high ritual which from the death-bed to the Mass of supplication, encompasses the faithful soul. It is at once an allegory and an act of faith." A serious theme, but as Matthew Arnold says, in poetry as in life, there should be a high seriousness. Newman's whole existence was of this cast; even as a child he seems to have been impressed with the importance of accomplishing his appointed mission, to save his soul, and, though there was nothing of gloom about him, yet he lived a life apart, reflecting for himself and pointing out to others the way and the path, that all might one day claim their eternal reward.

And this is the one great central thought around which Cardinal Newman has woven some of the loftiest sentiments and nobly sounding verses to which the English language has ever lent itself. The "Dream" is essentially the history of a faithful soul, in the moments immediately preceding death and in the short space of time which intervenes before judgment. The poet himself was particularly qualified to have had such a vision. Living a life of complete abnegation, striving from earliest youth to "make straight the way of the Lord," ever straining his gaze with reverential awe into the mystic Future, intent always on hearing the inward voices that were calling him hence, little wonder if he was granted a sight of the Great Beyond of which St. Paul says, "Eye hath not seen

nor hath it entered the mind of man to conceive." Yet, presumably, it was this very text which influenced Newman in the choice of a title. His wealth of knowledge concerning divinity had but made him more cautious in advancing as truth what had come to him in his musings, and he is content to call a dream, what his wonderful power of imagery brings home to us as a true and forcible picture of a soul's passage from the material world to the abode of spirits. Its reality is what strikes one from the first. With simple directness, we are brought at once, in the opening lines, into the presence of the dying men. No need here for elaborate description, long sounding words. Gerontius speaks and we see in him the type of every man who has made his poor peace with God, and who is "using well the interval."

With Newman there is no art for art's sake; words are of use only as they express and communicate the thoughts, imaginations and visions of the author, and as we read we can but marvel at the simplicity of the language which links itself into a melody, now falling soft and low, and again swelling into a mighty burst of soul thrilling music which takes us out of ourselves and leaves us awe struck with the beauty of one mortal's conception of what "man hath not seen."

"So in the world of spirits nought is found,  
But what is immaterial;  
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,  
The very pavement is made up of life—  
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,  
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually."

In this uplifting of the Mystic Curtain we are reminded of Milton and Dante; but with both poets the drama is an impersonal one; we read and remain an onlooker. Wierd pictures of the "cruel sea," as hell is spoken of in the "Inferno," as well as marvelous scenes of splendour in the "Paradiso" are unveiled to our gaze, and we can be calm. There is a sureness to the Dantean cosmography which we have never associated with the spirit world. The "Dream" affects us differently. It appeals at once to every Catholic as the expression of all that he or she has believed from childhood of the prob-



able experience of a faithful soul after death, with an added wealth of imagery which the less favored many never could hope to call up. Newman never departs from strict Catholic theology on this subject. It is the liturgy of the Church in a setting worthy of the jewel.

R. H. Hutton, writing of Cardinal Newman, speaks in this way of it: "Before the Vatican disputes and shortly after the controversy with Canon Kingsley, Newman had written a poem of which he himself thought so little that it was, as I have heard, consigned or doomed to the wastebasket. Some friend who had an eye for true poetry rescued it, and was the means, therefore, of preserving to the world one of the most unique and original poems of the present century, as well as that one of all of them which, in every sense, is the least in sympathy with the temper of the present century. None of his writings engraves more vividly on his readers' minds the significance of the intensely practical convictions which shaped his career. And especially it impresses on us one of the great secrets of his influence. For Newman has been a sign to this generation that unless there is a great deal of the loneliness of death in life, there can hardly be much of the higher equanimity of life in death. The *Dream of Gerontius* is the poem of a man to whom the vision of the Christian revelation has at all times been more real, more potent to influence action, and more powerful to pre-occupy the imagination than all worldly interests put together.

Newman's soul was particularly susceptible to music. Of great instrumental symphonies he has written, "They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are the echoes from our Home; they are the voice of angels or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter."

The metre in "*The Dream of Gerontius*" changes with the thought, and it is always appropriate to it. The solemn movement of the opening lines gives the typical music, which is varied lyrically. As an example of exquisite musical var-

iety on a firm basis of unity the poem is admirable. It was then but to be expected that composers would be attracted to the sweetness of its cadences, and would endeavour to make it the theme of an oratorio. Equally natural is it that the noted English Catholic composer, Sir Edward Elgar, admitted by all to be the greatest of the day, should have devoted his musical genius to a subject greatly in keeping with his sympathy. When a child, he sat Sunday after Sunday in the organ-loft in St. George's Catholic Church, Worcester, England, where his father had been organist for the long period of thirty-seven years.

During eight years, Dr. Elgar gradually assimilated Cardinal Newman's thought into his masterpiece; the oratorio was performed in London, June 6, 1903, in Westminster Cathedral. Herr Max Heheman, the great musical critic, who was present, has this to say: 'The strange world-removed tone of the poem is marvelously reproduced. The yearning of the dying for the Beyond has rarely been clothed in tones more devotional or moving, and never has the dread sublimity of Death been depicted with greater boldness.'

Those eight years in which the poem had been steeping itself in the musician's genius, proved wonderfully fertile. A copy of the "Dream" was given to Dr. Elgar in 1889, as a wedding present, by Father Knight of Worcester. The donor had introduced into its pages the markings inserted by the famous General Charles G. Gordon, the hero of the Soudan. Gordon, the type of the valiant soldier, besieged by pagan hordes, died in 1884, a martyr to duty. This man was only one of many who, at the hour of death, found consolation in "The Dream of Gerontius." In this copy were found pencil-marks, underscoring lines bearing on death and prayer such as, "Pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray," "'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayer!—'tis he!" The last lines that Gordon underlined were:—

"Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow."

The musical score is, perhaps, the fullest and most com-

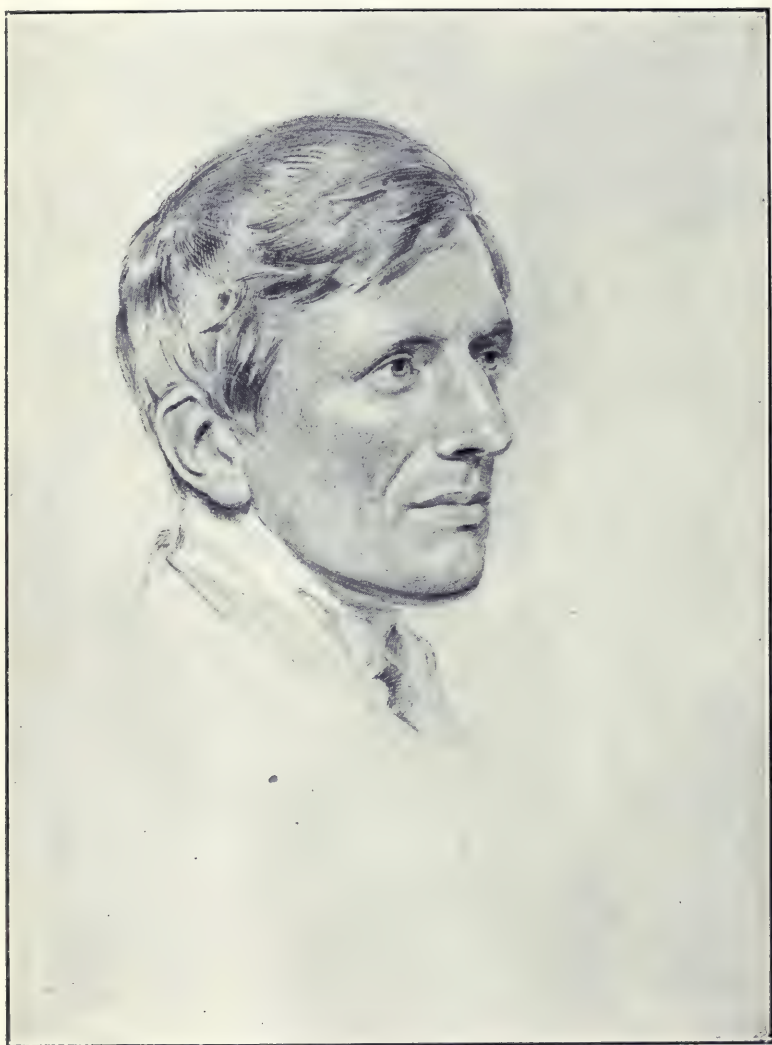
plicated in modern music, being written for a very large orchestra, twenty varieties of instruments, not counting the strings which are occasionally divided into fifteen or eighteen parts.

At the point where the transition is made from Geron-tius' earthly existence to his dissolution, and the beginning of his spirit life, there is a great hush throughout the orchestra, followed by a thrilling of arpeggios on the harp, then a short moan, repeated three times by the first violins, after which comes a chord for muted horns, clarinet and English horns sounding above a drum-roll; then a vibrato stroke on a gong: Gerontius is dead! Could anything more exquisite be imagined?

At the performance of the oratorio given in Vienna, the home of Newman's beloved Mozart, wherein a chorus of 250 superbly trained voices, with an orchestra of eighty pieces, interpreted the score, the number which aroused most enthusiasm is the harmonious change from the scale of D major to that of B major, in which the attendant priest intones his brief prayer at the bedside of the dying man. Indeed, Vienna's musicians remained struck beyond all else at the perfectly original transfer chords, which reveal such undreamed of possibilities in the ancient art of music. In the second part, the solo of Gerontius, who learns that his soul has yet to be cleansed, and the duet, "I see not the wicked," are perhaps most effective; but the climax of judicious and puissant orchehstration reached in the chorus, "Praise to the Holiest in the Height," envelops all else in its illimitable grandeur. The hymn, at first softly murmured by the harps, and gradually swelling till it makes the very roof "overflow with harmony," remains one of the noblest tributes ever offered from Humanity to its Creator.







CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## “The Dream of Gerontius”

### PART II. ANALYSIS

“The Dream of Gerontius” is pure drama in its highest conception. Cardinal Newman’s familiarity with Greek would lead us to suppose that he appreciated the ancient Models, and, indeed, we seem to catch echoes of the Furies in the chorus of the demons which remind us of Aeschylus.

The dramatis personae are as follows:—

Gerontius, allegorical of the soul saved;  
 Angel Guardian, who like Virgil to Dante, guides the soul through the spirit world;  
 The Demons whose “uncouth dissonance” serves to accentuate the harmony of the whole;  
 Choirs of Angelicals, their symphonies of praise vibrating through the heavenly regions;  
 Angel of the Agony, special pleader before the Throne; and Souls in Purgatory, who in their suffering sing the praises of the just God.

The poem is divided into seven parts or cantos, and with the exception of the third, each contains a distinct dramatic effect; strongly marked, and carrying a profound appeal of its own. In the first, what could be more vivid than the word-picture of a dying man—

“Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,  
 And Thou art calling me; I know it now.  
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—  
 ’Tis this now feeling, never felt before,  
 That I am going, that I am no more.  
 Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
 Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
 The like of whom to scare me and to daunt,  
 Has never, never come to me before.  
 ’Tis Death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—’tis he!  
 So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.”

to which the attendant priest and assistants respond with the litany which appeals to the whole Church Triumphant for aid; and the dying man, feeling that he has friends here and beyond, gains new strength,—



Rouse thee, my fainting soul and play the man;  
 And through such waning span  
 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
 Prepare to meet thy God.  
 And while the storm of that bewilderment  
 Is for a season spent  
 And, ere a-fresh the ruin on the fall,  
 Use well the interval.

A second recitation of the litany calls forth this beautiful musical rendering of the acts of faith, hope and charity which make every Catholic's daily prayer,—

Firmly I believe, and truly,  
 God is Three and God is One;  
 And I next acknowledge duly,  
 Manhood taken by the Son.  
 And I trust and hope most fully  
 In that Manhood crucified;  
 And each thought and deed unruly,  
 Do to death; as He has died.  
 Simply to His grace and wholly  
 Light and life and strength belong,  
 And I love, supremely, solely  
 Him the holy, Him the strong.

Then the sense of ruin overcomes him, the wild terror and dismay which the sense of nothingness brings,—

as thought I bent  
 Over the dizzy brink  
 Of some sheer infinite descent;  
 Or worse, as though  
 Down, down forever I was falling through  
 The solid framework of created things,  
 And needs must sink and sink  
 Into the vast abyss.

A climax of true sublimity is reached when Gerontius makes the complete surrender of his being to its Creator in the words, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands," and the attendant priest intones the beautiful prayer of the Church, "Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul! Go from this world!"

In the second canto Cardinal Newman endeavors to realize for us the sensations of the soul after death. It is notable that while Milton and Dante fashion their supernatural worlds after heathen traditions, Newman supposes ethereal space to

surround the soul. It has no local habitation. It takes place where the soul is, and the angels; where we love and suffer. But the solid frame of things, as it lately appeared, is no more. Alone the spirit utters its beliefs, and the Angel Guardian, taking pity on its "solitariness," makes his presence felt in the reassuring words,—

"My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Taking it home,  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia!  
For evermore.  
My Father gave  
In charge to me,  
This child of earth  
E'en from its birth.  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia!  
And saved is he.

We have a beautiful picture of the offices of the Guardian Angel in the verses,—

Then was I sent from heaven to set right  
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,  
And I have waged a long relentless fight,  
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,  
Which when from its fallen state, when all was lost,  
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh what a shifting parti-colored scene  
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,  
Of recklessness and penitence, has been  
The history of that dreary, lifelong fray!  
And oh the grade to nerve him and to lead,  
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

Gaining courage the soul begs to know what lets it from going at once to the awful Presence of its God, and the Angel tells it that they are hurrying with extremest speed, but that men and spirits measure time by a different standard. In answer to a second question, why the soul, which in life had looked forward with terror to the judgment, has now no fear of meeting its God, the Angel replies:—

It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.  
 Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so  
 For thee the bitterness of death is past.

In the fourth canto the speculative yields once more to sense effects. The cries and dismal jargon of demons are heard, not with the result of terrifying the soul, but with a preternatural urgency of that evil note which must enter into every drama if it be human. Newman himself has said, "You cannot have a sinless drama of sinful humanity."

The Angel and his charge continue their course untouched by the venom of hatred and jealousy which the fallen spirits vent on man who has displaced them in the heavenly abode. What a quintessence of rage is voiced in their clamoring chorus—

Dispossessed,  
 Aside thrust,  
     Chuckled down.  
 By the sheer might  
 Of a despot's will,  
     Of a tyrant's frown.  
     Who after expelling  
     Their hosts, gave,  
 Triumphant still,  
 And still unjust  
     Each forfeit crown  
     To psalm-droners.

But they haunt only the outer regions. Within the first choir of Mighty Angelicals open the symphony which is taken up by the other six, making the whole heavens vibrate with melody. Here Newman has succeeded in versifying the sublimest song of praise that has ever been offered to the Most High by mortal pen. To the soul,—

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—  
 The summer wind above the lofty pines;  
 Swelling and dying, echoing round about.  
 Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;  
 While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,  
 Descend ecstatic odours.

Nearer and nearer, the soul, held fast within the grasp of the Angel, approaches the Presence-Chamber, and presently



the gates, made up of ethereal beings, are vibrating and echoing back the strain, and the threshold utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

The sixth canto is short but full of sublimity. The judgment is near, the supreme moment has come. So infinitesimal is the space of time since the soul left the earth, that echoes of the interceding prayers, uttered by priest and friends, are but come to the judgment seat. The Angel of the Agony—

The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt  
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood,  
Murmurs his last petitions and the soul  
With the intemperate energy of love  
Flies to the dear feet of Emanuel.  
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity  
Which with its effluences, like a glory, clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has siezed,  
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies  
Passive and still before the awful Throne.

In utter abjection the soul breathes this touching prayer—

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,  
Told out for me.

The last canto brings us to Purgatory, the golden prison whose gates make sweet music as each fold revolves upon its ready hinge.

The Angels of Purgatory receive their charge from its guardian to fit it for the courts of light. Meanwhile the holy souls chant the praise of a just Maker in the psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge in every generation," breathing forth a hope of an early release from the penal waters.

The Angel's farewell is beyond everything touching, sweetly musical and wholly hope-inspiring—

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, Peterboro.

## The Rose .

The sporting sylphs that course the air,  
Unseen on waves that twilight weaves  
Around the opening rose repair,  
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,  
They catch the ruddy beams of day,  
And steal the rainbow's sweeter shade  
Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,  
From floating clouds and falling showers;  
They rob Aurora's locks of light,  
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the sparkling rose  
Becomes a token fit to tell  
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,  
And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves  
Beside thy heart be cherished near,  
While that confiding heart receives  
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

SELECTED.

Before the morning breeze could steal  
Heaven's sprinkled pearl-drops from the rose,  
I culled it that it might reveal  
The tale my lips may not disclose.  
Its leaves of virgin velvetness,  
Where I have pressed a kiss for thee,  
Its blush of maiden bashfulness,  
Both tell of my idolatry.

## The Characteristics of Great Art

**F**ROM earliest times, down through the centuries, the Fine Arts have held an indefinable fascination for all mankind. The artist has ever been an object of interest amongst all peoples; in ancient Egypt, where the ornamentation was stiff and symbolical; in aesthetic, pagan Greece, artistic in the idealistic sense, whose sculpture has never been surpassed; in pagan Rome, with its sumptuous splendour; amongst the Goths and Saxons, with their picturesque architecture and rich tapestries; later in Christian Rome, where art in the sixteenth century reached its zenith in the unrivalled productions of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci; and so on down through the various schools to the present day, when the futurists and the cubists endeavor to thrust the ridiculous vagaries of their distorted vision upon an intelligent public.

There is one thing indispensable to the artist—without which no amount of study, no degree of patience, will avail—he must experience original sensation. If a man is born with talent, his artistic perceptions are delicate and quick; he naturally understands and distinguishes relationships and shades; he is quick to catch the grace or dignity of an attitude, the momentary mood, the varied and ceaselessly changing beauties of nature. Are not the works of a great painter an index of his character, an impression on canvas, as it were of his own soul, his own innermost thoughts and emotions? How easy it is to detect the individual style of the masters, even before the eye discovers the signature in the corner. Who, amongst art lovers, could mistake a Raphael, a Corot, a Rembrandt, a Watts?

The personality of each man is stamped indelibly on his canvas. I said, to art lovers—meaning those who have studied paintings and their creators—not the superficial admirer of



pictures, whose fancy is caught merely by a pretty figure or scene. For this, like all things else, is acquired. Many of the greatest critics of art have spent years in learning how to judge a painting, or a piece of sculpture or architecture. Ruskin spent three years of close and incessant labor in the examination of the chronology of the architecture of Venice; two long winters being wholly spent in the drawing of details on the spot. And yet, he says, "I see constantly that architects who pass three or four days in a gondola, going up and down the grand canal, think that their first impressions are as likely to be true as my patiently wrought conclusions."

A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less, according to the nature and cultivation of the nation. This art-intellect must be found, for your artist can never be manufactured. To quote Ruskin again: "He may be found, or he may be lost, just as gold may lie loose in the ravine, or buried in the sands, or may be dug up and converted into king's thrones, or used to overlay temple gates, as one chooses; but the best one can do with it is always, merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating. And there is another thing notable about this artistical gold; not only is it limited in quantity, but in use. One need not make thrones or golden gates with it, unless one wishes; but put it to a mechanical use and you destroy it at once, for you can't make knives of it, nor armour nor railroads. Your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant, or lawyer, or in fact, anything but a painter."

The first characteristic of greatness in painting is choice of noble subject. Greatness of style consists then: first, in the habitual choice of subjects of thought, which involve broad interests and deep passions, as opposed to those which involve narrow interests and slight passions. The style is determined by the nobility of the interests and passions involved in the subject. The artist who habitually makes choice of sacred subjects, is so far henceforth a painter of the highest rank, as it implies that he has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable. He who

takes pleasure in representing the acts and meditations of great men, is a painter of the second order; and he who represents the passions and events of ordinary life, of the third order. Certainly, in that of the highest order—sacred subjects, the choice must be sincere, or the work is of no value. This sincerity of choice was displayed by Leonardo da Vinci, in the painting of his famous picture, "The Last Supper," on the wall of the convent refectory. We are told that he was at least ten years engaged on this masterpiece. For weeks at a time, he would work tirelessly from early dawn until sunset, with scarcely a thought of food or rest; then again, he would remain for days without touching a brush, merely standing before it, criticizing and judging. And often, at mid-day, when the glare of the sun, at its meridian, had made barren the streets of Milan, he would hasten from the citadel, where he was modelling his colossal horse, and taking the shortest way to the convent, add a touch or two, and immediately return.

There is an old legend connected with the making of this picture which, though often heard, will perhaps bear repetition. Leonardo had searched long for a face that could realize his ideal of the Saviour. At length he found it in a young man of such beauty of feature and purity of expression, that he immortalized the face on his canvas. Years passed and the last face, that of Judas, still remained unpainted, for the artist had been unable to find a face sufficiently evil to suit his conception. But at last, he discovered it, and completed the figure. What was his horror to learn, later, that the clear, beautiful face of The Betrayed, and the crime-stained visage of the betrayer, had been painted from the one model,—in youth, pure and innocent, but later in manhood, by moral weakness and excess, soul-blackened and degraded. What a lesson!

The second characteristic of the great school of art is, that it introduces in the conception of its subject, as much beauty as possible consistent with truth. For instance, in a picture representing a group of faces or figures, it will introduce as much beauty as the faithful reproduction of its sub-

jects will allow. The ugliness, or dissimilarity of lineament, as necessarily manifested in a crowd, will not be rejected, but all the beauty that is in them will be insisted on. In this respect, schools of art, become higher in exact proportion to the degree in which they apprehend and love the beautiful. Thus, Fra Angelico, deeply enamoured of all spiritual beauty, will be of the highest rank; Correggio, intensely loving all physical beauty, will be of the second rank; and Rubens, apparently insensible to beauty, and caring only for truth, of the third rank.

The decadence of the schools of high art, so far as this particular quality is concerned, consists in the sacrifice of truth to beauty. Great Art directs the attention to all that is beautiful in nature; but false art, instead of directing, simply omits whatever appears to it ugly or objectionable. The evil resulting therefrom is that beauty deprived of its proper foils no longer gives pleasure as beauty, just as light divested of all shadow would cease to give pleasure as light. In nature beauty is enhanced by ugliness, just as light is enhanced by shade, and the painter who imagines that he can improve nature by destroying the ugliness or the shadow, destroys himself also in the anomaly he has created. The really great and beautiful art of Fra Angelico, that saintly artist monk, is continually refreshed and strengthened by his frank portraiture of the most ordinary features of his brother monks.

Only by a constant adherence to truth in the representation of nature, can we learn what is beautiful and what is not. The ugliest objects contain some element of beauty, and the more a painter accepts nature as he finds it, the more unexpected beauty will he discover in what he at first despised. High art, therefore, consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature, but is great in exact proportion to the love of beauty shown by the painter, provided that love of beauty forfeit no atom of truth.

The next characteristic of great art is that it includes the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony. It is impossible for art to represent all the truths of nature, and in this, the great artist is distinguished from the



mediocre artist. The latter selects the lesser and unimportant truths, while the former reaches out for the greatest and most necessary facts, choosing afterwards those which will form the greatest possible, and most harmonious whole.

As its greatness depends on the sum of truth, and this sum of truth can always be increased by delicacy of workmanship, it follows that all great art must have this delicacy to the utmost possible degree. This rule is infallible and inflexible. Only it must be remembered, that coarseness must be estimated by the distance from the eyes; it being necessary to consult this distance when great, by laying on touches which, at close range, appear coarse, but which, so far from being coarse, are, in reality, more delicate in a master's touch than the finest close handling, and are so modulated that no single grain of the color could be removed without injury.

The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, produced by the imagination. Hence, there is a great bar fixed between the two schools of Lower and Higher Art. The Lower merely copies what is set before it, whether in portrait or landscape. The Higher, either entirely imagines its subjects, or arranges the material presented to it, so as to manifest the imaginative power as much as possible. Just in proportion as the imaginative power is manifested, does art become greater and greater, while the highest art is purely imaginative, all its materials being wrought into their form by invention. However, imaginative art always includes some facts as we see them in nature, for creation in its full sense is impossible to man. Take for instance, Holman Hunt's great poetical picture the "Light of the World" where the Saviour stands knocking at the door; the whole thought and arrangement of the picture is imaginative, but the several details of it are worked out with simple portraiture: the ivy, the jewels, the creeping plants and the moonlight being calmly studied or remembered from the things themselves. One of the greatest art critics of modern times said of this picture: "For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age." Archdeacon Farrar, in speaking of how

the picture was painted, tells the following anecdote:—

“By steady labor on moonlight nights from eight p.m. to four a.m. at the window of a London lodging, for which Mr. Hunt was often hard-pressed to pay the rent, Mr. Hunt painted this picture,” and he tells us that, “an omnibus driver, after speaking with great amusement of Carlyle and his ways, added, ‘But I’ll show you a queerer character than all. If you’re comin’ round the corner you can see him well from the ’bus; he is a cove, on the first floor, who has somethin’ standin’ all night at one window while he sits down at the other, or stands, and seemingly is a-drawin’ of it. He doesn’t go to bed like other Christians, but stays long after the last ’bus has come in, and as the perlice tells us, when the clock strikes four, out goes the gas, down comes the gemman, runs down Cheyne Walk as hard as he can pelt, and then turns back again and goes in again and nobody sees no more of ’im.’ ”

The “Cove” was Holman Hunt, painting the “Light of the World” on which he spent nearly four years. This grand old artist, whose death occurred in the early part of the present century, was like the world’s great master, Michael Angelo, stricken with blindness in his old age.

And now, in conclusion, we find that great art is simply the aggregation of all the powers of the human soul; for it involves right moral choice, true love of beauty, the proper grasp of truth, poetical or imaginative power, and complete accuracy of memory. Hence the art of painting is literally a great art, compassing and calling forth, as it does, the entire human spirit.

GEORGE TRALE.

**ALUMNAE ITEMS**

When years elapse, it may perhaps,  
Delight us to review these scraps,  
And live again 'mid scenes so gay,  
That Time's rough hand has swept away;  
For when the eye bedimmed with age,  
Shall rest upon this item page,  
Those pleasant hours, that once were ours  
Shall come again, like Autumn flowers  
Shall tune our hearts and make them sing,  
And turn our Autumn into Spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Graduation Exercises in June brought scores of former pupils to St. Joseph's to witness what all pronounced "a magnificent display" of scholarship, of artistic proficiency, and of what made perhaps the most pleasing impression,—the inimitable charms peculiar to Convent training.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grateful acknowledgement is due the philosophers from St. Michael's College for their courteous assistance upon Closing Day. It was no easy task to seat an audience like that which thronged the halls when the doors were opened to receive the friends of Graduates and pupils upon that gala day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Lilies" extends greetings and best wishes to the new brides, Miss Marian Blake who recently became Mrs. Dr. Kirby, and whose new home will be in the mineral North Land; and Miss Mary Elizabeth Maher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Maher of College St., Buffalo, who was married to Mr. Maurice H. Gibson of Toronto. Fortunately, perhaps, for the Misses Mae, Anna and Helen Maher, who are in attendance at St. Joseph's, the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson will be in Toronto.

\* \* \* \* \*

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association sends heartiest congratulations to its eminently distinguished alumna, Agatha Doherty, M.D., of the University of Toronto, M.R.C.S. of England, and L.I.C.P. of London, England, upon her great honour



in winning the cherished medical degrees, in being commanded to appear before their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, as a special mark of royal approbation of a Canadian woman's success, and in being appointed Senior House Surgeon of the New Woman's Hospital of London, England. The Association sends its warmest wishes across the sea to Dr. Doherty for continued success, and assures her that she has added much lustre to her Alma Mater.

\* \* \* \* \*

Announcements of the marriage of Miss Anna Burke to Mr. Lorne Smith, both of North Bay; and of Miss Lily Burke to Mr. Parnell Howe, elicit sincere congratulations and good wishes from the many friends of the brides at St. Joseph's. A long life of happiness and pleasant prosperity to our dear young people!

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the season for travel has returned, St. Joseph's has received word from a number of her pupils who are spending a delightful summer abroad, visiting the beautiful places which most of us know only through books or from friends who have seen them. Among the fortunate tourists are, Mrs. Crowell, Miss Margaret Cronin, Miss Hope Thompson in Europe; Mrs. Kelly in California; Miss Lois Gibson in Vancouver; The Misses Lawler at the Atlantic sea coast.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "Old girls" to whom St. Joseph's extended a hearty welcome during vacation months were, Miss Elizabeth Henry of Buffalo, Mrs. W. Kilroy (Nellie Hennigan) of St. Catherines, Miss Mary Ryan, B.A., Miss Pauline Dudley of London, Miss Phyllis Kellett of Sarnia, Miss Mae Carey, Miss Nellie O'Grady of Hastings, Miss Mamie Burke of North Bay, Miss Tena Servais of Port Arthur.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Dr. William J. Fischer is one of "St. Joseph Lillies'" most distinguished contributors, we are proud to insert in our Magazine the following press notice: "We are pleased to report that Dr. William J. Fischer, on account of his successful efforts in the literary field, has been elected a member of the

Authors' Club, of London, England. The late Sir Walter Besant founded this club a quarter of a century ago, and to-day it includes in its membership all the leading literay men and women of England."

\* \* \* \* \*

We congratulate our loyal alumna, Mrs. Fischer (Caroline Kuntz) on her devoted husband's literary success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Mrs. Wallace on her son Norbert's great success at University of Toronto. We notice that he is again "First of Firsts" in genuine scholarship.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Wilson of Montreal, who is visiting her daughter Eva (Mrs. William Boyle) both of whom called to renew pleasant acquaintances at St. Joseph's were most welcome visitors, and it is a joy to their old friends to find them apparently immune from all deterioration or impairment due to the touch of Time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Misses Rose and Sophie Bauer of Waterloo attended the Closing function of the year and afterwards revived old memories with former teachers in the Graduates' tea room. The enrichment of memory is a rare and precious wealth when our days of experience are set with the jewels of friendship.

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Mrs. McCormack (Marian Eichhorn) of Montreal, and her dear little Valerie were among the August guests at S. J. C.

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"The Lilies" has pleasure in offering congratulations to Miss Mary Poirier upon the important appointment she has received as teacher in the Thorold High School for the coming year. May Miss Poirier's success continue to be as remarkable in this new rôle as it has been on all occasions heretofore.

To Mr. Thomas Long we are proud to offer our heartiest felicitations upon the high and noble qualities which have received recognition from the Holy Father, in the bestowal of the rare and honourable distinction recently come to him from the Eternal City. Mrs. Long is a loyal alumnae; we rejoice

with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Saint Joseph’s Lilies” offers sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of the late Dr. Cassidy. Mrs Cassidy and her daughter Isabel are graduates of St. Joseph’s, and some years ago Dr. Cassidy was also attendant physician. Remembrance in prayer for the beloved dead best testifies our sincere regard for our dear friend and kind physician, and for the members of his sorowing family.

\* \* \* \* \*

The death-angel has visited the home of another of St. Joseph’s children, and “The Lilies” hastens to express loving condolence to Mrs. Herbert M. Hayward (Muriel Davis) at the death of her father, Mr. Charles Q. Davis, who died unexpectedly at his residence in New York, after a brief illness believed to be a form of toxic poisoning or malaria contracted in Mexico where the deceased has extensive mining interests. Mr. Davis was a graduate in Arts and Engineering of the Ohio State University, was president of several industrial trust companies, was representative member of the Ohio General Assembly, was a student and lover of Art, and possessed one of the largest collections of art in the State. Two magnificent oil paintings which adorn the walls of St. Joseph’s reception rooms, and are valued at several thousand dollars, attest the grateful esteem of Mr. Davis for the Sisters of St. Joseph and his appreciation of their work.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Charlebois (Lily Casserley) has the sincere sympathy of many friends at St. Joseph’s and among the members of the Alumnae Association upon the death of her husband. Mrs. Charlebois is a graduate of S. J. C. and her three little daughters are attending school here at present.

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The news of the death of Mr. John McDonagh, whose daughters are loyal alumnae of St. Joseph’s, and one of whom, Sr. M. Alphonse is a member of the Community of St. Joseph, came to us since our last issue. We wish to express heartfelt sympathy, and the promise of prayerful remembrance.





All who have meant good with their whole hearts, have done good work. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully, has left a hopeful impulse behind it. This is the thought that comes to our minds as we read over the records of the many Commencement Numbers of our ever enlarging circle of Exchanges. They impress us with their words of courageous cheerfulness, and emphasize what seems to be a common experience in life, namely, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it. When we read such periodicals as "The Champion" of Prairie du Chien, Wis., it is gratifying to find that the Catholic Journal can compete so ably with the best outside contemporaries.

This Journal offers a wide range for criticism, from the boyish ingeniousness of its fiction, to the lofty flights of its poetry, specimens of which have received the honorable distinction of a favorable recognition by that most fastidious of literary critics—"The Literary Digest." We wish "The Champion" the success it deserves, and hope that the great work well begun, will even more ably continue when the influence and inspiration of Alma Mater is withdrawn.

There was no listless turning of the page, with a mere glance at the title when we read "The College Spokesman" of Dubuque College, Iowa. We failed to discover a weak

spot between its covers. The poetry and the fiction may claim rank with the best in magazine work along that line, of the day. The pictorial number was especially attractive from the fact that it portrayed for us the clever manly young Catholic students whose literary work afforded us much pleasure.

Loretine—No, dear reader, this is not the name of the newest shade of fashion, nor of the latest patent medicine,—it is the name of a very dainty wholesome bit of feminine journalism, which comes to us from Kansas City, Mo. In its general tone “Loretine” is elevating, chaste, serene, with here and there a dash of artless sprightliness. It keeps well within the “narrow way” nor finds the journey irksome, for the banks are strewn with flowers, and there is a fair, broad vista at the end.

“The St. Vincent College Journal”—Beatty, Penn., is a monthly publication which deserves high praise. The editorials are of a didactic or deliberative character and deal with topics and movements of the day. They seem weighted with salutary counsel. From the June number we learn of the high honours that have recently come to the College,—namely, its elevation to the dignity of a “Pontifical Seminary.” We are glad to note the prosperity of a College which can show such excellent results. Hearty congratulations!

The impetus given to our journalistic efforts by the good words of appreciation and the kind wishes of our friends has also proven an aid to our material progress by enlarging our subscription list, and thereby serving better the interests of our advertisers. We shall quote a few brief extracts from some of the journals and letters which have brought us greetings since our last issue.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul writes: “Glancing through the pages of your Magazine I was very much pleased. It is in matter and literary form one of the very best of its kind.”

Fev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M., Three Rivers, an Oxford Scholar of distinction, promptly sends this cheery message, which from his felicitous pen cannot fail to bring joy to the hearts of many young contributors: “The June copy of the “Lilies” has just reached me. As I had never had the pleasure

of seeing a copy before, I was all curiosity to open it and see what it was like. And really it has staggered me . . . . I was not prepared for anything so fine. It is beautiful beyond compare—I am not speaking of the general get-up, nor of the illustrations, nor of the letter-press; they certainly leave nothing to be desired—but I am amazed at the variety of the articles, their beauty of diction, and their exquisite literary taste. Not in a long while have I met with a college publication that rings so true, and is so fresh and stimulating.”

Rev. D. Casey, Bracebridge, says: “Congratulations on the June ‘Lilies.’ It is just a gem. I have reviewed it at length in ‘The Record’ for July 4th.”

From London, Eng. comes this message from a literary friend: “Let me first congratulate you on the symmetrical and beautifully arranged contents within the dainty blue-and-gold covers of ‘The Lilies.’ I feel that the students of St. Joseph’s deserve honour for scholarship as well as inspiration. The editorials are strong and claim attention. Essays, poems, news items,—all are excellent, and most interesting reading.”

From “Teresa” in “The North-West Review,” Winnipeg, July 10th: “‘St. Joseph Lilies’ for June is more interesting than ever. It is gathering to itself the contributions of the ablest writers on religious and other topics. The illustrations are excellent, and the contributions of the alumnae are increasing in merit with each issue. Those who think that women have no sense of humour have certainly never read a college magazine! What a great amount of good these collegiate are doing in fostering a love of literary work among the younger generations. Who knows what far-reaching results will flow from these early initiations into the art of journalism. There is a great field also for short story writing and I would suggest that our young people turn their efforts occasionally in this direction.—Teresa.

From the “Catholic Record” of July 4th, in part of the lengthy review above referred to, we find the following: “‘St. Joseph Lilies’ finds no place for pessimism within the confines of its blue and gold covers. We have regarded it with a deep personal interest from its very first number, and we have noted



with pleasure how the spirit of optimism kept pace with its development and expansion. It sought no meaningless bouquets. It set out to win recognition by the excellence of its contents. It had abundant faith in itself, and that faith has been abundantly rewarded. The "Lilies" has won for itself an enduring place in the world of literature, and Canadian Catholics take laudable pride in its success."

March 26th, 1914, Michigan.—The alumnae of St. Joseph College, Toronto, are to be congratulated on their excellent magazine, "St. Joseph Lilies." Each number grows more interesting and the staff of contributors include some of the most brilliant scholars of the day. It is safe to say that the good and noble women, interested in their Alma Mater journal, will always continue warm supporters of the Catholic Press.—"The Michigan Catholic."





A JUNE DAY REVEL IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.





## St. Joseph's College Department.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief—Miss Marjorie Power.

Assistant Editors—Misses Eileen Dowdall, Gertrude Bradley,  
Madeline Rutherford, Mary Latchford.

Local Editors—Misses Kathleen Boehler, Ruth Warde, Irene  
Monkman, Elizabeth Barney.

Exchange Editors—Misses Lilian Kennedy, Mary McCarthy,  
Dorothy Lynch, Lois Gibson.

Music Editors—Misses Kathleen O'Connor, Bessie Mulligan,  
Lucy Ashbrook, Stella O'Neil.

Art Editors—Misses Nora Travers, Madeline Colleran, Mildred  
McCrohan, Hazel McColl.

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## Editorial.

However deeply we may regret war, however sincerely we may desire peace, whatever plans we may devise, whatever tribunals we may establish, there is no power to which war will ever yield ~~to~~ except to the principles of universal justice and charity, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ. It is this religion alone which can furnish the ideals that the mind must have, the motive power that the will must have, and the authority that the conscience must have to practise that Christian morality which shapes man's course by the high and holy law of heaven, and can establish peace. It is to the lack of moral and religious control over social activities that the evils afflicting modern society are due, and it is not in civil power, not in military force that these evils will find a remedy. Rulers of nations and others in positions of authority must "lighten the load of the heavy-laden," considering all men brothers, after the precept and

of Him Who brought peace to the earth. Nothing else will serve to produce that spirit of good-will among men which must ever be the herald and harbinger of peace.

The "peace movement" as it is called, with its international gatherings and agreements, and its Hague Tribunal towards which Mr. Carnegie has contributed so largely, has made no permanent progress in the practical solution of the problem of a world peace, if one may judge from the present state of world affairs. Like all social and political movements which touch upon fundamental human tendencies, it is swayed by human impulses and passions. These impulses are at one time carried forward on the crest of magnanimous national union, and at another they are thrown backwards, as it were, in the depression of petty provincial division. At such times men are prone to become partisans rather than the advocates of a cause, and to hinder instead of help its progress, fomenting a rebellion often when they would preserve a peace. When we look back over the history of the human race, we see that this has repeatedly been the case, and in the present day, through the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand by a Servian is the immediate and ostensible cause of the war that is waging, and dyeing again the field of Waterloo with human blood, back of this it may be discovered that years of hatred and injustice and cruelty between the contestants is the real and fundamental cause. Soldiers and cannon and dreadnoughts do not make national quarrels; but oppression and selfishness and ambition set armies and navies to their dreadful work.

Man by nature is a fighting animal and vicious. He loves to match his strength with his fellow man, and feel, and know, and make the other know his advantage. We cannot change his nature; we can only discipline and refine and elevate it. This process is called civilization, and is a development out of a life of warfare toward a life of comparative peace. From a glance at the history of our own beloved Canada, we cannot fail to observe that the power which has worked most efficaciously in transforming the warlike savage into a peaceful citizen has been unquestionably the power of the Christian re-

ligion, the power which Christ has left in His Church, and which has been exercised by His devoted followers, the Catholic Missionaries and Religious. It is the mild and intelligent influence of these noble-minded and cultured men and women, and the light of faith which they have spread throughout the land that have banished suspicion and treachery from the minds of the people, and put aside the weapons of war from their hands.

Thus the real work of an efficacious peace movement is that of educating and refining the consciences and the minds of the masses of mankind. It may be a slow process, but it is the only one by means of which we may venture to hope that a time will come when international differences can be satisfactorily settled by arbitration, and the world delivered from the burden and horrors of war. Let us hope that the cause of peace may not be abandoned; but that it may go forward steadily removing the causes that lie back of armies and navies, and that those who direct may preserve a true vision, a serene judgement, and unswerving faith in the Divine Author and Giver of sweet and blessed peace.

S. M. P.

## REMEMBRANCE.

Oft I remember those whom I have known  
In other days, to whom my heart was led  
As by a magnet, and who are not dead,  
But absent, and their memories overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles of my own,  
Like summer homes where happy days were spent.

And is it so with them? After long years  
Do they remember me in the same way,  
And is the memory pleasant as to me?  
I fear to ask; Yet wherefore are my fears?  
Pleasures like flowers may wither and decay,  
And yet the root perennial may be.



## VALEDICTORY.

And now to part! to part when time  
Has wreathed his tireless wing with flowers,  
And spread the beauty of the clime  
Of Fairies o'er this land of ours!  
When glistening leaves and shaded nooks,  
In the soft light of summer lay.  
To leave the society of friends and books,  
Where grateful zephyrs, perfumed, stray—  
Regretful it is to touch the heart  
With unwelcome thought that we must part,  
And like some low and mournful spell,  
Must whisper soft, the word—farewell.

**D**EAR Sister Graduates and Friends:—What mingled feelings of joy and hope! What whisperings of long sweet thoughts are ours upon this Closing Day! Thoughts like a loud and sudden rush of wings,—regrets and recollections of the past, and holy inspirations, which could they stay with us and we could hold them fast, were our good angels—these are ours to-day.

We stand upon the watershed of time, from which the streams of yesterday and to-morrow take their way,—one to the land of promise and of dreams—one to the vale of memories and of fading lights. And while we stay to view the prospect which stretches to the broadened horizon of our dreams, we hear *réveillé* sounded to arouse us to the sterner tasks of life. It awakens within us a sense of the reality of existence, that was never felt before; it makes us eager to accomplish what others expect of us, and what long we have expected of ourselves.

As we halt upon the vantage ground before answering the summons, we hesitate, our feet relectant linger on the spot, our minds involuntarily revert to the written chapters of our lives, which seem like folios bound, and set by Time the great transcriber, on his shelves. What tragedies, what comedies are recorded there! what chronicles of triumph and defeat, of struggle, and temptation and of victory, are there set down. Whose hand shall dare to open and explore these volumes closed and clasped forevermore? “*Quod scriptum manet,*”

Of Life's written pages, there truly is no palimpsest, nor shall they be erased nor written over. The unwritten only, still belongs to us; let us take heed, and ponder well what that may be.

Dear St. Joseph's, our tender Mother, old in wisdom of experience, has taught us who, as children, to her guiding hand have clung, how to trace with steady stroke the characters of beauty which must spell the service of our life-work from its title-page to the close. Those who know St. Joseph's girls the best, have an assured hope that they will not be found among the common examples of frustrated womanhood, whose brains have developed at the expense of their hearts; who look disdainfully alike upon the duties of the home, and the renunciations of the cloister. All will aim to be that noble combination, which it is St. Joseph's College purpose to effect; the efficient Christian gentlewoman. They will give to the duties, and the pleasures of their state, full due. The mentally gifted, will light other torches from their own; and the steady flame thus kindled, will lead many to the infinite light of God.

The world has a right to expect from a convent-graduate, something different from other women, and our beloved Alma Mater has by her teaching, earned a right to demand of her loyal daughters, the highest, noblest and the best results. St. Joseph's has been for each of us a history, a poem, a life. And as we breathe our fond farewell to all within her sheltering walls which our ardent affections hold most dear, we feel that the Past is greatly with us in the glory of to-day, for beneath the crown of victory, mists and shadows fade away, and a note of praise and triumph for attainment sought and won, pulses through thy Halls, St. Joseph's, brightened by the June-day sun.

MADALEN RUTHERFORD.

## “Omnia Pro Christo.”

“The harvest is great but the labourers are few.”

**H**AVING admired in the garden of the saintly, a few spring flowers whose charms have endeared them to us, we shall now enter the vast Vineyard of Our Lord. And here indeed, we find zealous laborers, working energetically for their heavenly Master. At the extremities of the vineyard, representing distant unknown lands, the laborers are few, but these few blessed ones, by their generosity, call forth not only our wonder, but also our admiration. The story of the noble life of one of these missionaries, the Rev. Augustus Henry Law, S.J., will, we think, be of interest to our readers.

### Of Noble Ancestry.

Augustus Henry Law was the eldest son of the Hon. William Towry Law, whose father was the first Lord Ellenborough, and of the Hon. Augusta Graves, daughter of the second Lord Graves. The son of nobles, Augustus inherited many distinguished qualities and prerogatives worthy his illustrious parentage. But, though the family claim descent from the Blessed Thomas More, through Lady Ellenborough, the Catholic faith was not among the treasures of this heritage. However, many of Augustus' father's near relatives were piously inclined, since his grandfather and several of his uncles were Bishops, and we learn that Hon. Wm. Law himself, in 1831, left the army which he had entered in 1826, in view of taking Anglican Orders. Mrs. Law, Augustus' mother, was of a sweet, charming disposition; she was cultured, wise, and sincerely religious. Her great desire was that her husband should fulfil with exactitude his exalted office, and that they should help each other to journey in faith and hope, toward heaven.



### Early Years.

Augustus was born Oct. 21, 1833. He had his mother's brown hair and clear soft eyes. When quite a baby he displayed a violence of temper which alarmed his good mother, but, under her wise training, his character was formed in a most satisfactory manner, so that at the age of four, little "Dustus," as he called himself, was described as a most attractive child, having a winning expression of countenance and a gentle, docile disposition. And the good traits of the little boy were not lost as he grew older. As a school-boy, he was quick-tempered and knew it, for he used sometimes to warn his play-mates: "Please don't, or I know I shall get into a rage soon." But his engaging ways, his playful disposition and his genuine piety made him loved by all. When Augustus was eight years old, he and his brother Frank, were sent to school at Somerton, seventeen miles from East Brent, their home.

Augustus, as a boy, charmed his parents and relatives by his quick intelligence and his loving, pleasing manners. His happy mother had only one fear: "Augustus' disposition is so sweet that I fear making an idol of him."

### His Mother's Death.

The home was an exceptionally happy one, and perhaps Mrs. Law's only trial was her poor health. Her dutiful husband, her loving children,—all was joy and consolation around her; yet, with the wisdom of the spiritual-minded, she did not allow herself to cling too closely to earthly objects. When she became very ill in October, 1844, and her alarming state of health was told her, she displayed the generosity of a truly Christian heart, resigning herself at once to God's will. Shortly before her death, she begged that her children might not be allowed to forget her nor heaven, and she bade Augustus remember "Thou, God, seest me." Then she asked her sister to recite some of her favourite prayers and with words of love and praise on her lips, she left her happy home for a brighter one, where joy is unalloyed. The poor children returned to Somerton, and Augustus' letters from there show that he continually thought of his sweet, pious mother.

**A Naval Cadet in H.M.S.**

After the next Christmas vacation, in 1845, Augustus and Frank paid a visit to their uncle, Lord Ellenborough, First Lord of the Admiralty, and this nobleman was so taken with Augustus that he at once wrote Mr. Law, suggesting that he should make his "fine eldest boy" a midshipman. Augustus, who had thus far aspired to a clerical life, was a little startled at this unexpected proposal, but as his father, in whom he had implicit confidence, seemed to consider it an excellent opening for him, he replied that he would be glad to become a sailor. He was a manly lad; yet, no doubt, it was to please his father that he relinquished so cheerfully the idea of taking Anglican Orders and even showed enthusiasm over his new prospects, telling his father to thank Lord Ellenborough for giving him "such a jolly chance." In less than a week's time, Augustus, then twelve and a half years old, had entered Her Majesty's service as a naval cadet, on board the "Carysfort" which was bound for the Cape of Good Hope. The excitement of his hurried preparations and the novelty of his new mode of life kept him from realizing all that it meant to leave his home and friends to be tossed on the homeless waves. Doubtless he felt more lonely after a few days' sailing, yet the brave little boy wrote his father that, though he was sorry to leave him, he was now "as jolly as ever." It was not long until Mr. Law was comforted by good reports of his son. The captain wrote him that Augustus was "a very nice and very good boy," and that he took kindly to his work. The chaplain's report, two months later, is characteristic: "Mr. Augustus Law promises to be an ornament to his profession. He has evinced a great desire to obtain a perfect knowledge of his nautical education, and he has won the esteem of all the officers by his amiable disposition. The sea seems to agree well with him." Augustus' diary also testifies that there was "not anyone happier than he at sea." He possessed a pronounced taste for drawing, and illustrated the occurrences he recorded in his diary. These sketches were all given a comic turn showing that he was humorous and contented. The "Carysfort" reached the Cape after a six months' sail, in September,







AUGUSTUS LAW, AS MIDSHIPMAN.

1846, and was anchored at Valparaiso, during which time Augustus had many new experiences: hunting, cruising, excursions on shore, etc., and only after fifteen months could he announce to his father the "jolly news" that they would sail for England Dec. 1, 1847. "The 'Carysfort' is homeward bound!!! Hurrah, hurrah!" And at last, after nearly two years' absence from home, the brave sailor boy, now made a midshipman, returned to his father, having always preserved his cheerfulness through the greatest hardships, and his innocence amid many dangerous influences. He had remained affectionate and devoted to his father though so far away from him, and loyal to all the religious and noble principals taught him in childhood. He arrived in time for Easter.

#### **A Midshipman on H.M.S. "Hastings."**

The six or eight weeks' holiday was a time of happy, loving intercourse with the members of his family, and when he left home again to sail for the East Indies on H.M.S. "Hastings," on July 1st, his parting was far more painful than the first. One of the officers, Lieutenant Hancock, was a good, religious man and was very kind to Augustus, for whom he had taken a liking. Augustus realized that Mr. Hancock was his best friend, and was particularly grateful to him for the assistance and encouragement he gave him regarding his religious practices. Sir Francis Collier's death brought about a few changes, one of which was Lieutenant Hancock's being raised to the rank of a commander and his consequent return to England. Augustus was very sorry to lose this friend and was anxious to leave Hong Kong himself. When he found out the time of the "Amazon," another ship which had anchored at Hong Kong, would be up in October of the next year, he conceived a desire to join her that he might thus reach England sooner. After a third request, he was allowed, to his great satisfaction, to exchange ships, Feb. 6, 1851. Augustus wrote his father of the fulfilment of his wish: "How jolly it will be to meet again after four years' absence!" Until he should "see their dear faces again," he recommended them to God's protection and wished blessings for them, especially that of good health.

**Father and Son Received Into the Church.**

But an event which was to change the whole life of Augustus occurred before the happy time of meeting. His father was received into the Catholic Church. The Gorham controversy, which left certain beliefs at the option of the members of the Anglican Church, led Mr. Law to seek the one unchangeable Church of God. No doubt the prayers of his unchangeable Church of God. No doubt the prayers of his you, and guide us all to the truth of Jesus Christ," helped Mr. Law much, for, following Archdeacon, afterwards Cardinal Manning's example, he embraced the Catholic faith in September, 1851. The step meant the resignation of all prospects of the high positions which his family connection would have likely secured him. While Augustus was anxiously awaiting another letter from his father, he himself was studying the teachings of the Catholic Church. The neophyte felt the need of a guide, and soon found one in the person of Father Barbe, a French Missionary at Singapore, who instructed him and lent him Catholic books. Augustus' receptive mind drank in the truth eagerly, but he waited until he would have a talk with his father before asking to be received into the Church. The "Amazon" set sail from Singapore on Jan. 5, 1852, and after three months cast anchor in Spithead harbour, where Augustus, to his unspeakable delight, was met by his father. In London, where his family now resided, Augustus had an interview with His Lordship, the Bishop of Southwark, by which his remaining doubts on the supremacy of the See of Peter, were dispelled, and on the next day, May 16th, he was received by that Prelate into the Church. It was a time of heavenly consolation for Hon. William Law, who a week later saw his son make his first Holy Communion, and choose St. Aloysius as his patron saint.

**Augustus Finds His Vocation.**

Augustus had got an appointment to the "Encounter" just a few hours before he had left the "Amazon," and after the period of his leave, he accordingly joined her. With manly principle, he declared himself a Catholic and asked



exemption from attendance at the Protestant service, which request was readily granted. When, three weeks later, the ship cast anchor in the Tagus, Augustus had the consolation of going ashore and receiving the Sacraments at the English College, Lisbon. While there, he contrasted the life of the students preparing for the priesthood with his own life on board a man-of-war, and thought he should greatly prefer the former, for we must remember that from his childhood, he had aspired to a clerical life. After cruising in the Mediterranean for a short period, the "Encounter" returned to Spithead on September 1st, and permission to join the "Excellent," a training ship for cadets, was now obtained for Augustus, that he might study for the October Examination. But before Augustus went on board the "Excellent," he told his father of his desire to become a priest. Mr. Law, not wishing his son to go to sea again, obtained his permanent appointment to the "Excellent" at Portsmouth. In the following March, during a leave of absence, Augustus made a retreat with the Redemptorists at Clapham. Here he not only confirmed his resolution, but felt attracted to the religious life. He now wished to leave the navy as soon as he could, that he might realize his desire. He wrote at this time to Lord Ellenborough to acquaint him with his resolution, stating that his only regret was that he would incur the disapproval of his uncle, to whom he was indebted for so much kindness. The objections and disapprovals of his relatives did not disturb Augustus' peace; he only prayed the more earnestly to know God's will and to have courage to fulfil it. In the autumn of 1853, he made another retreat at the Jesuit Noviceship, near Stonyhurst, during which he finally decided to become a religious priest. His natural, pious bent from childhood, together with his severe naval discipline, prepared him to become, if not a sailor, then a soldier, even a soldier of Christ. Hence, though he knew the Redemptorists and loved them, he had himself enlisted under the standard of St. Ignatius, to whose Order belonged also his chosen patrons, St. Aloysius and St. Francis Xavier. Having chosen as his motto, "Omnia pro Christo," he cheerfully set aside all consideration of worldly advancement and applied

for a discharge from the Navy, the order for which arrived on December 8th. After a six weeks' stay at home, he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Jan. 15, 1854. The parting of Augustus from his dear ones must have been a sore trial to his affectionate heart, but the pain experienced was equalled in intensity by a nobility of courage worthy a valiant Christian soldier.

### NOVITIATE LIFE.

Augustus, now twenty years old, still wore on his frank countenance, the kind, gentle expression which at once wins confidence. In the Novitiate he soon endeared himself to his companions who looked upon him as a model, not indeed because he did or said great things, but because of his charming simplicity. His Novitiate life may be summed up in this that, like St. John Berchmans, he performed each duty with great exactitude. Ever cheerful, he regarded the austerities of the monastery as nothing when compared to those of a sailor. The great fervour of the Novice did not diminish his affection for the members of his family; on the contrary that affection was of a deeper kind and more unselfish. His affectionate interest revealed itself in loving letters and especially in a note-book of counsels, addressed to his younger brother, Frederick, (now retired Commander R.N., residing at 4 Wellesly Place, Toronto,) who was just then entering the navy. In January, 1855, Augustus pronounced his first vows with great fervour, and at the end of his Novitiate, his Superiors sent him to St. Acheul, near Amiens, that he might improve his knowledge of French. He acquired a fair mastery of French, and also studied Latin and Greek, but the climate at Amiens not agreeing with him, he was recalled to England the next year, 1857, and sent to the Seminary at Stonyhurst. In the summer of 1859 he was placed on the staff of the College of St. Aloysius, Glasgow. Here he won the respect and gratitude of his pupils by his zealous and painstaking work, and their affection by his interest and sympathy in all that interested them, even their games. Being very humorous he could always entertain the







REV. AUGUSTUS LAW, S.J.

boys. But the strain of teaching was too much for Augustus' health and in July, 1862, he left Glasgow for Beaumont Lodge, England. By October he had recovered somewhat, and he was sent to St. Breno's, North Wales, to take his course in theology. In this vale of quiet and of picturesque natural scenery, Augustus spent what he called the "four happiest years of his life." No doubt that what afforded him the greatest happiness was, that at the end of this course he should have the honour and privilege of being ordained priest. Whilst he was still a scholastic, Augustus conceived a great desire to devote himself to the work of foreign missions. Perhaps contact with four French students who were preparing for the Indian Missions, perhaps the remembrance of the good Fathers of Singapore who first had instructed him, perhaps his desire to follow in the footsteps of the zealous St. Francis Xavier, a saint chosen as a patron from his youth, awoke his zeal and generosity we know not; but, some of his professors were opposed that this man of promise should leave the English Province.

#### **Ordination and First Mission.**

On Sept. 24, 1865, Father Law was ordained, and having said his first Mass at which his father had the privilege of serving, he left for Hampton Court, his father's home since the summer of 1865 when the family returned from Boulogne. On the following Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Father Augustus preached his first sermon, a sweet discourse on the Rosary, to which his father and friends listened with lawful pride. After a happy week spent at home, he returned to St. Beuno's to complete his theological studies. At the end of that year he was appointed for the West Indies. In the last week of October, Mr. Law, who was then at Boulogne, hurried over to Southampton to meet his dear son before he should start for Demerara. Father Law liked Berbice, where he was stationed, and though the work was very great, he found a few moments to write his father, brothers and sisters, cheering them by telling them he was ready to live and die in the colony, and gently urging

them to fidelity in their religious practices. "Don't forget prayer and the Sacraments, nor me in them," he wrote his beloved brother-sailor, Frederick. In the autumn of 1871, he was recalled to England for the Tertianship, or second Noviceship. This year of quiet and prayer, however, Father Law was not destined to enjoy, for his five years' arduous service in Berbice was telling on him, and the damp winter climate of England soon reduced his strength so much that he had to be sent to Blackpool for a three month's rest. Yet his buoyant spirit kept him cheerful. Besides, his faith in prayer, and especially in the intercession of St. Joseph, Hope of the Sick, made him confident of complete recovery. He wrote his cousin, Sister Elizabeth of St. Clare, a Franciscan in Ireland, "Ask St. Joseph to restore my health entirely, if he sees it will be for God's greater glory, and ask him not to confine himself to the care of the 'body.'"

### **Work In Scotland.**

After a fervent preparatory retreat Augustus made his final profession Aug. 15, 1872, and then he was informed that his sphere of labour would now be Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. The fine air of the hills did Father Law much good, but at the end of the year the consulting physician did not recommend his return to the West Indies, as he was still suffering from nervous depression. He wrought wonderful good, notably—the suppression of intemperance which was widespread, and many conversions to the faith. His honest, unpretentious manner of speaking, his simplicity in bearing and dress (he practised poverty to the point of wearing threadbare and very shabby garments), pleased the straight-forward Scotch, and the poor especially had an unbounded confidence in him. Nevertheless, at the end of the year, he was again moved, this time to be stationed in Edinburgh. His zeal increased with the wider sphere, and like a good shepherd, he was never weary seeking out the strayed sheep that he might bring them back, and so tender was he towards sinners, that people actually told him that he seemed to love sinners better than good people. And so he did, for, as



he explained, people are often led into sin by yielding to strong impulses which more correct people are not capable of experiencing. But the hard work of the city was too much for him and in September, 1875, he was told to prepare to sail for Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope. Having made a retreat of eight days, and paid hurried visits to his grieving father and other relatives, Father Law set out for the land whence he would never return, and where he was to earn the crown of martyrdom which he had so often prayed for whilst offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Being of apostolic spirit, Father Law loved missionary work, but he was not fond of teaching, and as the weakness of his chest did not allow of his taking a regular class in the college there, he had leisure to give retreats and missions in towns around Grahamstown, and during these missions he effected many conversions.

#### **The Zambesi Mission.**

While at St. Aiden's College in Grahamstown, Father Law was appointed to the Zambesi Mission which was to start about Easter, 1879. In 1875, Bishop Ricards, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of Cape Colony, had gone to Rome to represent to our Holy Father, the spiritual needs of South Central Africa. A large territory had been accordingly assigned to the Society of Jesus. It was proposed to establish the headquarters of the Mission in the powerful kingdom of the Zambesi, in the neighborhood of Victoria Falls, and an expedition thither was organized. On Easter Tuesday, April 17, 1879, the caravan with its ten self-sacrificing missionaries, under the care of Father Law, the whilom Superior, began the perilous journey to the remote interior of the Upper Zambesi, bearing with it the blessing of the Bishop and the hearty Godspeeds of all Grahamstown. After crossing arid plains, making precipitous descents, fording impassable rivers, these brave Soldiers of Christ, their courage upborne by the cheerful good humour of Father Law, entered within the boundaries of their field of labor, where after some days of suspense, they were cordially received by the King, Lo Bengula, who gave them permis-

sion to instruct his people. It so happened that just at the time of the Fathers' arrival, Lo Bengula was celebrating his espousals with the daughter of Umzila, Chief of the Abagasi, another Zulu tribe. To please the King, Father Law joined the large escort that was conducting the Queen to her new home. He explained that the object of the missionaries was to teach the people concerning a Supreme Being, God, Who created men that He might bring them to His Home, Heaven, where they are to enjoy unending happiness. The kindly courtesy and trusting simplicity with which Umzila's subjects listened to his instructions, awakened in our Apostle, a desire to carry the tidings of salvation into their country, and Father Law lost no time in obtaining permission of Lo Bengula to depart. The King consented, exclaiming with admiration, "That is what I call a true man; his mouth speaks the same as his heart, and his heart is good." Toward the close of Our Lady's month, 1880, in company with Father Wehl and two lay-brothers, Father Law started upon the journey that was to cost him his life.

### **A Life and Death Struggle.**

This awful journey consisted of a succession of dreadful experiences; the fierce aggressiveness of the tribes who continually threatened to attack them, the dangers of the almost impassable roads, the constant fear of attack by wild beasts, the deprivation of water for days at a time. But greater anxiety than ever seized the brave band, when on August 6th, Father Wehl disappeared mysteriously. This Father, who by choice walked in advance of the caravan, had lost his way. After wandering for over a month in the bush, he was rescued by an English trader, and brought back to his colleagues. The secret of the wonderful courage of the missionaries during this dread period can be explained only in one way: each morning they had the consolation of Holy Mass at which they partook of the Bread of the strong.

A few days after Father Law and his remaining escort reached Umzila's kraal, the King interviewed them and graciously listened to them. He sent some of his men with Brother Sadeleer to recover the wagon which our missionaries had been

obliged to leave behind in order to escape from the insolent natives, who evidently had designs on their lives. Father Law and Brother Hedley found shelter in a little hut assigned to them by the King, who sadly neglected them. For the most part, their food consisted of a scanty supply of Kaffir corn, which to Europeans, is decidedly unpalatable and innutritious, and the hut in which they lived was a veritable oven, having but one aperture which served as door, window and ventilator. As the weeks went by, the prospect became darker and darker, and they grew daily more anxious for the arrival of the wagon with the provisions and medicines which they sadly needed. On the 24th of September, Father Law and the Brother were both attacked by fever and became so weak that it was only with difficulty that they could drag themselves to the King to beg for the simple necessities of life. Then they learned from the King that Father Whel was still alive. Brother Sadaleer and his party had found the wagon intact, but owing to the state of the roads at this season, the return journey was very slow and the caravan did not reach the first village in Umzila's territory before December. They were obliged to stop here, the rainy season rendering further advance impossible. Little did they know that already the extremity of Father Law's hardships and privation had come, and that the aid they were striving to bring him would no longer be of any avail.

### **Last Days.**

But to return to Father Law. His increasing anxiety over the delay of the wagon and over the declining health of Brother Hedley may readily be inferred from an entry in his diary. "I feel so sad when I look at Brother Hedley,—dear Lord look upon us." And again, "How I entreat our dear Lord that He would send His angels to bring on the waggon quick! Both Brother Hedley and myself are getting weaker and weaker, and I am afraid, if the wagon does not arrive soon, we shall both die. Oh, what anxieties!" On Oct. 10th, he wrote Father Weld asking for prayers and telling of his weakened condition: then he said: "But all these troubles



help my hope that God would not send them unless in His mercy to prepare me for Heaven. When you hear of my death, write a good consoling letter to my father." The same sweet resignation to God's will is evinced when, on Oct. 13th, the two faithful Matabeles who had been their companions ever since they had started upon the expedition, left them to return to their own country. "The two King's boys leave us, and God is our only protection." Ever thoughtful for others, Father Law wrote to Father Wehl and Brother Sadeleer, giving them directions regarding the Mission, and on Oct. 12th, he penned his last farewell to his father. How moved this good father must have been when, nine months later, this note was forwarded to him. It read thus,—“Dearest Father,—I am not far off my end. I trust in the infinite mercy of God. God bless you. You were the means of giving me the faith.. Best love to all. I die of fever—but, if I could have had proper nourishment I think I could easily have got right. But God's will is sweetest. Jesus! Mary!”

On Oct. 15th, Father Law gathered together his remaining strength and said Mass for the last time. That holy Mass was to be his Viaticum, for after this date his strength rapidly declined and soon he fell into a sort of lethargy. When he would become conscious, he would ask Brother Hedley to speak to him of Our Lord's Passion and Death. In the beginning of November, Father Law contracted yellow fever and not long afterward, Brother Hedley was also prostrated with fever and weakness. Lying on the same pallet, the two heroes of God were left in charge of one of the natives who did very little for them. Father Law's sweet confidence in the mercy of God remained unshaken during this time of utter abandonment. Peaceful, humble and resigned, responding by signs to the prayers which Brother Hedley recited, he awaited the moment until God would accept the life he had offered Him so long before. Toward evening, on Nov. 25th, our sufferer's lingering martyrdom was ended, and angels carried his soul from that miserable hut into the presence of Our Merciful Saviour from Whom it might expect “plentiful redemption.”

**Conclusion.**

The news of Father Law's death was communicated to his father in May, 1881, through a kind consoling letter written by Father Weld. The parent's loving heart was well nigh broken on learning the sad circumstances of his favourite son's last days, but his faith supported him in this hour of sorrow. Many letters, replete with accounts of the good which Father Law had effected wherever he had passed, and of the virtues which had won the admiration and called forth the gratitude of all to whom he had ministered, helped to console the noble father. From among these letters of condolence, we quote a sentence written by the late Cardinal Newman: "For the son whose death may be called a martyrdom you cannot grieve long, and he will be nearer to you in Heaven than he could ever be on earth." We read that the early Christians looked upon it as a glory and a privilege to have one of their children, or some member of their families, a martyr, and surely the faith of our own times is still firm enough to enable us to see in a life given entirely to God, an honour, a blessing, a glory, a sign of predilection. With the members of Father Law's family then we rejoice, we glory in the grace which gave him the fortitude and the generosity to offer his life unreservedly to God. And in a family, the members of which, true to their title of nobles, displayed the bravery and the valour which runs through their veins by loyal service in the army and the navy of their country so as to earn such titles as Commander, General, Colonel, it was meet that the eldest son should distinguish himself under the standard of the King of Kings and, as a true soldier, nobly sacrifice his life in the cause of Christ. Two of Father Law's sisters also were "chosen" to follow our Lord in the religious life. Helen, the eldest of the family,—Sister M. Walburga of the Convent of Mercy, Bermondsey, and Maud—Sister Jane Margaret Mary of the Order of the Visitation, Westbury-on-Trym.

A devoted son, a loyal midshipman, a fervent Jesuit, a zealous apostle, an heroic missionary, a noble martyr, an admirable saint, Father Augustus Law is one of the glories of the Catholic Church at the close of the nineteenth century.

May we hope that those who read this little review may be inspired to breathe forth a fervent prayer for the missionaries, who, like Father Law, sacrifice home and country and friends to labour in the distant vineyards of our Lord! May the sunshine of the cheerful, noble spirit of God's valiant hero steal into the hearts of those who spend this hour with him, warming into life the germ of generosity, that they may be ready to make willingly the little sacrifices which God may ask of them.

Our little labour of love is ended, and we leave our readers, to decide whether the words so beautifully written by Cardinal Newman of St. Philip Neri, may not fitly be applied to the subject of this memoir:—

“This is the Saint of gentleness and kindness  
Cheerful in penance and in precept winning;  
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness  
Souls that are sinning.

“When he comes near, to teach us and to bless us,  
Prayer is so sweet that hours are but a minute;  
Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,  
Sin is not in it.

“Thus he conducts, by holy paths and pleasant,  
Innocent souls and sinful souls forgiven,  
Towards the bright palace where our God is present  
Thronged in high heaven.”

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LETTER to the Very Rev. Father Purbrick, Provincial of New York Province (communicated by him to “Letters and Notices.”)

Cleveland, January 10, 1898.

I presume the following account of a miraculous cure will be of the greatest interest to you and your home province. I take it from the “Catholic Universe,” a weekly of this city:—

### **A REMARKABLE CURE.**

A local religious recovers suddenly from a serious injury at the conclusion of a novena.



### **The Physician's Statement.**

A remarkable cure was effected upon a religious in one of Cleveland's Catholic Charitable Institutions by what is believed to be a direct interposition of Divine power in answer to prayer. Last October the subject of the miraculous intervention was injured in a collision between a vehicle in which she was riding and a Woodland Avenue motor. Her right arm was badly sprained and the ligaments torn, and she suffered intense and constant pain in the member for nearly two months. In spite of the careful attention of several physicians, including some of the most eminent members of the Medical Profession in the city, she received no relief. A few days before Christmas the attending physician announced that it would be several months before the Sister could hope to regain the use of her arm. She had recourse to prayer.

A novena in honour of a Saintly Missionary (Father Law of the English Province) who died a few years ago a martyr to zeal in the wilds of Africa, was begun on December 15th in the hopes that through his intercession the injured member might be restored. On December 31st the pain was so excruciating that the patient asked permission of her Superior to have her arm opened, and a portion of the bone removed in the belief that the operation would give relief. Her request was not granted, and the Sister was sent into the Chapel to pray.

While engaged in pouring out her heart in earnest to the Almighty, the Sister experienced a sudden cessation of pain, the first for months, and the same day she regained perfect use of the member.

The swelling and the inflammation disappeared, and in a few hours there was not a vestige of the injury left, nor has there been the slightest indication of a return of the trouble since.

Doctor William Clark, one of the attending physicians in the case, makes the following statement:—

"I have been requested to make this statement concerning the sudden cure of Sister ———— whom I attended from October 30th to December 22nd, 1897, for a very bad sprain of

her wrist, by being injured by a motor car of the Woodland Avenue line.

"The sprain was a very bad one, the ligaments of the wrist being badly torn. There was much swelling and great pain from the time of the accident up to the time she suddenly got well.

"Some weeks after the accident we had a consultation with Doctor C. B. Parker, and he united with me in the opinion that it would be at least two or three months before she would be able to use her hand. Some days after she came to my office, being able to use her hand just as well as before the accident, the swelling had disappeared, and the pain also. The hand looked certainly as well as the other.

"She made the statement that the cure was the result of a novena made to some person who she supposed was a saint in Heaven, judging from his holy life and the circumstances of his death.

"I am not a believer in modern miracles to any extent, and I would ascribe this cure to some natural law, or combination of circumstances did I know of any. But I do not. I can give no reason why this wrist should get well so suddenly, or so much short of the time expected, and I will state that it is contrary to the laws of medicine that it should happen so.

"Whether this is the result of the direct intervention of God, I leave others to say.

"(Signed. DOCTOR WILLIAM CLARK.)"

I may add, the Sister knew Father Law from her childhood in Scotland.

The same account was in Saturday's "Cleveland Plain Dealer," which I enclose. It is certainly for the honour of Father Law, and might be published in the "Letters and Notices" and "Woodstock Letters."

Yours truly in Christ,

THE REV. F. A. BOEHLER, S.J.,

Ignatius College,

47 Jersey Street,

Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.







A TENNIS CLUB.

TOP ROW:—ELLEN ASHBROOK, NOIRA TRAVERS, MARIAN McDONALD, MADALENE RUTHERFORD, MARGARET ACRES, DOROTHY LYNCH. LOWER ROW:—JOSEPHINE MARION, LUCY ASHBROOK, WILMA DODGE, SADIE PICKETT, MADALINE COLLERAN.

## The Tennis Courts

Owing to the recent grading of the ground, the turf of the tennis courts was soft, and so loose as to slip easily beneath the feet of the players who devoted their free moments to the game during the first session of the year. Therefore, that the grass might take firm root, and the ground remain smooth and even, we were warned by signs and notices to "Keep off the grass" until after Victoria Day. At that late date we found that final tests and various examinations left us little time for games, but we made the most of every minute, for the sense of well-being out of doors was delightful, and the good grass tennis court flooded with mild sunshine in the morning, and streaked with long, quiet shadows in the afternoon, where you could prance and rush about, and breast the net from which your adversary tried to dislodge you, was in itself a luxury and a delight worthy of enjoyment, even at the cost of receiving from teachers a few frowns and sharp reminders.

Tennis is a game which proceeds with an outward smoothness, ease and rhythm of movement, that by no means intimates the tension of the contest. But in reality this game is all strife, with no time for comment. For the most part it is a noiseless battle, giving occasion only now and then for an ejaculation such as "Good shot!" "Gone wild!" "How's that?" and intercourse goes no further. The soft thud of the ball upon the racket, the soft, swift, cat-like steps of the rubber-soled shoes upon the smooth green velvety lawn convey no intimation of a struggle. Although it is so nervous and active, it is of all games the most silent and self-contained.

There is about the game of tennis a gracefulness of movement, a refinement of appearance, and a courtesy of sportsman-like bearing, which lends it pre-eminently above all other games a pleasant atmosphere. In no other sporting contest, perhaps, is self-control and a readiness to put the best face on misfortune so general. This comes possibly from not taking matters too seriously, since in tennis you go down to defeat alone, or with only one other, while in most other games your grief is intensified, and as it were multiplied by all the comrades with whom

you meet disaster, and who share the humiliation with you. And it seems to me, that the game to which belongs so tolerant and gay a spirit is better than one which makes you experience a keen and bitter sorrow, sometimes approaching the point of being hysterical.

And now let me measure up the value of this game of tennis by considering the amount of physical exercise it necessitates, and the degree of satisfaction it affords to the spirit of combat that is within us. The improvement of health, or the symmetrical development of the body is not the direct result of games in general, any more than it is their primary object. But they all demand more or less muscular activity in one form or another, and cause it to be exercised with enjoyment instead of as an irksome duty due to one's personal well-being. In its swift, unceasing action, its exercise of skill in the ability to hit a ball as well from one position as from another, its constant alertness of eye and limb, and in its uninterrupted feeling of conflict and ever-changing opposition to another player, the game of tennis comes near being an ideal game.

Lastly, as affects the individual temper we might add that as tennis is a game which offers no special inducements to "professionals," it is one which, for that reason, may be played in a light-hearted spirit, without exciting that nervous anxiety, passionate resentment over mistaken decisions, or egotistical desire for triumph and applause, which belong to other public games. In brief, tennis brings its players into amiable, agreeable relationship, relieves them of their cares, develops a steadfastness of aim and purpose, improves the temper and expands the heart. There is much free physical satisfaction in making a clean, swift, forehand drive across the court, in hitting out with exhilarating swing of arm and body, in feeling the racket responsive in your hand, in seeing the flying ball go swiftly where you wish it to go, and all the while being conscious of the bright sun and blue sky above you and the soft turf beneath, inhaling the fresh fragrance of the maples and the chestnuts, blessing the good, green world around you, and praising and thanking God Who makes the vital pulse of life leap through your warm young veins, clarifying and fortifying



your soul by banishing torturous scruples and their occasions—all this and more, is surely bettering one's temper, strengthening one's character, and affording one some of the keenest, most positive, and most innocent pleasures of life.

Some of the friends of "St. Joseph Lilies" will, I know, second the claims I have made for the game of lawn tennis, and which with slight modifications will apply to the other outdoor sports which our girls enjoy. Some too have shown their approbation of such exercise, and their interest in our pleasures upon the field in a tangible manner. Notably among these latter we would express our gratitude to Miss Ina Larkin of St. Catherines, who arranged and completely equipped one of the courts, and Mr. J. MacDonald, of Niagara Falls, who kindly furnished balls and rackets.

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### OUR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Happy birthday, dearest Mother!  
Sing our youthful hearts to-day,  
Joy to thee in highest Heaven!  
List thy children's praise we pray.  
Angel choirs above are singing  
Around thy white resplendent throne,  
Blessed saints in holy rapture,  
Claim thee as their very own.

But, dear Mother deign to listen,  
As thy children here on earth  
Offer unto thee their greetings,  
Though they be of little worth,  
Save that love is pulsing through them  
From thy little ones sincere,  
Who are hoping they may meet thee  
On some birthday, Mother dear!

## The Class Supper

When in the dim future the girl graduates of the 1914 Normal Entrance Class are grey-headed matrons, or stern-faced teachers, or patient, sweet-faced Sisters, they will one and all look back upon the class supper held in June 1914, as one of the happiest events of their school life in the dear old Alma Mater.

Let us not attempt to trace to its origin the idea of the class supper. It is sufficient to assert that once originated it rapidly materialized.

On Friday afternoon, June 5th, about two weeks before the date of our examinations, it was noticed in the Senior Sixth Class, that a certain girl with auburn (?) hair, and five of her companions were absent from the Literary lesson. A glance into the study hall would have revealed these same maidens deep in some mysterious plotting which must have been very exciting, since it had banished from their fair, young brows the cloud of coming examinations.

The result of all this unusual concentration was that shortly after three o'clock on the same afternoon, each one of the dear teachers who had worked so faithfully all year received an invitation to a Class Supper, to be held in the refectory the following evening. The invitation of our geometry teacher was in the form of a theorem (not printed in any of the five books of our text). That of our physics teacher was couched in terms of the world of matter and energy. Each of the other invitations was formulated from technical phrases peculiar to the subjects taught by that particular mentor for which it was intended. And thus the mystery was set afoot. On Saturday, excitement rose to fever heat. Groups of Senior Sixth girls holding whispered consultations in the corridors, unexpected visits from day pupils, unwarranted trips down town, mysterious packages smuggled into the refectory,—all these heralded the approach of—an event!

At a few minutes past seven, a procession of happy, laughing girls accompanied by their dear mistress, the mistress of the scholasticate as guest of honour, and five teachers passed through the magic portals of the Seniors' refectory. There, spread before them was one of the daintiest of tea-tables charmingly decorated in the school colours. From each place-card vari-coloured ribbons stretched to the large basket of favours which formed the center-piece, and was moreover, a centre of interest and curiosity for those who were not in the secret of its mysterious contents.

Miss Gertrude Bradley welcomed the guests in her amiable manner, adapting to her purpose that little speech from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—"Are we all met"? etc. During the interval between the first and second courses the favours were drawn amid bursts of genuine amusement and satisfaction. Each girl received a token which was both pretty and appropriate. Particularly suitable were the favours drawn by our teachers. We are sure that one in particular will make good use of her tiny bell when we are far away from St. Joseph's.

After many of the good things of the table had disappeared, the conventional order was informally followed. Miss M. Power began, and others took turn in guiding the flow of eloquence and poetry which formed an important feature of the occasion. Our Directress made a most gracious and felicitous little address in response to the greetings and good wishes proposed in her favour. The teachers replied by happy quotations, witticisms, and pointed rejoinders which contributed not a little to the general merriment and good-feeling. It was interesting to us, and a real treat, to see them in un-professional and "off-duty" manner, and we enjoyed their natural unbending in no small measure. The last health proposed—"To our sweet girl graduates" was announced by Irene Monkman, and responded to by Madalen Rutherford in her modest and characteristic manner.

Following the toasts, were unwrapped the filmy tissue rolls placed beside each cover, and behold! there was character in brief, or a prophecy for each. These were of playful,



witty, or burlesque nature, and provoked much laughter, while they revealed in every instance the deep affection and gratitude felt by the girls for all who had worked patiently with them to make this year at St. Joseph's a success. Space does not permit me to enlighten the reader as to what vocations the members of this paragon class will follow according to these forecasts; but whithersoever our paths in later life may lead, we shall look back with pleasure upon the happy times we spent together when we were not teachers, nor artists, nor musicians, nor novelists, but merely pleasure-loving, history-hating, algebra-dreading, studious-browed Convent school girls of dear old Senior Sixth. And the Class Supper will go down on the pages of our memories under the column which is headed, "Things we shall not Forget."

IRENE MONKMAN.

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### A KEY

I know a key—a little gilded key,  
A mystery;  
And it unlocks a massive pearly gate,  
With gems ornate;  
Then swift a vista breaks upon the sight,  
In tranquil light,  
Adown whose lengths I pace in calm content  
With wonder blent,  
While all my heart's emotions thrilling wait,  
Its powers dilate;  
And my blest soul is steeped in peace so sweet,  
With joy replete,  
That I could stay fore'er in that strange clime,  
That realm sublime.  
Oh! hast thou guessed what means the mystery  
Of this small key  
That opens such portals, leads to lands so fair?  
That key is—prayer.

D. M. B.





# GRADUATES 1914.

TOP ROW, L. to R.:—ANNA MALCOLM, KATHLEEN BOEHLER, GERTRUDE BRADLEY, MADALEN RUTHERFORD, MARY McBRADY, MARY MCCARTHY.  
 LOWER ROW, L. to R.:—FLORENCE MEADER, BESSIE MULLIGAN, NOBINE MILLOY, KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, KATHLEEN GILMOUR.



## The Graduates of St. Joseph's College, 1914.

St. Joseph's has bidden farewell to another graduating class, and sent them out into the world entrusted with the ideals for which she stands. "The Lilies" wishes them true successes in their walks of life beyond the 'parting of the ways,' as they with same intent press onward towards the sought-for goal. May they bring honour to their Alma Mater and happiness to mankind by discharging faithfully the debt they owe to society.

**Miss Madalen Rutherford**, Peterborough, Ont.—A resident student at the College since 1910, has made the Collegiate Course and obtained Normal Entrance and Matriculation standing, as well as made a very satisfactory course in music and the arts, in which branches it is her intention to become proficient as a post-graduate. Bright be thy future, and success!

We love thee for thy stainless truth,  
Thy thirst for higher things,  
For all that to our common lot  
A better temper brings.

**Miss Mary McCarthy**, Hastings, Ont.—Resident in St. Joseph's since 1910, has followed the teacher's course to Normal Entrance and finally completed her course in Senior Music. In 1913 this young lady carried off the Governor General's medal for English Literature, and a special prize for music which is her chosen art. Miss Mary has a true, sweet voice which is a pleasure to her friends, and which has always been a reliable adjunct of the College Choir in the part-singing of solemn Masses, psalms and sacred hymns.

Then she come to the reposeful cloister,  
And no more thirsteth with the fever of the world  
But serene, inhaleth the liquid dews of heaven.

**Miss Bessie Mulligan**, Sudbury, Ont.—For some years a resident in the school, has made a specialty of music, in which art she obtained Senior Standing in 1912, and has since pursued the study with ambitions for proficiency as pianist and vocalist.

To the theory of this difficult and extensive science Miss Bessie has also given considerable time and serious study; her tide of success is forward set. May it carry her onward pleasantly to the goal.

Methinks her soft low voice might lull  
The spirit to a dream of bliss,  
As fairy voices in chorus full,  
Were warbling in a world like this.

**Miss Gertrude Bradley**, Toronto.—Has attended St. Joseph's since passing Entrance from St. Peter's School in 1909. In these years Gertrude has won the honours of her class for English, and Essay Writing, and has passed successfully the Lower School, the Middle School, and the Matriculation examinations. Much attention also has been given by this young lady to the elocutionary art, and with a degree of success.

Her looks were looks of melody,  
Her voice was like the swell  
Of sudden music, notes of mirth,  
That of mild gladness tell.

**Miss Kathleen Boehler**, Toronto.—Passed Entrance from St. Patrick's School in 1909, and has since made a fully successful course including Normal Entrance, Matriculation and Stenography. In her under-graduate year, Kathleen won Miss Lawler's valuable prize for class proficiency. The teaching profession is this young lady's further ambition, and we wish her as great success in her training course and afterwards, as has always attended her studious efforts at St. Joseph's.

Her cheek was delicately thin,  
And through its pure transparent white,  
The rose hue wandered out and in,  
As you have seen the inconstant light  
Flush o'er the Northern sky at night.

**Miss Anna Malcolm**, Toronto.—Came to the College in 1909, and has completed the course for honour graduate in the Collegiate Department, writing Entrance to Faculty examinations in her final year. The class prizes and honours in Mathematics have been Miss Anna's triumph in several instances throughout her course. We wish her continued success.

We trust the frown thy features wear,  
Ere long into a smile will turn.  
We would not that a face as fair,  
As thine, dear girl should look so stern.

**Miss Mary McBrady**, Toronto.—Has been a pupil at St. Joseph's since the day when she was first led by the hand to school. Talents and ambition to excel have ensured this young lady the desired success in all examinations preparatory to the teaching profession, or an University course in Arts. In the most puzzling science of Mathematics did she especially excel. All praise to the successful finder of unknown quantities, powers, and general formulae!

And one there was  
Had power to cheer and start this soul  
Like giant from his sleep, to win the race  
Of glory, and to hurl the unerring dart  
Where Victory rears her palm branch.

**Miss Norinne Milloy**, Toronto.—The first and best pupil at Entrance from St. Peter's School in 1909, she obtained the gold medal for highest standing, and then wisely joined the First Form H. S. at St. Joseph's where she has made an excellent record, winning honours at Normal Entrance and Matriculation in her final year. It is Miss Norinne's hope to continue at her Alma Mater her studies for a degree in Arts. May she fulfill her hopes and attain the zenith of success in every undertaking to that end!

The merry heart, the merry heart,  
Of Heaven's gifts I hold it best,  
And she who feels its pleasant throb,  
Whate'er her lot, is truly blest.

**Miss Florence Meader**, Toronto.—Entered upon High School Course after passing Entrance from St. Basil's School, and obtained Normal Entrance and Matriculation at the College in 1913, preparatory to taking up the studies for a degree in Medicine which long has been Florence's keen desire, that she may sanely minister to the physical wants of suffering humanity. A bright future, a useful and honoured career!

Mayst help the suffering human race,  
Mayst heal each wound, and dry each tear,  
And lay thy finger on the place  
Where mankind alleth there and here.

**Miss Kathleen O'Connor**, Thorold, Ont.—Is an honour graduate in Music, and has been trained in this art by the Sisters of St. Joseph since she was eight years old. Though Kathleen



has exceptional talent, and a natural preference for Music, she has not allowed this predilection to hinder her progress in other studies. Having written Matriculation, and with highest honours passed the Senior piano examination in 1912, she became a resident student at St. Joseph's and obtained Licentiate in Music at the University tests of 1913. Miss Kathleen has shown her crowded audiences on many occasions that she has the career of a virtuosa before her.

Would life were all sweet poetry,  
To gentle measures set,  
That nought but chastened melody  
Might dim thine eye of jet!

**Miss Kathleen Gilmour, Toronto.**—Has made good on every occasion to acquit herself with distinction during her years of training at St. Joseph's and has finally won honours at Normal Entrance and Matriculation tests. Next year, we hope Kathleen may continue a Post-Graduate course, as her ambition is to soar higher.

It gives to beauty half its power  
The nameless charm worth all the rest,  
That light that dances o'er the face  
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.







THE ST. FRANCIS DE SALES READING CIRCLE.



## College Items

### Closing Evening of St. Francis de Sales' Reading Circle

To belong to the Middle School is, we think, to have reached a "happy medium." At least, the half-hundred pupils of this grade were certainly "a happy band" during the past year. The girls of the Middle School are just old enough to imbibe some of the wisdom of the Senior pupils without losing the charming simplicity of the Minims. The "Juniors" were not only happy, but their cheerful presence added extra rays of sunshine in this youthful circle. The manner in which they conducted their closing concert was another evidence of the good taste, accompanied with sweet simplicity, of the girls of our Middle School.

The closing concert and banquet took place on June 6th. Having donned dainty summer gowns, the girls grouped in the College grounds, and had their pictures taken. The arrangement of the table and the menu of the banquet which followed, gave evidence that our "Juniors" knew how to appreciate the dainties of the table and the beauties of artistic decoration. The "prophecies" were clever, jocose and most "unlikely" predictions regarding the future of each girl, and accordingly each reading was highly amusing and as much applauded.

Since this was to be the last appearance of the "Reading Circle," the literary portion of the programme consisted of the choicest selections available, and in rendering these, the pupils did them justice, the benefits of belonging to a literary circle showing to advantage. The exciting drama, "The Leap of Roushan Beg," acted by Miss Doris Canfield, whose strong, melodious voice and dramatic gestures are so well adapted to song or recitation, was a real treat. The literary numbers were interspersed with sweet music. The pleasant evening closed with a hymn to our Blessed Lady.

## A Vocal Recital

Before an appreciative audience including the faculty, the student body and their friends, the last musical recital of the scholastic year was given in St. Joseph's auditorium on Monday evening, June 8th. A program of exceptional excellence was admirably rendered. Those participating were dressed in white with a few touches of colour, and the stage flooded with mellow amber light and artistically decorated with palms, ferns and natural flowers, afforded an artistic background for the young performers. The following is in part the program:

Opening Chorus.....	"Voices of the Woods".....	<i>Rubenstein</i>
"Stolen Wings" .....	Miss Bernardette Howe.....	<i>Willeby</i>
"You'd Better Ask Me,".....	Miss Wilma Dodge.....	<i>Lohr</i>
"Slumber Boat Song,".....	Miss Jean Canfield.....	<i>Cowan</i>
"My Ain Folk,".....	Miss Florence Leahy.....	<i>Lemon</i>
Reading—from "As You Like It,".....	Miss Lucy Ashbrook.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
"Time's Roses,".....	Miss Anna Scully.....	<i>Barry</i>
"Lullaby of the Night,".....	Miss B. Howe.....	<i>Brackett</i>
"I Hear You Calling Me,".....	Miss Nora Travers.....	<i>Marshall</i>
"Mother Machree.....	Miss Mary McCarthy.....	<i>Olcott</i>
Reading—"His Lullaby,".....	Miss Lois Gibson.....	<i>Carrie Jacobs-Band</i>
"The Night Has a Thousand Eyes,".....	Miss Anna Scully.....	<i>Lambert</i>
"Japanese Love Song,".....	Miss Bessie Mulligan.....	<i>Clayton</i>
"One Sweetly Solemn Thought,".....	Miss Doris Canfield.....	<i>Ambrose</i>
"God Bless the Friends We Love,".....	Soloist Miss B. Howe.....	<i>Bamphlin</i>

Besides the special benefits accruing to the performers themselves, the various recitals of the year have had the happy effect of inspiring the students in general with artistic enthusiasm, and have created that vitality which stimulates to increased exertion.

## Closing Entertainment by the Physical Culture Class

A succession of very pretty pictures was presented to a large audience in the spacious Gymnasium on the afternoon of June 5th, when the Physical Culture Class gave their closing entertainment. The excellent manner in which the members of the class performed their several parts showed careful training, and reflected credit on teacher and pupils. Having marched into the Hall to the measures of inspiring music, the larger girls of the class, all gowned in delicate pink crepe and white trimmed with folds and frills, danced the Minuet. The effect was a very pretty one. The lightness of step and litheness and elasticity of movement of the dainty maidens left nothing to be desired in the demonstration of this attractive dance. Suffice it to say that 'gracefulness' accompanied every turn and motion.

Twelve of the most practised pupils did the Highland Fling, and if alertness and gracefulness are the requisites of this dance, our actresses would satisfy a rigid critic.

When the decorated May-pole was carried to the centre of the platform, the lookers-on knew that the little people of the school were soon to appear, and a smile of delight brightened their faces. Soon the little band marched in, the two smallest girls at the end giving the visitors occasion to enjoy a good laugh, by the innocent way in which they tripped lightly in, quite unconscious that they were not keeping time with the music. When, however, each had taken her place and caught her ribbon at the May-pole, no one would have known that even following measures of music must be learned by little ones, for so well trained were they, that they stepped around, twining and untwining their ribbons, with as much ease and grace as if they themselves were the very authors of the game. Our little fairies indeed looked pretty as they merrily passed in and out, proudly holding the College colours or the ribbons decorated with pink roses. Thus both young ladies and little ones acted their respective parts in a most creditable manner.



### Recital by the Misses Gibson

One of the pleasant hours of "closing week" was filled by an interesting recital given by the Misses Lois and Naomi Gibson. Miss Lois is one of our gentle, agreeable girls whom everyone likes. As an elocutionist, Lois can always be relied upon to acquit herself of her part in the pleasing manner in which she does and says everything else. The little play, "Grandma," acted by her on this occasion, was very characteristic of a typical grandmother, and was accordingly much applauded. Lois' changes of tone, voice, expression, and manner in the impersonating of the different characters in a scene from "As You Like It," displayed a splendid natural talent cultivated by skilful teaching.

Miss Naomi promises to earn the renown of her sister. Several recitations given by her brought one in imagination to the scenes of action, so vividly were persons and places depicted. Naomi excels at imitating little children's prattle. The musical numbers of the gifted sisters gave the agreeable savour of variety to the entertainment.

In one bright sunbeam lie concealed,  
The rainbow's arches seven,  
So in one smile of kindness gleam  
Reflections caught from heaven.







THE MAY POLE.



## The Minims Closing Day

Little children are always interesting. This saying was verified once more on June 10th, the day of the little ones' closing entertainment, when a multitude of parents and friends filled the Great Hall to the doors. To judge by the satisfaction expressed by many, the visitors were not disappointed, for the Minims entertained them delightfully. One number elicited much applause, "The Dolls' Lullaby," in which eight of the tiniest girlies, clothed in long dresses, cared for their babes fondled them, dandled them, and put them to sleep in their little rockers.

The auditors could easily imagine that they were listening to older performers when Miss Alice Blake and Miss Jean Canfield sweetly blended their clear young voices in a pretty part-song, or when Miss Mary McCormick and Miss Eileen McGuane respectively, impersonated the characters in their recitations. The hymn "L'Ange Gardien" revealed a surprising familiarity with the truly Parisian French accent so difficult of acquisition to the older-grown.

The closing Act—the Cantata, "Fairy Flowers," afforded a very pretty scene. The stage thronged with little varicoloured maidens, representing different flowers, showed in effect a fairy flower garden. The song in which the different groups of make-believe flowerets told which flower they would like for their queen, was as pleasing to the ear as the flower picture was to the eye. As the listeners heard them sing their Good-Night chorus, no doubt they determined that next year, if possible, they would come again, and for a pleasant hour renew their youth like the eagle, in that enchanted land in which all grown-ups are strangers.

## Honors at St. Joseph's College, 1914.

### Results at the University May Examinations, 1914.

Fourth Year.—Bachelor of Arts Degree.—Honour Course. Modern Languages, obtained by Miss Agnes Murphy, who is the first student of the affiliated Convent-College to receive her Degree.

Third Year.—Miss E. C. Johnston, headed the University list in General Proficiency; Miss M. T. McSweeney.

Second Year.—Miss Madeline Burns, (Fr.).

First Year.—Miss Eileen Dowdall, Miss Muriel Gendron, Miss Eileen McGuire, Miss Madeline Murphy.

The Graduates of 1914 are:—Miss Kathleen O'Connor, Miss Kathleen Gilmour, Miss Florence Meader, Miss Kathleen Boehler, Miss Gertrude Bradley, Miss Madalen Rutherford, Miss Anna Malcolm, Miss Mary McCarthy, Miss Bessie Mulligan, Miss Mary McBrady, Miss Norinne Milloy.

Papal Medal for Christian Doctrine and Church History, competed for in Senior Department.—Awarded to Miss Zita Nolan.

Governor-General's Medal—Presented by His Highness the Duke of Connaught, for English Literature.—Awarded to Miss Irene Monkman.

### Gold Medals

Presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, awarded for superiority in Languages, Junior Matriculation Class, to Miss Geraldine Kormann.

Presented by the Right Rev. Mgr. McCann, V.G., for Excellence in Senior Piano Examination, to Miss Sheelah Mulcahy.

Presented by the Very Rev. Dean Hand, for Oil Painting, awarded to Miss Madeline Hayes.

Presented by the Very Rev. J. T. Kidd, D.D., for Church History in Middle Grade, to Miss Eileen Ellard.

Presented by the Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D., for Excellence in Normal Entrance, Part I., to Miss Ruth Agnew.

Presented by the Rev. G. Kernahan, for Superiority in Fifth Grade, to Miss Grace Barron.

Presented by the Rev. M. D. Whelan, for excellence in Matriculation Class, to Miss Kathleen Donley.

Presented by the Rev. W. J. McCann, for Excellence in Normal Entrance Class, Part II., to Miss Edith Harrison.

Presented by the Rev. L. Minehan, for Elocution, to Miss Lois Gibson.

Presented by the Rev. G. A. Williams, for Superiority in Languages, First Year Arts, University of Toronto, to Miss Madeline Murphy.

Presented by the Rev. J. J. McGrand, for Excellence in Science, to Miss Gertrude Dunn.

Presented by Mrs. H. Nerlich, for Superiority in Arts (China and Oil Painting), to Miss Nora Travers.

Presented by the Heintzman Co., for First Class Honours in Vocal Music, Senior Grade, University of Toronto, 1913, to Miss Evelyn Murray.

Presented by the Underwood Typewriting Co., for Superiority in Typewriting, to Miss Essie Steenberg.

Presented by the Rev. F. Frachon for Christian Doctrine in Second Division, to Miss Aileen O'Connor.

Presented for the Highest Standing in Entrance Examination, 1913, to Miss Margaret Acres.

Presented for Highest Standing in Entrance Class 1914, to Miss Aileen McDonagh.

Presented by the Ambrose Kent Co., for Art Needlework, to Miss Mary Kidd.

Presented to Miss Madeline Colleran for China Painting.

### Silver Medals

Presented by Mr. F. Emery for Instrumental Music, Second Year Piano, (Hon.), Toronto College of Music, to Miss Stella O'Neil, 1913.



Presented by Mr. S. A. Frost for Vocal Music, Junior Grade, 1913, to Miss Bernadette Howe.

Presented for Superiority in Commercial Class to Miss Grace Leonard.

Gold Thimble for Art Needlework, presented by the Rev. F. R. Quigley, awarded to Miss Edna Mulligan.

Silver Thimble for Needlework, to Miss Gladys LaMarche.

Silver Thimble for Plain Sewing, presented by Rev. F. R. Frachon, awarded to Miss Essie Steenberg.

Prize awarded to Miss Rose Quinn for Plain Sewing.

Fountain Pen awarded to Miss Wilma Dodge for Dress-making.

### Music Department

University results:—

Junior Theory, Dec., 1913—Honours.—Miss Marian McDonald, Miss Gladys Lye, Miss Olive Flint. Pass.—Miss Lucy Ashbrook, Miss Marie Devlin, Miss May Maher.

Primary Piano—Honours.—Miss Ursula Colleran.

Prize awarded to Miss Olive Flint for Senior Excellence in Advanced Grade Instrumental Music.

Prizes awarded to Miss Gladys Lye and Miss Marian McDonald for Superiority in Senior Grade Instrumental Music.

Prizes awarded to Misses Zita Conway and Grace Barron, Intermediate Grade Instrumental Music.

Prize awarded to Miss Ruth Agnew for Junior Grade Instrumental Music.

Licentiate Diploma, '13.—Miss Kathleen O'Connor.

Intermediate Theory, '14.—Miss Sheelah Mulcahy.

Intermediate Singing, '14.—Miss Bernadette Howe.

Junior Theory, Hon. Cl. I.—Rose Quinn, Teresa Haynes, Mary McCarthy.

Junior Theory, Hon. Cl. II.—Anna Scully.

Junior Theory, Pass.—Nora Travers.

Junior Piano, Hon. Cl. II.—Lillian Gough, M. Ford, Ruth Agnew.

Junior Piano, Pass.—Rose Quinn, Marie Devlin.

Primary Piano, Hon. Cl. II.—Vera Guyett.

Primary Singing, Hon. II.—Doris Canfield.

Primary Singing, Pass.—Florence Leahy, Anna Scully.  
Elementary Piano, Pass.—Helen Mathews.

### Toronto College of Music

The Torrington Gold Medal awarded to Miss Kathleen O'Connor

Third Piano, Hon. Cl. I.—Miss Florence Leahy.

Senior First Piano, Hon.—Lillian Gray.

Harmony First Piano.—Stella O'Neil.

First Written Harmony,—Stella O'Neil, Florence Leahy.

First History, Honors,—Stella O'Neil.

Primary Piano, Hon. Cl. I.—Eileen McGuane, Eileen Kormann, Gertrude Mogan.

Primary Piano, Hon. Cl. II.—Anna McElroy, Blanche Crowley, May Nolan, Iris Sandell, Isabel Meagher, Mabel Abrey, Alma Bourke, Alice Blake, Doris Canfield, Jean Canfield, Olga Hill.

Primary Piano, Pass.—Loreto Newton, Ivy Powell, Camella Shipman, Imelda Wright. ✕

### Results of Examinations Conducted by the Education Department of Toronto, 1914.

Entrance to Faculty Education. Part I.—Bertille Hayes,

Entrance to Faculty of Education. Part II.—Madeleine Murphy.

Middle School Entrance to Normal—Honours.—Elizabeth Barney, Kathleen Donnelly, Gertrude Dunn, Kathleen Gilmour, Josephine Madigan, Norinne Milloy, Edith Harrison.

Pass.—Gertrude Bradley, Veronica Butler, Cassie Cameron, Emily Foy, Nina Hennessey, Eileen Hayes, Lillian Kennedy, Eva Langley, Frances Keogh, Olive Doyle, Margaret Lowe, Mary Kelly, Mary McBrady, Mary McKernan, Eleanor McGarrity, Marguerite McDougall, Marcella McGowan, Kathleen Sullivan, Madalen Rutherford, Mary O'Malley, Lenore Stock, Mary Tighe, Mary Schenck, Mary Urlocker, Frances Walsh.

Matriculation.—Elizabeth Barney, Gertrude Bradley, Kathleen Donnelly, Gertrude Dunn, Kathleen Gilmour, Edith

Harrison, Geraldine Korman, Eva Langley, Dorothy Lynch, Josephine Madigan, Mary McBrady, Camilla McBrady, Mary McKernan, Norinne Milloy, Mary O'Malley, May Hodgson.

Partial Matriculation.—Grace Leonard, Mabel Mahony, Madalen Rutherford.

Lower School Entrance to Normal.—Helen Duggan, Ruth Agnew, Blanche McGinn, Hilda Arksey, Dorothy Graves, Kathleen Boehler, Josephine Marion, Florence Forestell, Ella McDonald, Frances Le Gree, Marguerite O'Donnell, Marguerite Fecteau, Alice Bouvier, Loretta Crottie, Gertrude Howarth, Elizabeth Jordan, Teresa Murphy, Mary O'Connor, Gladys Williams, Matilda Ziehr, Helen Rumball.

Diplomas awarded by the Dom. Business College in Stenography and Bookkeeping to the Misses Essie Steenberg, Bernadette King, Gladys LaMarche, Elsie Shea, Grace Leonard, Isabelle Robinson, Frances Kerwin, Mary McDougall, Marguerite Manley, Winnifred Allen, Helen Dempsey.

Stenography.—Miss Margaret Stock, Irene Ryan, Grace White, Alice Donley.

Credentials awarded by the United Typewriter Co., for Speed Typewriting, to the Misses Essie Steenberg and Grace White.

Crowns for Charity in Conversation in the Senior School, awarded by the Votes of Companions to Miss Helen Barry. In the Middle School to Miss Marie O'Mara.

Crowns for Amiability, awarded in Senior School to Miss Minnie Carlin. In the Middle School to Miss Rita Ivory.

### **Promoted from Entrance Class 1914**

Aileen McDonagh, Rita Morgan, Madeline Thompson, Grace McDermott, Grace Goodchild, Bertha Desroches, Sadie Pickett, Verna Ross, Susie McCormick, Mary McKeown, Verona McGraw, Helen Lochart, Anna McElroy, Mary Malonie, Avila O'Neill, Frances Travers, Evelyn Guinane, Pauline Potter, Madeline Meade, Louise Lochle, Agnes Sedgewick.



## Sunset on Lake Huron

"Immense bright lake, I trace in thee  
An emblem of the mighty ocean.  
And in thy restless waves, I see  
Nature's eternal law of motion.  
And fancy sees the Huron chief  
Of the dim past kneel to implore thee  
With Indian awe, he seeks relief  
In pouring homage out before thee,  
And, I too, feel my reverence wake,  
When gazing on our own broad lake."

**S**OFTLY, noiselessly, my paddle dips into the smooth mirror of the lake. Before me stretches a boundless surface of unrippled water. Here and there, the long irregular outline of an island casts its grotesque shadows on the motionless lake. Over all is the peace and quiet of the close of day. The great lake, on whose relentless billows, so many human souls have tossed—is at rest. Over its quiet surface fall the rays of the setting sun.

Vainly, I try to follow the path of golden sunlight which stretches in front of me. Ever as my frail craft plys ahead, the golden path recedes farther and farther away—and try, as I may, I cannot reach the glorious fiery ball, which joins the end of the path to the western horizon.

Slowly, caressingly, the great ball of crimson sinks below the margin of its calm mirror. Over it closes a mantle of emerald, purple and crimson. And ever as the green deepens into crimson and the crimson into purple—over the water there spreads a magic film of colours—and my paddle dips into a flood of liquid of burnished copper.

It is evening. There is a quiet and a rest such as is found only on Lake Huron's shores. Here and there, a fish splashes as he comes to the surface for its evening meal. Far off, the cry of the seagull weirdly breaks the stillness. On the islands, the tall cedars whisper to the beeches. From the pretty rustic cottages scattered here and there along the shore or on the islands, comes the sound of merry voices. And then a moment of complete stillness!

And surely, yes surely, that is the dusky form of a Redman, as he lights his camp fire on the beach? Surely, on yonder island are the tepees, and the tall stalwart forms of their Indian owners? But no! The day of the Redman has passed. It is simply a sunset on a still summer's evening, over Lake Huron's broad waters and the magic of tradition, legend and beauty, weaving over me the influence of a by-gone age.

And reverently, paddle suspended, I gaze at the last rays of the setting sun, and watch while Evening draws her curtain of sombre velvet across the glory of gold and crimson, pinning it here and there with a twinkling star.

IRENE MONKMAN.

## Intellect

What is the brow  
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,  
Or colour, but the beautiful links that chain  
The mind from its rare element? There lies  
A talisman in intellect, which yields  
Celestial music, when the master hand  
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath  
The outward semblance, and to common sight  
Is an invisible and hidden thing;  
But when the lip is faded, and the form  
Witches the sense no more, and human love  
Falters in its idolatry, this spell  
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on  
Stealing anew the affections.

## What Survives

**T**HE faint pink flush of dawn was just tinging the distant horizon, as, down the path leading to the lake, a slender lad walked in silent thought. The great trees stirred in the morning breeze and the drowsy birds twittered noisily among the branches. Far up in the sky a lark was pouring forth its morning hymn of praise. The boy's eyes fell on the dear familiar scene with a longing glance, as if he would imprint on his heart each object of the home of his childhood. There was the big stone house with its ivy-covered towers pointing to the sky. Behind the house was the fruit-laden orchard which stretched towards the meadow. There was the old barn which had held such revelries for him in early days, bursting with its golden harvest, while before him lay the most enchanting spot of all,—the tiny lake, reflecting on its bosom the delicate colouring of the sky.

How often just at this hour had he glided over the dancing waters in his light craft, or floated aimlessly in the twilight among the grim shadows from the trees. It was all over now. The dreaded disease which but a few short months ago had claimed his last relation,—his dear father, as a victim, had now laid its grasping hand on him. It was hard to die just when life seemed to hold so much for him! The glorious future which was just opening its golden gates of success to him, was now closing upon him and he must drag out the few short months left him with the consciousness of fast approaching death ever with him.

These thoughts surged through his brain to-day, the last in his native land. But as the orange streaks gave place to golden shafts of sunlight, brighter thoughts filled his mind. A little acorn dropped from the tree above him. Stooping he dug in the hard earth with his knife, and covered the seedling with the soil. I wonder will that be a great tree, just as these others are,—he mused. And the passion for writing which had promised to mean so much to him, took hold of him once



more, and soon he had a poem planned, strangely, beautiful in its message to mankind.

The big steamer drew up at the dock of Naples, amid shouts of welcome from the expectant group on the wharf. But the passengers were strangely silent. The hand of death had been laid on the brightest of their number—a young boy who had endeared himself to every one on the voyage south. Tenderly they bore his lifeless form to the little cemetery, and placed him in a solitary grave. Then each one went on his way, and the stranger youth was soon forgotten.

Many years passed. The little acorn had grown to a great oak, and stood on the border of a busy city. Many a weary toiler, after a day of labour, paused on his homeward way, to rest in the coolness of its shade. Then a day came when the oak withered and died. The benefit which it had been to men was forgotten just as the hand which had planted it there.


“But from your silence glorious grave,  
What mystic voices rise,  
That these through passing ages speak  
Their lesson to the wise!”

G. BRADLEY.

## SAINT JOSEPH LILIES.

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Pope  
Benedict XV.

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Volume **IV**.

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## Editorial.

### THEN AND NOW.

On a chill December midnight, more than nineteen centuries ago, the eternal stars looked down from out a sapphire sky upon the vineyards and dusky olive groves of Palestine; upon quiet hills with clustering hamlets nestling in their hollows; upon rolling pastures where shepherds watched their flocks; upon a humble village that lay hushed and sleeping, all unconscious of the mighty wonder that was being wrought within its shelter. There, on that first Christmas night, the Lord of Hosts came down to Earth in the guise of helpless infancy, bringing to man that longed-for message of love and redemption. Suddenly the Heavens opened, and the silent night was filled with the music of Angel voices singing "Peace on Earth—Peace to Men of Good Will."

In the days of expectation, while yet the world awaited eagerly the coming of the Saviour, the vast Roman Empire, exhausted after years of conquest and internal strife, seemed, under great Augustus, to enjoy at last a prosperous repose. In a few short years there was to rise the voice of war from Northern German forests, and echoes from the Hermann-Schlacht would break the spell of peace, and force from the lips of the aged Emperor that piteous wail: "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" But all this was in the hidden future. No dim forebodings of it came to mar the happy time, when a profound and universal calm brooded over the smiling land. It was Heaven's preparation for the coming of Him whom Scripture calls "the Prince of Peace."



O blessed Peace, most precious gift of God to suffering mortals! Nations may build temples to thee; philanthropists, in thy name, may teach a universal brotherhood, but all indeed is vain. Thou art not of this world, nor can all powers of Earth divorced from Heaven win thee.

Now, after nineteen hundred years, again the Christmas stars look down upon the self-same world; but, alas! upon what scenes of matchless horror. The quiet hills and fields are cumbered with a ghastly harvest from which the very air of Heaven recoils! Fair cities, but yesterday the pride and crowning glory of a people, lie smoking now in shapeless ruin. The silent night is rent with the wail of widows and groans of the dying. Their piteous clamour strikes the golden stars. A vast funeral pyre sends forth its flames into the night, and lights those sickening horrors that the friendly darkness hid. The nations of the Earth lie panting, waiting only for the dawn to multiply the havoc and repeat the carnage.

O that some glorious Messenger of God, as on that far-off night, might come again to Earth, cleaving with strong wings the Heavens, and filling all the world with sweetest harmonies, that nations, listening to the strains, might forget their feuds and cease their strife and join in worshipping, with simple faith, the Infant Prince of Peace.



## Our Holy Father Benedict XV.

**W**ERE you present, reader, in St. Peter's, Rome, at the funeral obsequies of Cardinal Rampolla some months ago, you would have seen sitting near the huge coffin an ascetic-looking prelate, with a sad look about his brilliant countenance. His lips moved in silent prayer for his dead brother and chief. And somebody remarked: "If Cardinal Rampolla had become Leo XIV. in the conclave of 1903, that pale-faced man would have become Cardinal Secretary of State." However, Divine Providence disposed otherwise. And to-day Christendom reveres him as Pope Benedict XV. Bologna loses an Archbishop whom she found to be zealous, kind, and good, and the Catholic Church gains in Cardinal Della Chiesa a Pontiff in whom are combined the diplomatic qualities of Leo XIII. with the pastoral yearnings of Pius X.

### Gentle and Courageous.

In person the newly-elected Pontiff is ascetic in features, bright, and vivacious. In manner, Benedict XV. is particularly charming and gracious, and well, in truth, might it be so. To the innate charm and refinement of the educated Italian has been added a long life training in the world of diplomats in Rome and Madrid, which fact weighed heavily with the Sacred College during its deliberations of the last three days.

But gentle and charming as is the character of the new Pope, it has another side, viz., that which brings into play courage, tenacity, and perseverance. His success as Archbishop of Bologna evidences this. For there are Sees and Sees. In the history of four centuries the Archdiocese of Bologna has not been regarded as a See that a weak character could rule. The turbulent element there accounted for the broken heart of more than one Archbishop, and in the general strike that paralyzed Italy three or four months ago, the city and surroundings of Bologna took first place in riots, church looting, and bloodshed. One who proved able to ride the whirlwind and stem the blast as Archbishop of Bologna, with special suc-

cess, will know how to guide Peter's Bark amid the shoals and troubles that now surround it.

### **A Pastoral-Diplomatic Pope.**

It may be early in the day for a forecast of the policy of Benedict XV., but nevertheless one can come to a fair conclusion from his past history.

Benedict XV. will, I believe, be a pastoral-diplomatic Pope—one who will embody the characteristics of the last two Pontiffs. He will be to the pontificate of Pius X. what Leo XIII. was to that of Pius IX. When Leo XIII. assumed the tiara he found nearly every power in Europe at variance with the Holy See, and he spent years in remedying the situation. And now Pope Benedict, on taking his seat on Peter's throne, finds that France and Portugal no longer officially recognize the Church, that Spain has been restive, and that the European War will bring for the Holy See an entirely new era.

Will he follow the line of conduct which his old friend, Cardinal Rampolla, would have observed had he become Leo XIV.? I feel inclined to think that Benedict XV. will do so, but in a modified form. Remember when Cardinal Rampolla filled the Pontifical Nunciature of Madrid he had as lieutenant the newly-elected Pope, and when Cardinal Rampolla stood behind Leo XIII.'s throne as Secretary of State, the present Pontiff filled a post of confidence in the Cardinal's office. Up to the very last he remained Cardinal Rampolla's close friend. These facts lead one to think the Pontificate which has just opened will closely resemble that of Leo XIII., while the friendship that existed between Pius X. and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna will surely leave its impress upon the line of action which, as Benedict XV., the latter will pursue.

### **His Tribute to His Predecessor.**

In his address to the faithful of Bologna relative to the late Pope's death, Cardinal della Chiesa said:

"The memory of the special ties which bound me to the Sovereign Pontiff, who, after keeping me with himself for years, was good enough to confer on me episcopal consecra-



tion with his own hands, renders his death particularly sorrowful to me. Along with me, the faithful will weep over the sudden loss of the Pontiff, who will live in Church history for the grand constancy with which he propounded true doctrine, for the zeal with which he promoted the devotion to the Blessed Eucharist, and for the charity with which he embraced all Christians, as well as for the fatherly manner in which he came to the assistance of all his sons."

#### **Gentle Heart and Master-Mind.**

In Benedict XV. the Catholic world can with strong conviction welcome a firm hand, a kind, gentle heart, a master-mind filled with charity and zeal, enlightened in the school of labour. We stand on the threshold of what augurs to be a glorious pontificate that will be full of triumphs for the Catholic Church both in the Pastoral and diplomatic fields.

VERITAS, in "Catholic Standard and Times."



## The Capital

(Lines written for Saint Joseph "Lilies" after reading the Life of Francis Thompson):

Two blocks of marble lay upon the ground,  
Unshaped, unpolished. One the builder took  
And placed within the wall, away from view,  
Scarce touching its rough lines. The other block  
Met fortune that at first seemed hard indeed,  
For it was mauled and broken, seared and crush'd,  
By hammer, wheel, and chisel, till it lost  
All common semblance! But the builder still  
Kept up that fierce attrition; when, at length,  
A miracle behold! The formless stone  
Became a shape of wondrous pulchritude,  
Combining grace and symmetry, and decked  
With living leaf and frond! And this he placed  
A matchless capital, ornate, sublime,  
Sustaining a proud temple's portico.

So it is, oft, in life. The meaner souls  
Are tried the least; but those of nobler mould,  
The genius and the artist consecrate,  
Are proved by fire; and all the blows of fate  
Are aimed at them. Yet should they well endure  
Sorrow and want and scorn, they may enjoy  
High place with God's elect, and deathless fame.

THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

## An Alumna In Brussels

**T**HERE is an inscription in the Town Hall in Brussels which impressed me greatly when I saw it last July, but which I did not appreciate until the brave little nation was plunged into the misery of the last few weeks. It runs thus:

“A peste, fame et bello, libera nos Domine!”

Our arrival in Brussels coincided with the date of Austria's declaration of war against Servia, and ignorant though we were of European politics, or the turn events were to take, yet can we testify that Louvain and Termonde cast a premonitory shadow over old Waterloo, that the “Kermesse” and the Triennial Salon, and all the other pleasures of Brussels were to us as “the signal sound of strife.” How many times during that week did we repeat Byron's “Waterloo” as a prophecy—though aloud we persisted in declaring that “nothing could affect Belgium.”

Toward the end of the week came that terrible shortage of money, so familiar to every tourist in Europe this summer—a panic so hopeless, and in particular so helpless, that even now I can feel some of the despair caused by a polite, but firm, “We cannot take your cheques, madam.” Saturday morning found us in Bruges, with heavy hearts and light purses; the streets were full of soldiers, the railway stations were almost impassible, and all the banks were closed. How we did try to sight-see that day! How we tramped from church to belfry, from canal to Cathedral! How we refrained from buying even picture post cards, and lunched on lemonade, and devoured the newspapers, which brought us no comfort! Finally, we gave up the poor pretense of interest in Flemish history or enthusiasm for Gothic architecture, and returned to the hotel, to count our money, and decide that perhaps it would be wise to take the Sunday night boat from Ostend back to England, though the stouter spirits rebelled against running away from a war that wasn't. “Think how silly it will make us look!”



All night long the tramcars clanged through the streets, and with early dawn we saw the steady gathering of soldiery. Past our windows they marched in occasional squads, or sometimes an officer rode by in a carriage, or a gun was drawn down the street. If it was not war, it was more like it than we have ever seen in our Colonial lives. Downstairs the number of waiters had dwindled considerably over-night, and a pale, anxious group gathered in the hall, where an Anglican clergyman was announcing to our consternation that Germany had declared war on France and Russia the evening before, and that Luxemburg was already invaded. The English Consul being at Ostend, nobody knew what to do, and no trains were going out till noon.

I went to Mass at the Cathedral. Outside someone was distributing little "Prayers for Belgium." I have mine yet. Inside there were many soldiers, and some weeping among the women, who were for the most part of the kind one expects to meet some day on the Calendar of the Saints, very Continental-looking Catholics, rarely met in this country. The sermon was on the Gospel of the day.

Hurrying back to the hotel, we learned that there was a boat from Ostend at three o'clock. "We're going by that boat," the others said with great emphasis, and I demurred not. We packed in much haste and scurried down to the station, after a luncheon which none of us had the spirit to eat. As we left Bruges the sun came gloriously out over the beautiful "low country," where in the wide-stretching flat fields the women were gathering in the ripened grain. Down at Ostend a panicky crowd were piling on board the "Marie-Henriette." Most of these "refugees" were English families fleeing from the gay seaside resort. In order to wait for more trains, sailing was delayed till five o'clock, and all the afternoon the little steamer kept taking on a crowd worse than a Sunday school excursion to Centre Island. By dint of much struggle we had secured deck chairs, where we swathed ourselves in our raincoats and other portable property, for a keen wind was blowing, and the Channel was very rough. A collec-

tion taken up among our party realized about seventy-five centimes in Belgium lead, which we invested in milk chocolate to stave off the pangs of hunger. It was a great relief when we at last put off from shore, though the ignominious return from the Continent was very different from what we had expected.

About half-past six the "Marie-Henriette" came in sight of Dunkirk. A French shot whizzed across her bows as a warning to stop, and she promptly headed for shore. Much signalling evidently proved insufficient, for a gunboat ran out and made a circle of inspection round the steamer. We profited of the comparative calm to descend to the dining-room, where chilly tea and stale rolls were to be obtained. The stewards entreated us not to dine more copiously than we could help; there was little to eat on board, they said, and nobody knew how long the crossing would be.

We lingered for a while in the warmth of the cabin, but so many of our fellow-passengers were "feeling the motion" that my cousin and I tied our heads up in veils, and again struggled to the deck. Our luggage we had located in a corner, much the worse of sea water, and after dragging it to safety we sat down on a coil of rigging and watched the sun set and the moon rise and the lights of the French coast shine on our left. It was a glorious night, though the wind blew through us mercilessly, but the heaving waters were unusually beautiful, and the bright moon shone over the restless sea as though no bloodshed were soon to redden its beams, and no tumult to break upon its repose.

Presently a light twinkled on the other side—England! We forgot that we were wet, cold, penniless, that to-morrow was Bank Holiday, that home was three thousand miles and more away. I venture to say that the many Americans on board bore in their hearts that night a very filial affection towards England. As we drew near to Dover, the huge search-lights, like giant eyes, were turned full on us. We stopped again, and sent up rockets—I was becoming familiar with quite a variety of marine signalling.

“Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro” (it is impossible to get away from Byron), and grabbing of luggage, which had to be carried ashore, through a crowd as dense as was ever my fortune to be in. Once on land, there was a mad rush for the London train. It did not leave for a full two hours later, and was so jammed that for a goodly part of the way we had to sit on our suit cases in the corridor. It was there that I had a long conversation with an unfortunate Russian lady; she had been in Italy all winter with her two little boys, the younger rather an invalid, and she was spending a few weeks at Ostend when the war broke out. Her husband was in St. Petersburg, she said—pardon, Petrograd—and she was hoping to reach Russia via England and Denmark. She could not speak English, and had only Russian paper money; indeed, she said she would not have been able to cross had not an English gentleman in Ostend taken some of her paper in exchange for English gold. Her only travelling companion, besides the children, was a Russian peasant nurse; her sister, she said, was in Belgium and hoped to meet her later in England. She seemed almost dazed. We were captivated by her sweet, fair face and pretty manners, and waxed most indignant over the injustice of war towards one so young and beautiful. The little sick boy was the image of his mother. He had fallen asleep from utter weariness, as white as marble under his golden hair.

Some seats falling vacant at this juncture, we went asleep, too, at least, we sank into a half-sleep, broken by every stop or every unusual sound, and broken anyway every few minutes. It was nearly two in the morning when we descended at Charing Cross. The first sight that met our eyes was a huge poster announcing the Cabinet meeting, and asking: “Will Britain fight?” Newsboys were calling out most hair-raising prognostications, none of which, I am happy to say, have yet been realized. In spite of our physical misery and our fast overwhelming emotions, we managed to seek an hotel and our much-needed pillow.

At all events we were back in England!

MARGARET M. CRONIN.



## Bethlehem

Across the gloom of all the dragging years,  
Men watched the breaking of Redemption's dawn;  
The Pontiff's prayers, the sinner's blinding tears,  
Were crowned resplendent in the Light that shone  
Above the portals of that wind-swept cave,  
Where shepherds found Him in a manger laid,  
And doubting not His wondrous power to save,  
With trusting hearts their faithful homage paid.

O lowly manger, cradling boundless love!  
What lips can speak, what artist hand can paint,  
Thy wondrous story? Not Heaven above,  
Thrice blest abode of seraph and of saint,  
Holds more of promise for the aching heart  
Of countless hosts who, while the ages roll,  
Have traded not in Satan's busy mart,  
But sought the Peace beloved of the soul.

The passing years see many a slogan die,  
That once the eager ears of thousands thrilled,  
"Behold, we bring you tidings of great joy,"  
That, long ago, the world with music filled,  
Rings down the years as full of Hope to-day  
As when the glad seraphic chorus told  
Its fateful meaning, in the dawning grey,  
To Juda's shepherds watching o'er the fold.

O Bethlehem! the glory of that night,  
With verdant hope still bathes a world grown old,  
And hearts are glad, and weary eyes are bright,  
Where'er on earth the Christmas tale is told.  
The "WORD MADE FLESH" is potent, as of yore,  
To lift the thoughts of men beyond the skies;  
The hurrying feet of men still kneel before  
The Godhead beaming in a Baby's eyes.

THE REV. D. A. CASEY.

## From Cardinal Newman

After our souls' anxious travail, after the birth of the spirit, after trial and temptation, after sorrow and pain, after daily dying to the world, after daily risings into holiness, at length comes that "rest which remaineth unto the people of God." After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, langour and fretfulness, struggling and failing, struggling and succeeding, after all the changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white Throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision. After restlessness comes rest, peace, joy; our eternal portion, if we be worthy.

### Prayer.

May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! When in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!







THE LATE POPE PIUS X.

## Pius X.

**T**HE life of a Pope, closed and sealed by the announcement of his death, presents to us something quite complete in the secular and particularly in the religious history of the world. History can be readily found in the biography of the Popes, for their lives are so intimately bound up with all others in sympathy, co-operation, and government, that they contain or reflect the events of the different periods over which they reach. The long row of medallions of the Popes that look down on the visitor to St. Paul's in Rome seems to be a summary of the history of Christendom, and the faces of the Popes are turned in review on the world of the past, each century being epitomised in a group of Popes. The early persecutions with their emperors and edicts are reflected in the Martyr Popes of the Catacombs, and the triumph and spread of Christianity, in the succeeding group. Each nation of Europe and of the whole world, too, turns to some particular Pope that gave it its call to Christianity and civilization, and inaugurated for it a new era; so its modern history begins, and so it proceeds in harmony or conflict with the Popes. Thus, too, the records of the modern world pass before us in review as we look on the faces of the Popes. If the history of ancient nations was the history of their Kings, the history of the Popes is the history of the world. The Kings and Popes of modern times, some may say, do not stand for as much of human life as they did of old. Kings may grow shadowy in this democratic age, but not so the Popes, for their titles and powers come from the other world that is governing this. So, at the death of a Pope, the world pauses for a moment, whether in peace or in the turmoil of war, to scan the acts of his life and its influence. No policy of government, religion, or philosophy arises adverse to Christianity that fails to send its challenge to Rome, and Rome never fails to reply. All theories and doctrines may be found in the Papal encyclicals, for they are the answers of Christ's oracle. The paramount interest of man is religion, and

the history of religion must always continue to be the history of mankind.

### **Democracy and Simplicity of Pius the Tenth.**

The life of Pope Pius the Tenth extends over a period of eleven years, which it reflects well either by sympathy or opposition. It is hard to say whether his sympathy or opposition was greater. No one grew into our individual and domestic life like himself, for he was supremely democratic; coming from the people and belonging to it; and yet no one bristled in hostile opposition like he when traditional beliefs were contravened or traduced into illegitimate views or interpretations. He is known most widely as the Pope of the common people in birth, habits, and attachments, and he appeared either unwilling or unable to dismiss his environment of lowliness either as priest, Bishop, Patriarch, or Pope. The latest incidents circulated in the newspapers about him before and after his death had him smoking his pipe in the Vatican, taking his meals with his friends and domestics, or going for a jaunt by himself in the Vatican gardens, frequently eluding all attendants and Papal Guards, much to the alarm and surprise of the Papal Court. The formalities of his high office seemed to oppress him, and he resented them. Whether he deliberately proposed to cancel them as unsuitable to the present age, or whether the simplicity of his democratic origin and instincts were strong upon him, it is hard to state; perhaps it was both. Officialdom was often shocked by his direct and cordial bearing towards all who approached him. His ideal seemed to be the simplicity, humility, and sanctity of the Popes of the Catacombs. He would get back to the people and forget the state of earthly kings. Perhaps he thought that royal appointments had been assumed by the Popes of the past to conciliate the favour of Governments, through which the people could be alone approached. May be, too, when he looked over Europe he concluded that the Popes had done more for Kings than Kings had done for Popes, and that the people were, after all, his flock and his care.



### Birth and Career.

He was born at Riesi of Venetia, of humble parentage, as his name Guiseppe Melchoir Sarto indicates. His family was of the class that by labor, thrift and sturdy independence, escaped the degradation of the serf and the corruption of the nobility during the sad days of political and religious revolution through which Italy passed in the last century; they remained true to the best traditions of old Catholic faith and religious life. His genuine talents and piety raised him successively through all the stages of the clerical state, and the considerable periods he spent as Parish Priest of Tombola and Salzano, as Canon of the Cathedral of Treviso and Vicar-General, as Bishop of Mantua, and finally Patriarch of Venice, shows that his worth and services in each charge supplied the motives for his upward progress. It was in the main, his unbounded popularity with the laborers of Venice and enthusiastic co-operation with their trades unions when Patriarch, that turned the eyes of the Conclave of the Vatican upon him, when they were casting about for a Pope of the people. The motion of a pair of scissors was the sign that was given from the roof of the Vatican to intimate to the crowd waiting below, that a Pope had been chosen and that it was Sarto the tailor. After his elevation, his family remained in its humble state as before, and Pius the Tenth added to it no distinctions. His brother remained in the village store, sold pork and tobacco, and distributed the mail in the rural surroundings that we can easily fancy. Three of his sisters came to Rome in peasant dress to attend to his domestic comforts and cheer him in his captivity and loneliness. He always looked back to Venice and sighed for his former home and freedom. He died as he lived, in poverty and simplicity, and the last arrangement we hear of instead of a will, was a pension of twelve dollars a month to be paid to his sisters. The pathos of the simple life hovered over his bier, in the death of one sister that followed him to the tomb in love and grief. His motto "To restore all things in Christ" began in his own life and spread to all his Church policies; to simplification of Canon Law, to clerical education, to daily reception

of Holy Communion, and to the upholding of the old literal traditions of dogma and faith against the subjective vagaries of modernism.

### **Emendation of the Scriptures.**

Some superficial errors in text have always been admitted in the Scriptures of the Latin Vulgate, which is the official version of the Church, and to correct these a great Biblical Commission was set up by the late Pope. The scope of the work is to restore the Latin Vulgate as it came from the hands of St. Jerome. All the historical criticism of the Scriptures may be said to end with St. Jerome. His vast erudition in the Biblical languages, his familiarity with Jewish scholarship and lore, his intimacy with the original Scriptures or with early reproductions which are now lost, the early age of the fourth and fifth Centuries in which he lived, his official commission by the Pope of his time to edit the Scriptures and his consequent indefatigable labors, forbid enquiry and criticism to go back of him without the imputation of temerity and folly. To restore the Bible of St. Jerome of the fourth century was the service that Pope Pius the Tenth rendered to modern Biblical criticism. Restoration, not innovation, was always the Pope's motto.

### **Restoration of Scholasticism.**

The Church recognizes two sources of learning, revelation by God and discoveries in nature. These two should never contradict each other. The Church with her traditional doctrines clearly defined in a hundred dogmas, stands exposed to the ruthless scrutiny of modern science. These dogmas are her official statements of revealed doctrines to which she is committed for life or death. What other Church is like her? Her system, however, of teaching these doctrines in harmonious and consistent method, varies considerably. Systematic theology thus is not revealed, but is the logic and pedagogy of the human mind itself. Although great latitude was always permitted in systems of theology and mental philosophy, yet one system was her favorite, the one that understood her own mysteries best and the mysteries of nature as well and this is known as the scholastic system. In the assertiveness of

modern science for liberty, this system had been considerably neglected or held in suspense. The Church is infallible, but not Aristotle nor St. Thomas, was the cry of many Catholic Doctors. This is very true, but yet it is found now in the very apotheosis of science, that the old system is more reliable, because better aligned with the trend of the modern mind. It is a great triumph, and Pope Pius the Tenth repeated the watchword of Leo the Thirteenth, "back to scholastic philosophy and St. Thomas Aquinas."

### **Revision of Canon Law.**

The revision of Canon Law or Ecclesiastical Law would alone be quite enough to perpetuate the glory of Pius the Tenth. There is no department of ecclesiastical lore so intricate as that of Church law; it originates in Papal decrees and has been gathering during the lapse of centuries, ever adjusting itself to the vicissitudes of nations in their customs and political innovations. When civil law was torn away from its attachments to Canon Law in the various defections from the Church and concordats and amendments followed, the whole system became somewhat entangled. The remodeling of the whole fabric to meet existing conditions is a true restoration of the primitive spirit of Christianity, that stands beneath the letter of the law. The Pope did not live to see this undertaking brought to completion, but the labor entailed is about finished, and perhaps his successor will have only the duty of its promulgation.

### **The Pope and Modernism.**

It was a rare distinction for the reign of the late Pope, that he was called upon to officially and formally confirm all the traditional doctrines of the Church, by condemning the all-embracing errors of Modernism. By a strange and sudden upheaval of heresy, which came like a tidal wave from the wide sea of modern philosophical skepticism, Modernism gave its shock to the Church and then passed on and disappeared. Speculative philosophy had been laboring for a century to deny or ignore the reality of everything objective or inde-



pendent of the mental order; the world around us and all it contained was represented to be a mere exhibition of the mind's own fecundity, and thus when this view was eventually taken of the objective doctrines and formulated dogmas of the Church, the shock of Modernism was felt in the denial of every true, extramental, and stable revelation from the divinity of Christ to the infallibility of the Pope; it was all affected to be mere phenomenon of individual consciousness or conscience. The Pope in two marvelous encyclicals met the onrush of Modernism and effectually checked it by dogmatic definition and disciplinary enactments. It was but the heresy of a day, and the Pope lived to see the storm pass and the minds of his flock composed again to the historical doctrines of Christianity. The condemnation and extirpation of this heresy was a fine exhibition of the divine vitality of the Church.

### **The Pontiff and Daily Communion.**

No act of the late Pontiff, however, was so notable, so far-reaching, and salutary for the spiritual lives of his flock as the revived discipline of daily Communion. Here would seem to come to its climax, the animus of his motto, "*restaurare omnia in Christo*"—"to restore all things in Christ"; the modern Church by the completion of a great cycle, returned again to the Church of the Catacombs. Those were times of refreshing unworldliness, when Christians suffered and triumphed with Christ. "*Regnat Christus, Christ is King,*" was the inspiration of their daily Communion, and this they uttered before Emperor and wild beast in the arena. The present days are evil, too, and daily Communion has returned. Theologians sagely gave rules for the frequentation of Holy Communion, and the rigorous ones nearly excluded the faithful from their daily bread of life. The tabernacle was raised almost as high as Heaven itself, to be viewed only in distant reverence, and its sacramental utility was almost nullified. True-minded doctors, who understood that this sacrament, like all others, was for men, and that the secret of purity of conscience and vigorous religious life was in the Holy Eucharist, awaited an authoritative instruction from the Holy See. It

came, and in fulness. The condensed rule now for daily Communion is the state of grace and purity of intention. There is no preparation for Holy Communion equal to Holy Communion itself. There should be no provision for sin and worldliness, and the friend of Christ should be always prepared to receive Him. It can be safely said that no measure in the Church for spiritual reform can be compared with this for instantaneous and effectual influence. Wayward and sinful lives were instantly corrected by the sacramental touch of God's Power; mortal and deliberate venial sin hanging like a cloud between Christ and the soul vanished, and the spell of Divine grace, stronger than human passion, was established on Christian lives.

When his work was done and his motto fulfilled, he passed on and yielded his place to his successor, Benedict the Fifteenth. A new reign, with new labors, has begun. Christ said to Peter: "And thou, being converted, confirm thy brethren." Pius the Tenth has passed to the shadows of memory, but his services are still with us.

THE REV. DR. KEHOE, Q.C.C.

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### IGNIS ARDENS.

O burning fire, the Church's very heart!  
O flaming Soul that led a frozen race  
Anigh the Eucharistic Hearth to dwell!—  
And art thou quenched? and lost our Father's face?

Lift up your eyes—where mighty planets blaze,  
Where wheeling systems sing around God's Throne,  
There shines our "Burning Fire," in Jesu's Heart,  
(Whence came its glow), and he still hears our moan.

**THE MONSTRANCE.**

Thou wert His Monstrance, Mother,  
In Bethlehem long ago,  
And unto the Wondering shepherds  
The Holy Child didst show.

This Christmas Night He's coming  
Down to earth once more,  
Then be for me, sweet Mother,  
His Monstrance as before.

Through the long and lingering shadows  
That darken o'er life's way,  
May that Monstrance, Mother,  
Cast one guiding ray.

And when I've passed the portals  
Of eternity,  
May that same fair Monstrance  
Show my God to me.

S. M. I. J.

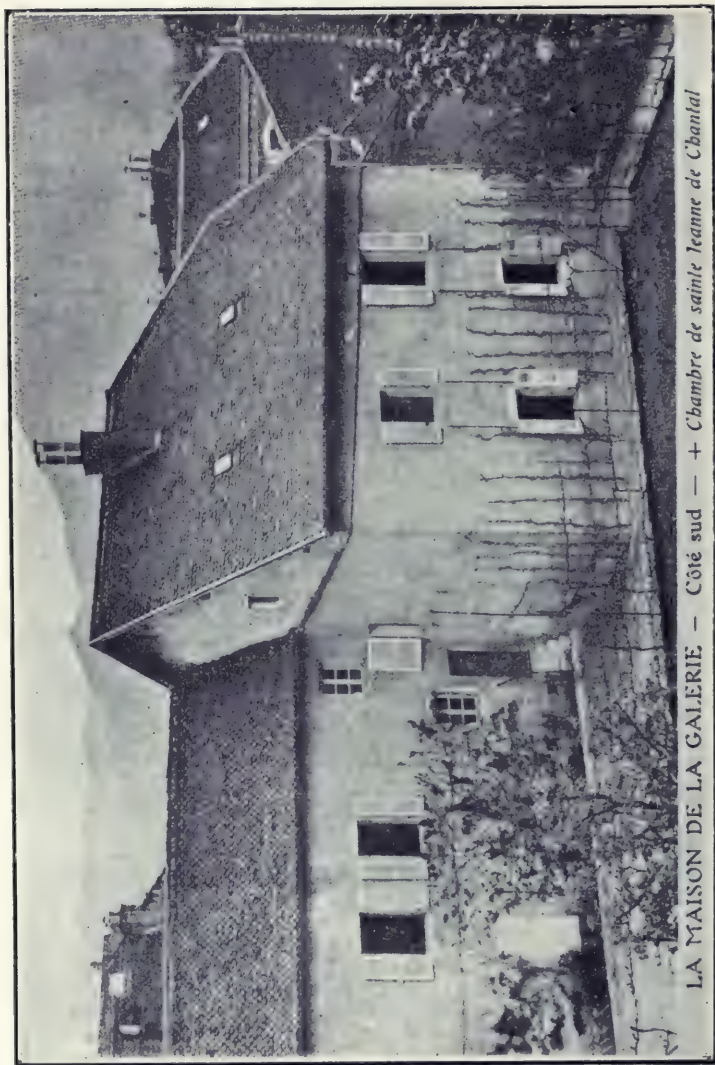
**THE FIRST MASS!**

Over the Chalice's golden glow,  
Over the Host of white,  
Another Christ, he breathes the words  
Of consecrated rite.  
And He Who lay on Mary's breast,  
That wondrous Christmas night,  
At call of His Anointed One  
Comes down from Heaven's height.

S. M. I. J.







LA MAISON DE LA GALERIE — Côté sud — + Chambre de sainte Jeanne de Chantal

## The Gallery House

**I**S not an imposing structure, as may be seen from the illustration, but to the Visitandine and the Religious of St. Joseph, how fragrant are its time-honoured walls with sweet and sacred memories; in its lowly chapel hallowed with the incense of many benedictions and holy with the echo of many prayers. St. Jane Frances de Chantal received the veil from St. Francis of Sales, and later made her Profession in his hands. This little chapel is the oratory of the little house where sprang into existence the Visitation Order. When in 1610 St. Francis of Sales determined to found a new congregation in which persons of delicate constitution might be received and in which also no cloister should be established, he sought, as he himself poetically expresses it, a "hive for my poor bees, or rather a cage for my little doves"; such an abode he found in the suburbs of his own See City, or town of Annecy. 'Twas a very modest building, indeed, this same Gallery House, and was so named from its having a covered gallery thrown across the public road to connect it with an orchard on the other side. To this humble habitation came the Baroness de Chantal and her two companions, Trinity Sunday, June 6th, 1610. The Annals quaintly tell us that St. Francis de Sales' three brothers, each taking a lady by the hand, accompanied them, and thus escorted they walked through the streets of Annecy to La Galerie. Fortunately, they did not live in the age of the kodak fiend or the glaring headlined newspaper, else would the ubiquitous reporter have made a fine scoop. However, human nature is very much the same human nature in every century, and we read that the ladies concerned, fearing a public demonstration, had told no one the date of their exit from the world. Somehow the secret had leaked out, and in stepping into the street they found the nobles of the neighborhood, the magistrates, the tiers état, and the populace awaiting them. All had gone forth to pay a parting tribute of respect to their loved Bishop's new nuns; consequently, a living mass of people rent the air with vivas. Arrived at La Galerie, the three aspirants



for the religious life were received by Anne Jacqueline Coste, a peasant girl and the first "Out Sister" of the new community, the same who had asked the saint's permission to fast on bread and water in Advent and to go barefoot all winter; but the gentle Bishop of Geneva

"He of Sales, of whom we hardly ken,  
How God he could love more he so loved men."

answered, "I should like the daughters of our congregation to have their feet well shod, but their hearts bare and naked of terrestrial affections; to have their heads properly covered, and their souls all uncovered by a perfect simplicity and an off-stripping of their own will."

One wonders why the foundation house of the Visitation should have been so poor, remembering that a Baroness was the foundress, until one reads that St. Francis would not permit St. Jane Frances to bring anything either out of her own property or that of her children. The most he tolerated was an allowance from her brother, accepted as an alms. The saint himself was accustomed to say that Divine Providence had made the Visitation as He did the world, out of nothing. So strictly did the nuns practice Holy Poverty that on the day of the blessed Mother's profession the carpets in the chapel were only small pieces of cloth, scattered over with bouquets of wild flowers. The veils used on the occasion were made of the serge lining belonging to the gown worn by the blessed foundress when she retired from the world. It is recorded quite as a matter of course that "Our blessed Father and Mother tried the veil on the head of one of our sisters to see how it should be arranged."

It is safe to assume that no Religious Community lacks a volume of St. Francis of Sales' "Conferences" in its library. These conferences for more than two years (June, 1610-October, 1612) were delivered at Annecy in the Gallery House and the orchards which surrounded it; the audience, a little group of devout souls, three at the beginning, eight at the end, of the first year, ten at the end of the second. These souls to whom the Divine call had come with an irresistible power in the

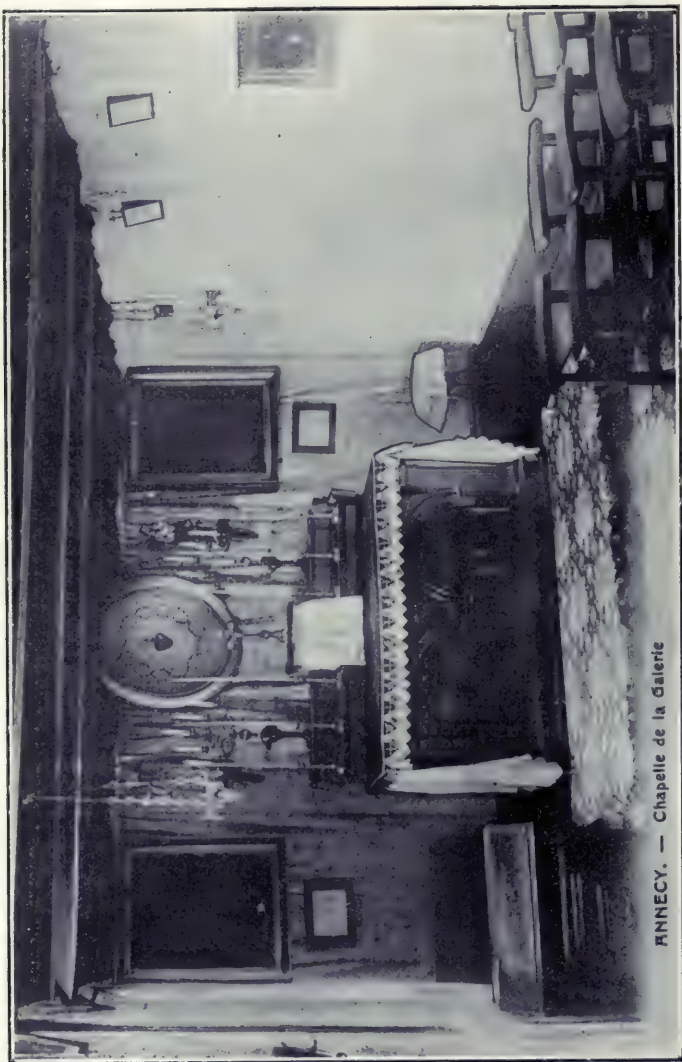
midst, for the most part, of the most brilliant worldly surroundings, had no other ambition than to hide themselves in the deepest obscurity, in poverty, silence, and self-immolation; and though these ladies were of the best blood of France, who to the courtly graces of an earlier age added that intellectual culture which reached its highest perfection in the reign of Louis XIV., they had no other desire than to make themselves forgotten on earth so that they might hold the more undisturbed intercourse with Heaven. Providence had given them, in the person of St. Francis of Sales, a master capable of developing such high aspirations. They venerated him as an angel of God, and had no less confidence in his devotion than faith in his wisdom. We can easily understand what consolation was afforded the first sisters by their holy founder's conferences. Even in bad weather, when rain or snow was falling, he did not give up visiting them two or three times a week or oftener. During the fine weather the conferences were generally held in the open air. Of one visit an amusing incident is recorded: "Our blessed founder came accompanied by his almoner, M. Michel Favre, without whom, indeed, he never came. All the Sisters went down to the fountain-orchard. A seat was brought for him and placed under the vine arbour; the Sisters grouped themselves on the ground round about him. The Saint was giving one of his beautiful instructions when he was interrupted by thunder and rain, which obliged him to go up into a gallery, to which the Sisters followed him, and the conference was continued with even deeper interest than before." The annalist does not inform us whether or not there was much scurrying to get quickly under cover, but doubtless there was not; the "gentleman saint," as his admirers were wont to call him, could not do anything but in the most dignified manner.

When as early as the third year the house of La Galerie was too small and the community, having grown in numbers, was obliged to quit the little dwelling in the Faubourg, for more commodious quarters in the town, the conferences were continued first in the temporary building and afterward in the Convent parlour with as much delightful simplicity as

under the shelter of the Gallery. The favoured audience knew how to appreciate the spiritual banquet served them, and, following the Evangelical Counsels, wished to gather up the fragments so that nothing might be lost; or, as St. Jane Frances when absent from Annecy wrote to her daughters, instructing them to record the conferences, "so that we the absent ones may gather up some crumbs from the abundance of your consolations." Pitman, not having blessed the world at that period with his rapid shorthand system, the Sisters had to trust to the accuracy of their memories to reproduce the Saint's lectures. One of them possessed so excellent a memory that several days after she had listened to a sermon she could repeat it verbatim. To her and to another faithful historian of these happy times a grateful world is indebted for this living stream whence all spiritual persons may drink deep draughts of purest devotion. The Saint himself neither saw nor read the "Conferences," nor did he think they would see any other light than that of "Our" parlour. The Conferences seem, indeed, to be nothing but a sort of commentary on the words of the great Apostle to the Philippians: LET THIS MIND BE IN YOU WHICH WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS. This was the teaching the Visitation Order received in the little Gallery House. And the Son of God looking upon it with satisfaction and finding in it some likeness to Himself, some reproduction of His interior life, poor and common in the sight of man, but rich and fruitful in the sight of God, rewarded this lowly Congregation by giving to it His Sacred Heart. Surely it was with prophetic discernment that sixty years before the Revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, St. Francis of Sales, devising a crest for the Community (a heart pierced by two arrows and encircled by a crown of thorns; the heart serving as a base for a cross surmounting it and bearing engraved upon it the holy names of Jesus and Mary), said to his daughters gathered around him in those first sweet days of La Galerie: "The other day, considering in prayer the open side of our Saviour and gazing upon His Heart, I seemed to see all our hearts around It, doing It homage as the Sovereign King of hearts." From that Divine Heart, the Saint drew the teachings con-







ANNECY. — Chapelle de la Galerie

tained in his masterpiece, the "Treatise on the Love of God," a book displaying in its every luminous page the spirit of the gentle Saint of Sales, which is none other than that of St. John, the Apostle of Love. If the Gallery House were venerable for no other reason, this alone would make it holy, namely, that within its walls were repeated to the listening Sisters the substance of this incomparable book.

If La Galerie had its joys, it had also its sorrows; no work of God but bears the mark of the Cross and the little Foundation of the Visitation of Holy Mary, being no exception to this general law, could not escape the hall-mark of suffering. The gentle spirit of its Constitutions was attacked by the rigorists of the age, who, complaining of the deficiency of exterior austerities, said that "These Religious had found out the secret of going to Paradise by a road strewn with roses without thorns, of entering into it by another door than that of the Cross." Others derisively named the Institute the "Confraternity of the Descent of the Cross," and others said that the Bishop was founding an hospital rather than a monastery. The reason for these criticisms is to be traced to the innovations made by the Saint in permitting delicate persons to enter his community. In fact, we may state that this is its very *raison d'être*. We read that in the seventeenth century Religious Orders responding to all spiritual attractions existed in the Church. For admission to any one of them, one condition was absolutely necessary, namely, health sufficiently robust to support the austerities of the Rule. This one condition wanting, the doors of these asylums of prayer and immolation remained closed, and generous souls, though drawn by the love of God, and urged by the desire for the possession of the Infinite, were forced to remain in a world whose spirit they abhorred. It was then that, inspired by the Holy Spirit, the kind and noble heart of St. Francis of Sales urged him to form a new Order, in which should be practised the mortification of the Will—where, instead of the senses, the mind and the heart might practise a mortification accessible to all, where faults might be corrected and virtues acquired; where souls might apply more to simplicity than to contemplation, to union with God than to multi-



plied prayers, to renunciation than to poverty, to charity than to solicitude, to obedience than to painful observance; where, in fine, sanctity so much the more solid as it would be interior, might be manifested by meekness, condescension, courtesy, and simplicity—virtues without any splendour in the eyes of men, but beautiful before God. Therefore, did St. Francis devise a mode of life such as those most tenderly brought up and most infirm in health could undertake, the perfection of which should, nevertheless, not fall short of that of the most austere Orders of earlier times. Another difference mentioned before was that the Saint did not cloister his Religious, because he destined them to visit the sick and destitute—hence the name Visitation of Holy Mary. In this St. Francis was ahead of his age, and his contemporaries, good people though they were, could not see with him; they had not his eagle vision to gaze upon the things of God; consequently, in 1618 we find the Saint in compliance with the wishes of his superiors establishing the cloister, which causes him to say: “They call me the founder of the Visitation! Could anything be more unreasonable? I have done what I did not wish to do, and have failed in what I wanted to do.” Twenty-eight years after the Saint’s death and forty years after the foundation of the Visitation, “what the Saint wanted to do” was carried into execution by the Foundation, October 15th, 1650, of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. In its Constitutions we read that the Institute was founded for those persons who feel themselves called by the Holy Spirit to retire from the world and to devote themselves to the sanctification and perfection of their own souls and those of their neighbour; that they shall lead a Community life, without, however, being cloistered, after the manner of a Congregation such as St. Francis of Sales first intended for his Sisters of the Visitation. “The Spirit of our Congregation,” the Constitutions continue, “is the spirit of humility and charity which the Community has inherited from its founders, and which was the spirit of the great St. Francis of Sales. Hence the Congregation has always had a special devotion to the holy Bishop of Geneva.” Now the spirit of the Visitation is, according to the holy founder himself, “a spirit

of profound humility toward Almighty God, and of great sweetness toward our neighbour."

If the reader will turn to page one of this little atricle, he will re-read: "But to the Visitandine and the Religious of St. Joseph how fragrant are the memories that linger in La Galerie." And perhaps he will say, mentally: "What, pray, has La Galerie to do with the Community of St. Joseph?" A very great deal, indeed, as he shall learn. La Galerie, the cradle of the Visitation, is now the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Annecy, France. Anyone who is conversant with the edifying and charming "Life of Reverend Mother St. John Fontbonne, Re-foundress of the Community of St. Joseph after the Revolution," may read therein: "By a Providential coincidence, the first house of the Visitation called La Galerie, sequestered during the Revolution, was after that stormy period offered for sale, and was purchased at a latter date, 1854, by the Sisters of St. Joseph. But the Sisters of the Visitation, who had returned to Annecy after the Revolution had spent its fury, and who (being then unable to get possession of La Galerie or of either of their two Monasteries, as all three buildings had been sold to strangers) had taken up their abode in larger and more commodious quarters, were desirous of recovering the cradle of their Institute. To them it was a precious treasure, a relic whose acquisition they could not but ardently crave. The Bishop to whom they addressed themselves understood all this and wisely referred the delicate question to Rome. A Jesuit Father, charged to examine into the affair declared that "the Sisters of St. Joseph, according to the design of their holy founder and in accordance with the end laid down in their Constitutions, were carrying out in reality the first idea of St. Francis of Sales when he founded in La Galerie his Order of Visitandines; that, consequently, the Providential circumstances which had given the Saint's first House into the hands of the Sisters of St. Joseph, whose mission is the realization of his primitive plan should be regarded as an expression of the Divine Will." This decision, thus explained, impressed

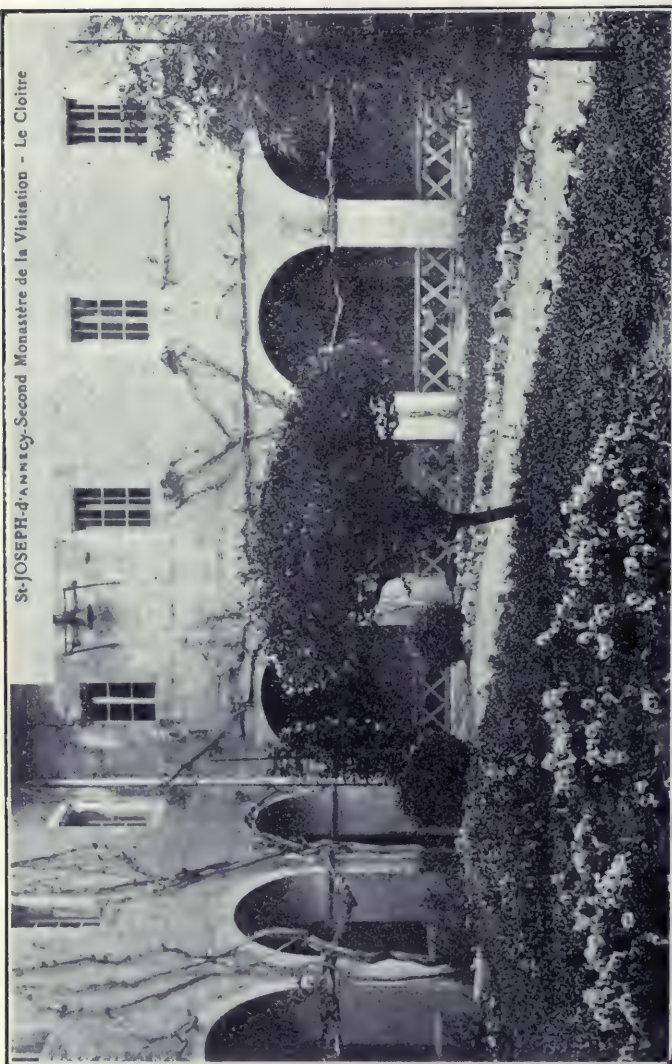
everyone with the historical truths it recorded; it was confirmed, and the Sisters of St. Joseph who, according to the foundation of their Congregation, are at once contemplative, educational, and devoted to works of charity, have ever since retained possession of the treasure given them by Divine Providence.

This little House, as we said previously, is now the Novitiate; it is attached to, or rather it is within, the enclosure of the Second Monastery of the Visitation built in 1634, and now St. Joseph's Mother House at Annecy. In a letter received from England, the Sister-Secretary of the English Provincial House of St. Joseph at Newport, Monmouthshire, writes under date of September, 1912: "We have the happiness of being united with our Mother House at Annecy, where our Sisters have the inestimable privilege of inhabiting the very cradle of the Visitation, as well as the Second Monastery, built by St. Jane Frances de Chantal, and the home of the Visitandines until the Revolution. The Second Monastery was purchased for our Community by the Countess de la Rochejacquelin in 1833. In the Chapel of the Gallery House our Novices have all their devotions. So many pilgrims visit the place that a Sister has the sole duty of taking them around; but the little Chapel is the great attraction." The most cordial relations exist between the Visitandines and Religious of St. Joseph. Some years ago when the former were removing to a new Monastery they took the opportunity to pass by way of La Galerie to have the privilege of hearing Mass in the first Sanctuary of their Institute; later the Sisters of St. Joseph visited the new Visitation Monastery, and, as stated in a letter of 1913: "We saw the crypt of the new church and pressed quite close to the precious relics of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal; lifted the curtain and caressed lovingly the crystal shrine." Members of the Alumnae Association who have visited Annecy tell us that annually during the vintage season a gift of grapes is sent by the Community of St. Joseph from the vineyards of the Second Monastery to the Visitandines; they note also that the walls of the little chapel of La Galerie are kept covered with a material representing scattered





St-JOSEPH-d'ANNACY-Second Monastère de la Visitation - Le Cloître



roses on a white ground in memory of the adornments used on St. Chantal's Profession Day.

Let us hope and pray that this most awful war now devastating La Belle France may not destroy a place so rich in sacred memories, but that for centuries to come La Galerie may remain intact to perpetuate the gentle spirit of the Saint of gentleness. This spirit pervades the holy enclosure, which is redolent with the fragrance of that far-off time when a Saint assisted in the formation of other Saints; its gray walls treasure the priceless associations of heavenly graces therein received; its atmosphere is of the hallowed past rather than the restless present; its air of remoteness, of old-world peacefulness is an eternity removed from the glare and bustle and vulgar modernity of our day. Its traditions are of sainted souls gone to God whose lives were filled with that calm peace so lacking in the jarring tumult of the twentieth century. Like some soft-toned instrument whose silvery echoes float down the vanished years come sweetly falling on our spirit's ear the mighty syllables of praise and prayer that arose from that tranquil abode of gracious sacrifice; there where three centuries ago the Sister of the Visitation uplifted pure hands in prayer "perfect service" is now being offered by the Sisters of St. Joseph in the same manner and in the same spirit. Intercessory prayer, that duty incumbent on Religious, is ceaselessly carried on by Christ's chosen ones. Like the Queen's waiting women in the King's court, they help to sustain God's Church, aiding by their petitions the priest at the altar, the Bishop on his throne, propitiating Heaven by their labours and sacrifices and making atonement for the neglect of those who pray but seldom. To make atonement is the life-work of the Religious—to bring to the Wounded Heart of her Spouse some measure of solace for the contumely offered It, some little joy for the anguish caused It by forgetful, ungrateful man.

"O Heart of a hundred sorrows, whose pity is great therefore,  
The gifts that Thy children bring Thee is ever a sorrow more.  
Sure of Thy dear compassion, concerned for our own relief,  
Ever and ever we seek Thee, and each with his grief of grief.  
O not to reprove my brothers, yet I who am less than less,  
Would bring Thee my joy of being, the rose of my happiness,



The spirit that makes my singing, the gladness without alloy,  
O Heart of a hundred sorrows, I bring Thee a little joy."

S. M. E.

---

**TO SAINT JOSEPH.**

My Father, who with thoughtful eye,  
Did watch the Lord Child Jesus grow,  
Did lay the nail and hammer by  
To guide His first steps, weak and slow—  
Look down with father-care and bless  
The efforts of my childishness!

My Father, who, the long day through,  
With plane and saw and rough-hewn bars,  
Did lowly toil by Him Who drew  
The pointed pattern of the stars,—  
A common toiler suppliant stands,  
Bless thou the labor of His hands!

My Father, when Death's Angel came,  
By Seraphim joy-heralded,  
Sweet Mary wept Thy sainted name,  
And Lord Christ's bosom held thy head,—  
When, at the last, with broken breath  
I lie, be guardian of my death!

EUGENE P. BURKE, in the "Ave Maria."

## Music of the Church

**F**VER since the Christian religion appeared above the horizon of history, the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music have attached themselves to her service for all necessary work of human salvation.

Like faithful handmaidens, they have gone forth beyond the walls of her city, beyond the sphere of her own direct religious action, outside the domain of revealed truth, and by the incomparable splendour of their beauty, by the Divine majesty of their grace, they have subdued to the service of religion the noblest and tenderest souls, they have charmed the hearts of the best and wisest of the sons of men, and as the pillar of fire led the children of Israel to the Land of Promise, so many souls, otherwise untouched by the stern dogmas of religion, strangers to the Gospel of Christ, and enemies of His name, have been led to the true Church through the benign influence of Christian art.

Religion is the highest expression of man's duty to God. It is the sum and substance of all the theoretical and practical relations that bind man to his Creator. It does not consider the things of earth, but of Heaven; it does not discuss the material objects of this life, but, rising above Nature on the wings of Divine faith, it contemplates the great truths of an infinite and eternal God, the angels, the redemption, the immortality of the soul, and the final end of human life. Religion makes use of all other arts and sciences to illustrate its own principles, to instil its own truths, and interpret them for the people, not because it needs them, not because the truths of religion are not self-evident in themselves, but on account of the intellectual deficiency of man, who, says St. Thomas, "grasps truth more readily, and retains it more effectively when it is conveyed to his mind in material images and objects, in the external channels of music, painting, and sculpture." Like her Divine Founder, who veiled the dazzling glory which ravished the seraphim by the outward garb of human nature, so the Church

His Divine spouse incarnates herself in Christian art, clothes herself in the charms of poetry and painting, music, and sculpture, in order to win the hearts of men, to teach them the great truths of eternal life, and to uplift their thoughts to Almighty God.

We receive all our impressions from the senses. The eye, the taste, the touch, the smell, and the hearing are the channels of the mind. Of these organic faculties, the sense of hearing is the most spiritual, for the object, which is sound, is farther removed from the material than the objects of the other senses. Being the most spiritual of all the organs, its influence on the soul is more direct and impressive than in all the other senses, especially when it conveys the sweet and dulcet notes of music and song. Hence, Christ has made hearing the channel and interpreter of Divine Faith. Consequently, the Catholic Church has made it the channel of her truths, the interpreter of her doctrines. She keeps the truths of salvation before the minds of her children in painting and sculpture, in the recumbent figures of angels and saints that everywhere adorn her cloisters and cathedrals, in the majestic frescoes and stained glass windows, but she also stirs up their emotions, she arouses in their hearts the love of God and the hatred of sin by the sweet and solemn strains of her sacred music. Music is said to be the science which unites the properties, dependencies, and relations of melodious sounds, the art of producing harmony and melody by the due combination of sounds. Like language, music is natural to man, and as man expresses his thoughts in words, characters, and gestures, so also it is natural for man to give voice to that regularity of sound, that harmony of tone, that love of sweetness, which he feels in his soul, and which he hears in nature outside him. We all realize that there is music and harmony in nature, which we cannot always appreciate because our spirits are clogged by our material surroundings, because our finer feelings are blunted by the cares and occupations of our life on earth. From all creation, as from a majestic organ, there comes one grand, solemn peal of beautiful music in praise of the Creator. Poets have written of the music of the ocean as it dashes onward and onward,



tossing its waters with the ebb and flow of the tide, now breaking its mighty white-capped billows as if in anger against the steep crags and rocky shores, and now murmuring softly along the shining pebbles on the beach. There is a weird, sad music in the wintry wind as it sighs and sighs across the cold, bleak mountains, whispering to the moor and fen, stirring up plaintive melodies amongst the tall bulrushes, and on the bosom of the lake, as it shimmers in the moonlight, now crying through the tall pines of the forest, now through the deserted cloisters of some ruined cathedral, now moaning sadly across some country churchyard until it sounds like the uncanny song of the dead, and the humble people who hear it coming through the tall grasses of the graves bless themselves with fright and murmur prayers for the souls of the sleepers.

“There is music in the sighing of the wind;  
There’s music in the rushing of the rill;  
There’s music in all things if man had ears:  
This earth is but the echo of the spheres.”

From earliest years man has listened to the wild music of Nature. He was impressed by it. He stood beside the waves of the ocean, lingered long on the wind-swept mountains, heard the melody which Nature makes to her God, and the highest religious sentiments, the most tender feelings and emotions were aroused within his soul, and fearing that this saving influence should be lost in the cloud of memory, anxious to communicate these unknown melodies to his fellowmen, he has set himself to design the harp and the lyre, the violin and the organ, which are but more perfect types of the models of nature, and to sing himself with his own voice the song that came to his ears from the waves of the ocean.

Thus it was that from the earliest ages music has followed the destinies of man.

The earliest written account that we have of music is found in the Holy Bible. After the fall of our First Parents, we are told that the children of Adam dispersed throughout the world, built cities and towns, engaged in various occupations, while one of their number, Jubal, the son of Cain, was “the father of them that played on the harp and organ.” We are told

that the early Greeks held music in such esteem that they obliged the youth of their land to learn at an early age the songs and music of their native country. In the grand, sonorous melodies of Homer, in the songs of Sappho, the young Greek was not only inspired with highest sentiments of courage and patriotism, but he was also taught lessons of wisdom and morality. Hence, Froebel, the great educator, following Aristotle, would place the great truths of religious life and morality before children in music and song, as the most direct and effective channels of human education.

With the Jews music became one of the principal aids to public worship. We are told in the Bible that when the Lord had delivered them out of the house of bondage and from the tyranny of Pharaoh, they sang a glorious canticle of praise on the banks of the Red Sea, and accompanied their song with the music of the timbrels.

But the day came when the old religion of the Jews had to make way for the newer and higher worship of Christianity.

The new religion, with its grand, majestic truths, full of deep and sacred meaning, its tones of renunciation and self-sacrifice, its clear insight into the mysteries of the other life, demanded a more solemn worship, a more gorgeous and impressive ritual than the old Dispensation. It was a music in itself. Its advent was ushered in by choirs of heavenly angels, who chanted their canticles of glory to God at the birth of its Divine Founder. Hence it is that from the very beginning the early Christians were accustomed to proclaim their belief in the new faith, their praises of the crucified God, in music and song. Whenever they met together in their humble churches on the bleak mountain-side, or in the subterranean Catacombs of Rome, where they hid themselves from Pagan persecution, they raised their voices to their Creator in hymns and songs until Pagans like Pliny could bring no other accusation against them except that they assembled together before sunrise to sing the praises of their crucified God. Thus from the beginning music accompanied the dolorous but triumphant march of the new faith, and down from the Catacombs comes to us the personification of early music in the person of St. Cecilia,

who, according to the old legend, played and sang so sweetly that angels came down from Heaven to listen to her.

In the beginning it is certain that music was sung in grave and solemn tones, which, as St. Augustine remarks, could scarcely be distinguished from loud reading, but gradually it assumed a more perfect form. The early Christian Bishops, like St. Ignatius, St. Basil, and St. John Chrysostom, took the solemn poetry of the Hebrew psalmody and the majestic rhythm of the Greeks and moulded them into a chant more perfect than any heard before. Pope Damasus (366-384) ordained that the Psalms should be chanted by alternate choirs, in verses and responses. This is the origin of the present mode of singing in the Church.

Needless to say, the people took part in all the musical services of the Church. The early Greek music possessed three scales—the diatonic, in which the music ascends a full tone; the chromatic, in which it mounts half a tone; and the enharmonic, in which it ascends by quarter tones. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and after him St. Gregory (590-604), selected the diatonic scale, and the Dorian, Phrygian, and Lydian modes, which still dominate in music and plain chant, and give it that gravity, solemnity, and sweetness which we look for in vain in modern music. St. Gregory is rightly called “The Father of Plain Chant.” Through his influence it was introduced into all the Churches of the West. It was reserved for Guido d’Arezzo, a monk of Italy, to perfect the notation. He formed the stave with the moveable clefs, and originated the present names for the notes of the gamut. The Gregorian music, or Plain Chant, is grave and solemn, like the religion which inspired it. Notes of grave and solemn sadness pervade even the most joyous harmonies, so much so that even in the triumphant music of the “Exultet,” in which she hails the Risen Saviour, in the majestic “Te Deum,” in which she chants her grateful thanks to God, thrills of sadness quiver here and there as if in spite of herself, just as in the national music of one of her fairest daughters:

“The harps of her minstrels when gayest they waken,  
Have tones in their mirth like the wind over graves.”



In plain chant the music harmonizes with the doctrinal signification of each word of the psalm or canticle, so that the various tones and modes are adopted which correspond to the thoughts and sentiments expressed in the text. Unlike modern music, plain chant demands the full intonation and expression of the words of the piece, so that the music of the Church becomes a harmony of prayer. Hence, it was said that the "Law of chant should always correspond to the law of Faith." Born of the Church, and bred by her in the choir schools of the Middle Ages, Sacred Music is the outcome of the Catholic Faith. It harmonizes with the Gothic cathedrals, with the convent cloisters, with the paintings and sculptures that religion has created. It follows the liturgical offices and feasts of the Church through the ecclesiastical year, now rising in tones of triumph, now falling into soft melodies of mercy and pardon, and again quivering with little thrills of joy, as in the "Adeste Fideles" and "O Filii et Filiae," until it becomes a popular song with Catholic children. What more pathetic music than the beautiful chant of the Lamentations of Jeremiah the prophet? In listening to this soul-thrilling harmony we almost hear the sobs of grief welling up from the hearts of the daughters of Sion as they mourn over the ruin of their country. What solemn emotions the "De Profundis" and the "Miserere" arouse in the soul. The music of the Psalms passes to the inmost recesses of the heart, pales the cheek of the listener, and unconsciously forces the tears to the eyes. In hearing these solemn strains of Sacred Music, we go back in imagination to the old Church of Milan and murmur to ourselves the beautiful words of St. Augustine: "Thy hymns and songs, O my God, and the sweet chant of Thy Church stirred and penetrated my whole being. The voices streamed into my ears and caused truth to flow into my heart, from whose fount the feelings came welling up, and I ended at last in a flow of tears." In the month of November, when the leaves are falling and Nature assumes a solemn aspect, the Church offers up her prayers and supplications for the faithful departed in the beautiful Mass of Requiem, which writers tell us was once the funeral chant of the Greeks in the time of Pericles. This music

brings us face to face with the tomb and its awful realities and inspires us with sentiments of sorrow for sin and with confidence in the mercy of God.

And as in the wild music of Nature, there is always one dominant tone, so also in the Mass for the dead, and especially in the "Dies Irae," that matchless production of the Franciscan monk, Thomas de Celano, although fear of death, horror and dread of eternal misery, and other sentiments are evoked, yet the Church returns after every alternate strophe to the dominant note which is one of supplication for pardon through the merits of Christ. It is this frequent and abrupt recurrence to the master thought that startles and impresses us.

The Catholic Church is the mother of Sacred Music. Gregory, Palestrina, Rossini, Aquinas, Mozart, Gounod, Cherubini, and Handel have produced works of art which are as immortal as the truths they represent. Lately, in the person of a young Italian priest, Fr. Perosi, she has combined all that is beautiful and majestic in secular music with her own sweet, solemn tones in the production of classical music of such a high standard that the master minds of Europe know not which to admire the more, the genius of the singer or the beauty of the song. The Catholic Church recognizes that man has not only a head, but he has a heart. He is a being endowed with reason, but he is also a child of emotion, and therefore she brings the great truths before his mind in painting, in sculpture, and in music, lifting his soul on the stepping-stones of the five arts, until he catches a glimpse of that Heavenly Land where the seraphim and cherubim sing their eternal songs of joy before the throne of the Lamb.

JAMES POWER TREACY.

— — —

I love to hear the glorious swell of chanted psalm and  
prayer,  
And the deep organ's bursting heart throb through the shivering  
air.

## Saint Joseph's-in-the-Pines

My Dear Elizabeth :

You ask me to tell you about Brentwood, but how I am to do it all at once is more than I know. There are so many fascinating things about the place, the people and the life here, that you will have to be content with just a scrap now.

Saint-Joseph's-in-the-Pines, as the Brentwood school is called, is situated in the centre of Long Island, at the little village of Brentwood, about thirty-five miles from New York. Long Island suggested the sea to me, but Brentwood, I find, is five miles from the coast. The country all about is very flat, but the village is one of the most beautifully wooded places which I have ever seen. The Convent property was laid out for a private estate, and was planted years ago with many varieties of beautiful trees, noticeable among which is a fine long avenue of pines on two sides of the grounds, once called "The Lovers' Walk," but now more fittingly termed "The Rosary." From a private residence—the original house still stands and is the country place of the Bishop of Brooklyn—the estate became a sanitarium, and traces of this stage are to be seen in the hotel-like house, which is now the Convent. Two hundred yards from the Convent on a semi-circular drive is the Academy, a very fine modern building. The gardens and lawns lie all about these three buildings; to the left of the Academy is a big field called the campus—for tennis, basketball, and baseball; surrounding all lie the vineyards, orchards, and farms of the Sisters, for the whole estate covers about three hundred acres.

The interior of the Academy is not unlike your new school in Breadalbane Street. Everything is bright—big windows, high ceilings, hardwood floors, everything cheerful. At one end of the building are reception rooms and the Directress' office. Next comes the Recreation Hall, and down the corridor the studio and the usual class rooms; at the other end lies the big dining-room, with a small dining-room off it. Upstairs are



more class rooms, and a lovely big library, lined with glass-doored book cases and hung with pictures. At the end of this floor is the music studio, to my mind the most attractive room in the house; it is perhaps two hundred feet long, with big windows at the end and practice rooms all down each side. The music hall is made beautiful by the wonderful plants, which it is one of the Sister's delight to keep green always. On the third floor are the usual dormitories, like all dormitories, I suppose, and the big concert hall, which serves also as a chapel for the morning Mass and frequent Benedictions. That, roughly, is the building. Can I make you see it? It is so cheerful, so full of bustle always—a perfect hive of industry.

For you know, Brentwood is a huge school. There are three hundred girls here, all boarders, for there are no day girls. Their school life is very much like yours; their work not very different. The Academic grades work up to the College preparatory examinations set by the State Board of Regents. These examinations are usually referred to as Regents, and the highest of them is like your First-Class and Honour Matriculation examinations. The day is divided somewhat differently from yours, for the morning classes commence at eight o'clock and end at eleven. Every pupil is required (and this a strictly enforced rule) to spend the recreation hours, eleven to twelve, in the grounds. Usually another half-hour after dinner, from twelve-thirty to one, is spent outdoors also, for Brentwood girls love to wander about in the air. There are classes again from one to three, and then another hour outdoors; the older girls usually spend this in going for a walk in the village with their teachers, and the younger ones pile into the two little carts behind the fat ponies, which one of the men brings up every afternoon. There is study or practice from four to six, and again from seven till eight or eight-thirty, as it is for the young ladies. Nine o'clock sees lights out and all the house quiet. Routine is less broken here than it is in a city school. For half the year one afternoon a week is given over to dancing lessons, the school being divided into classes, each taught by a very dapper little man, who is, I hear, the best teacher in Brooklyn. This class ends at Lent, and in its

place is given physical culture work under a very fiercely-moustached Swedish gentleman.

I should make some mention of the parties at Brentwood. Sunday is the only visiting day, and the girls have no holidays at home except at Christmas and Easter, from September to June. Every Thursday evening there is an entertainment given in turn by the classes from highest to lowest. There is immense rivalry, as you may imagine. Quite the nicest entertainment so far was given by one of the junior classes, who presented a dramatic version of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," with every detail complete except the rats! Thanksgiving Day, with its turkeys and suitable celebrations; the Christmas party after the holiday, with its gay tree and a present for everyone; St. Valentine's Day, Shrove Tuesday, all are observed, but all are certainly eclipsed by the great event of the year, Exhibition Day, as it is called, and is like the Graduation Day at home. Every morning in May until the great day the "Magnificat" is sung at Mass for fine weather, for so much depends on the weather, when the entire audience comes by special train from Brooklyn and New York. For six weeks before there is excitement and no end of practicing, for everything, from the least to the greatest, is perfect. The concert is wonderful, the graduates are charming, and every one of the relatives at the reception afterwards is proud of his own.

The Convent and its life is quite apart from the Academy, though, of course, all but a few of the Sisters go much between the two houses. The Mother Superior of the Order makes her headquarters at Brentwood, though she is often away directing her many houses in Brooklyn and different parts of Long Island. At the Convent live the Sisters who teach in the Academy, and here, too, is the Novitiate for the Order and its teachers. There is a tiny chapel here for the Sisters' use, and from it is carried the Sacred Host for the services in the Academy. I think this little scene of carrying our Lord from one house to the other is like some relic of early Christian days. Before the priest walks one of the Sisters, ringing a tinkling bell, and as the sound approaches everyone along the way drops on her knees and bows her head in reverence. But I

wish you could see it all. I cannot half describe it. The chapel in the Academy on the First Friday is something to remember always. There is Exposition all day, and the flowers and the lights arranged by the little German Sister, who is sacristan as well as head of the German department, are a marvel of beauty. Some special priest comes every month to give a sermon on that day. The Mass in the dark Winter mornings, the benedictions in the late Spring twilights, all are beautiful. It is all the visible part of the sweet and deep spiritual life, which is Brentwood's secret charm.

But it is no use. I cannot half do it justice. I have not begun to tell you of the little intimate things, of the dogs (they are fine) that are such a part of the establishment; of the amateur Zoo, which is gradually growing up from gifts; of the wonderful Irish Sister, who was an artist, was threatened with blindness, and had to give up her painting, but who, with a truly versatile spirit, turned about and learned to manage all the outdoor work of the place; the farm men and the labourers, who have recently built an addition to the Convent; of the Bishop, who loves to drop down on Brentwood for a few days in the country, who never starts on a long tramp without begging a whole classful of girls to go with him and his dogs, who is loved by one and all for his fun as well as for his seriousness. I can not make you see it all as I say, but I can assure you that you would grow to love it could you spend a year or more at Saint-Joseph's-in-the-Pines.

MONA McLAUGHLIN.

Tuesday, November 10th.



## By Wireless

Your hand and mine have never touched in greeting,  
Our eyes have never met;  
Your voice is still to me an unknown music,  
Heard but in dreams—and yet  
Your written words have blest me, cheered me, thrilled me,  
And lit the beacon fires  
Of strong resolve, and lofty aspiration,  
And noblest of desires.

What matter tho' a thousand miles divide us?  
A thousand miles—'tis naught!  
For kindred souls may converse by the wireless  
Telegraphy of thought.  
Upon the mountain-top I catch the message  
That cometh from afar,  
And coming thrills my universe with music  
Beyond its farthest star.

It tells me that the good, the true, the lovely,  
Life's well-refined gold,  
If I am strong of heart to seek and find it,  
Is mine to have and hold.  
My spirit calls across the starry vastness  
And answers: Even so—  
Come joy or pain, come shade or shine or tempest,  
I will, I will be true.

O friend unseen, whose hope my hope hath kindled,  
Whose strength hath made me strong,  
Be thine the rich reward of high endeavour,  
Life's fruitful years along.  
Be thine the magic melody that floateth  
Adown the hills of dream;  
Be thine—and mine—to follow, follow starward  
The glory of the Gleam.

FIDELIS.



SCULPTURED MONOLITH.  
(Quirigua, Guatemala.)





## Notes of Foreign Travel

### Palenque in the Twilight.

THE buildings and abandoned cities shrouded by the luxuriant and tropical forests of Chiapas, Honduras, and Gautemala are striking and wonderful remains of the primitive civilization of the American Indians. The genesis of the American Indian was not that of a savage. Not only are these cities, now buried in isolation and solitude, wonderful for their incomparable size and architectural effects, but they become doubly so when we know that they were erected with very primitive tools and machinery, and without the aid of any beast of burden, such as the horse and ox. The tools used in shaping, cutting, and sculpturing were themselves of stone, or, if not, they were of a material unknown to us, for nowhere amid these marvelous buildings have any remains of iron or other metal save copper, silver, and gold been found. Unfortunately, we have not inherited much literature on these abandoned cities and native peoples.

The Spanish discoverers, explorers, and conquerors were engaged, as we would expect, too strenuously with exploration and conquest to devote much time to the study of the country and its ethnology, to tribal organization, to the religious, home, and public life of the people. However, among these early Spaniards there were a few who wrote some interesting and informational articles. Among these writers was Cortez himself, Bernal Diaz de Castillo, the historiographer of Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba, of Juan de Grijalva, and, from 1517 to 1519, of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. But it is to Diego de Landa, Bishop of Yucatan, we are most indebted for information bearing upon the traditions, rites, manners, and laws of the people and of their ancient and abandoned cities. Diego de Landa, of the aristocratic and noble house of Calderon, was born at Cifuentes de l'Alcarria, Spain, in the year 1524. In 1541 he entered the Order of St. Francis at St. Juan de los Reyes of Toledo. He was the pioneer missionary to enter

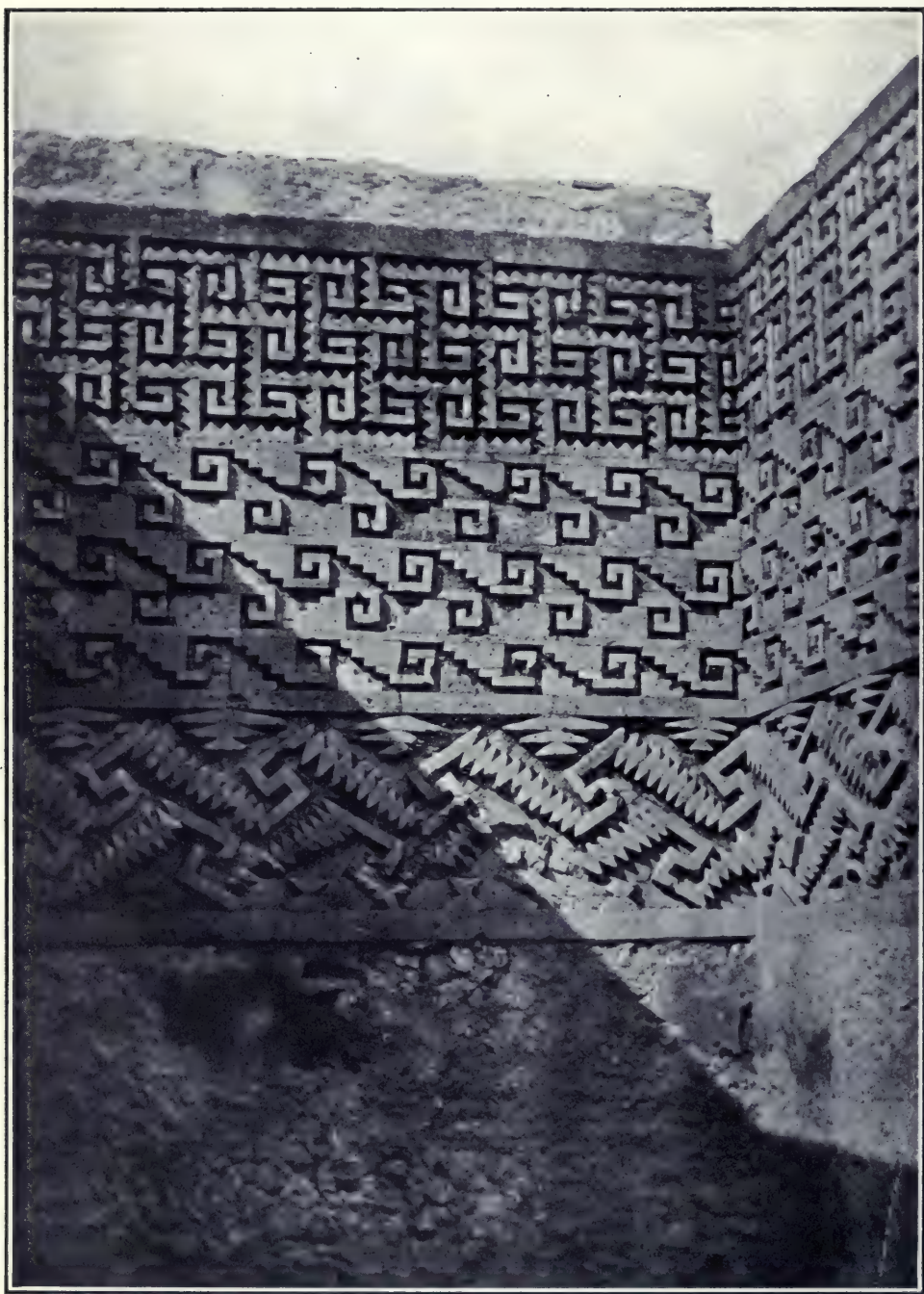
Yucatan, where for many years he devoted himself with much labour and zeal to the conversion of the natives. In 1573 he was consecrated Bishop of Merida, Yucatan, and died in his Episcopal See in 1579, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. The Bishop left to historic science an immense legacy. He preserved for all time the characters of the Maya alphabet, and in his great work, "*Relacion de Yucatan*," he bequeathed to posterity authentic information on the condition of the country, the folk-lore, traditions, and religion of the Mayas and Quichès.

As the poem of Homer gave vitality to the tragedies of Aeschylus, the book of Landa imparts life and animation to the monuments and temples of ancient Tabasco, Chiapas, and Yucatan.

But to return to the dead but not wholly buried past, I well remember the night I passed in the ruined city of Palenque, Chiapas. Everywhere around me were the gruesome memorials of a civilization and a religion which may have escaped the Noachic deluge, but perished and passed away, as all civilizations and Gentile religions, by a mysterious law of disintegration, vanish and disappear. The repose, the stillness, the utter loneliness and abandonment of the dead city oppressed me with their burden of isolation and sadness. The sombre buildings, the abode of the scorpion and the centipede, the mutilated and wondrous statuary groups, where the cunning of the sculptor gave to the inert stone all the warmth and vitality of life, the shattered altars and fallen pillars, the utter silence and loneliness embracing tablets, walls, and columns, brought back to my mind memories of the ruined cities of Thebes, of Karnac and Babylon. But the changeless dark green of the foliage, the hue of the moss, and the gloomy shades of the buildings of Palenque, wrap in sadness this ancient city in a shroud that only a tropic land and a tropic climate may weave. The epigraphic signs on the tablets of stone, the unfamiliar stone faces, the hieroglyphic sculpture on sepulchral walls, and, above all, the heavy odour of decomposing tropical vegetation, separate this phantom in the wilderness from the fallen cities of other lands, and give to it a character of its own and an entity unlike anything seen in Europe or Asia. Every-







INNER WALL OF TEMPLE.  
(Mitla.)

where around me were ruins out of which came the tamarind trees waving gracefully with the breath of the desert breezes and caressed by desert air, and no one, absolutely no one but myself, at that hour and in this weird and lonely place to contemplate the wreck and ruin of avenging time.

Most melancholy thoughts struggled in my brain and fell like corrosive drops upon my heart, for here despots like the Pharaohs, the Cæsars of Rome, or Oriental Satraps raised these pyramids, great buildings, and mounds to gratify ambition, to serve as burial places, and to conceal the worm which gnawed their bodies and their purple. Here in this abode of silence and desolation was a wonderfully luxuriant vegetation of ferns and vines. From the rank earth covering the floor of a great building sprang four dark green cypress trees, melancholy trees, nourished like plants by food from decay, and among their branches, lighting intermittingly the ruined structures, were many fireflies—like the souls of the children of the dead Mayas—flying in and out among the plants, which extended themselves in festoons and garlands over the habitations of the dead.

Around me and upon all sides were heaps of ruins, ghastly in their sadness and silence, for even the stone faces had a certain solemn sadness like unto those bereaved of their beloved. These gigantic stones, the cyclopiian walls, the colossal pillars, were painful reminders of a race conquered by the foe, by plague, or annihilated by the vengeance of God. The volcano of Masaya, in the sister State of Gautemala, that for long ages has been cold, is less majestic in the sterile solitude of its crater than this dead Palenque. Fossil bones, incrustated in aqueous rocks, teach less than these tablets broken into fragments, these monuments with half-effaced inscriptions.

The Christian philosopher devoted to the past or the future, the man of faith or of science who gazes upon these melancholy remains, as he wanders through these wrecks and ruins of time, and studies the weird statuary and looks upon the stony faces of the unknown dead, feels through his veins, nerves, and arteries an emotion of terror and of awe always produced by the presence of great solitude, or the colossal ruins of a for-

gotten and buried past.

This abandoned city, with its terraces and temples, its pyramids and sculptured figures of men and women, tells more eloquently than written history of the great antiquity of Central American civilization. For aught we know it may antedate all Old World civilizations. This city may have been a ruin when the Toltec era of conquest began and was abandoned centuries before the Spaniards came in 1524. The characters and style of writing on the monuments, the architecture and the ornamentations, the historical hints found in the old books, such as the *Popul-Vuh* and *Tonalamatle*, the great forest encircling the buildings, and the utter obliteration of all memory of the builders, even in the day of Montezuma, indicate a period of great antiquity. When the Spaniards came four hundred years ago the tropic forest was growing as it grows now, luxuriant, vine-trellised, and awe-inspiring. It was here one hundred years before the Spanish conquest, full-grown, immense, and gloomy, for when the Itzas were defeated in the fifteenth century by the Llamans in a great battle they fled to this forest and cut a single trail through it for ninety miles to Lake Peten. It was then as it is now. How many centuries it existed before the flight of the Itzas we do not know. If we could go back to its second birth, its beginning again after the land was abandoned, and the city deserted, it could tell us when these lands and city were left desolate, but it would know nothing of the years that men and women lived in them, nor of the time when the neighbouring hill was examined for building material, the first quarry opened, and the first stone fashioned for the first building.

In remote times the primeval forest was cleared, Indian corn, yams, and sweet potatoes planted, cities, towns, and villages built, and tobacco fields and plantations of tropical vegetables spaced. The planters and builders were civilized when they settled here, for there is no authentic record of a savage tribe raising from its degradation by its own unaided efforts. Then the beginning of the civilization of these people was much older than the earliest of their cities, some of which have been over-built. At Palenque and Mitta the oldest buildings





COLOSSAL STATUE.  
(Palenque, Chiapas.)





were, according to Désirè Charnay, the most artistic and admirable, proving that either the original builders were driven out and dispersed or were beginning to descend into barbarism.

After passing some hours among these ruins, one becomes accustomed to the inhabitants common to such weirdness. As the day declines the centipedes, scorpions, and horned toads disappear, the birds of night, the owls, the bats, and the coil-anas come out from the crevices of the great walls, issue from beneath the fallen columns, perch upon the branches of the tamarinds, or sit in nocturnal solitude on the stones of the phantom city.

Insensibly the night fell upon the dead city; a heavy, oppressive odour, like that arising from freshly-turned mould filled the air; the winged glow-worms, like wandering stars, hovered between the vines clinging to the branches of the cypress and the fallen pillars. The full moon rose high in the heavens, lighting up the stone faces of the dead, and, as I turned to leave the phantom city, a night bird from the thick branches of the highest tamarind gave out melancholy notes which sounded to me as a serenade to the eternal past and a requiem for the dead and the unknown.

W. R. H.

## Advent Anthems.

O Root of Jesse! royal stock that springest  
From Virgin pure as snow;  
A sign from God of truth and love Thou bringest,  
A pledge Thou dost bestow  
More lasting than the glow  
Of burning bush, or Sinai's smoking peak,  
When from the cloud of glory Thou didst speak  
The law to men below.

O Key of David! Thou that openest wide  
The gates of heaven to men;  
Nor powers above, nor lords of earth, nor pride  
Of hell shall close again.  
O hear the glad refrain  
Of white-robed myriads marching towards the gleaming  
Of new-born light from pearly arches streaming  
O'er mountain peak and plain!

Emmanuel! O King, whose law eternal  
Disposeth all things well,  
From realms unspeakable of light supernal  
Unto the depths of hell.  
And all Thy glory tell—  
The sunbeam's mote, Thy law and power extolling,  
And through the vast abyss the planets rolling  
The sounding chorus swell.







TEMPLE FIGURE.  
(Copan, Honduras.)

## Recollections of Cape Breton

**A**S I sit quietly and think of the many beautiful places I have seen, my mind often turns to Cape Breton. I seldom hear it spoken of here, and I believe it is really little known, except perhaps as a place where we get coal, or where the wireless wizard has set up his tall staff.

Business men, of course, know the wonderful mines of the Sydneys, some of which, after dropping hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth, run for miles under the sea. Boys bring forward for sale pieces of the rock, marked with the most perfect ferns and grasses of our present time, just as if they had been pressed or imprinted there in stone.

But this is not the Cape Breton I love. Tourists seeking it usually explore the Bras D'or Lakes (and most delightful they are). They generally go as far as Baddeck, a small town on the shore of the largest. Charles Dudley Warner, about twenty years ago, after a visit there, wrote a little booklet entitled "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," as if it were a joke! Which it is not, indeed. Professor Graham Bell at least does not find it so, for he owns a mountain there, and has his beautiful summer home on its shores. Here he comes with his family for rest and quiet after the stress of Washington, and here, no doubt, he thinks out some of his wonderful new inventions.

However, at Baddeck the real interest and great charm of the island, to my mind, begins.

From this point start two roads, and two only, one running round the western side (which I have not explored), and the other right up the east coast to the very north.

There is no railway, no public conveyance of any kind; so if you want to go along that road you must hire a horse and carriage at Baddeck, at so much a day, and take it and keep it as long as you please, then either bring it back or send it by some one else.

And leaving this little town, how can I describe the out-

of-the-worldness, the originality, the simplicity, of the beautiful country and its people?

My last visit was about twelve years ago, with my son, who was recovering from a severe illness. We found everything very little changed from some eight years before when we were there.

We hired a horse and buggy. Our grips, with my son's shooting and fishing outfit, were stowed snugly in the back part, and we started off to enjoy ourselves. It was glorious weather, and the matchless health-giving sea breezes filled our lungs.

The scenery is said to be the finest anywhere along the Atlantic coast. Now we caught peeps of its grand rocks and headlands, and presently were driving through a beautiful wood, over a road almost like an English lane, with its wealth of "wild things" on either side.

We drove seventeen miles to the first stopping place. A kindly, generous private family kept the post-office and for the honour and good of their country, gave shelter for a night or two to the few travellers passing.

This place was called Englishtown. A wretched misnomer! There was no town at all; only a few private houses, belonging to those having business there.

But, Oh! such a grand view of a range of mountains, their feet in the sea, and melting in the far distance into a glorious stretch of blue, blue Atlantic. St. Ann's harbour, seven miles long, coming from the direction of Baddeck, reaches out a long arm to join it, and here is part of the one road! A narrow passage of water to be crossed, horse and buggy and all, in a scow, propelled by one very long oar, and a "character," known from end to end of the island, as "Torquil." His surname doesn't matter. He was a fine old Scotchman, and it was either McLeod or McLean, I forget which.

This part of the country is settled principally by Scotch people, and very pious, God-fearing people they are. It was not considered right even to smoke a pipe outside the house on Sunday, and it was a crime to shoot a bird or a rabbit, as my boy found to his cost, unfortunately. Dear innocents! How



shocked they would be if up north with our prospectors in the gold country.

On account of much intermarrying in former days, there was a shortage of surnames all over the country, and for the sake of distinction I was much surprised on my first visit to hear men spoken of as "John's little John," or "Bill's Tom," or "Big Rory's Bill." But I think the most odd of all was that of one of Torquil's regular passengers, the mail carrier, who drives from Baddeck to Cape North and back three times a week. He was simply known as "The Mortgage"! I never heard his other name. At some long forgotten date there had been a mortgage on some of his ancestors' property, and by degrees, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather probably, "Mortgage" had at first been tacked on to part of his real name, which by degrees was dropped, and he became "The Mortgage" only.

There is a lighthouse at the end of the long strip of beach on which we land after being ferried across the water by Torquil, and, by the way, if he happens to be on the opposite shore when a passenger arrives they must simply shout their loudest, and presently he comes leisurely over. I never saw Torquil hurry himself.

This beach is said to be a mile and a quarter long, and divides the harbour from the sea. It is all shingle and stones, with some sand, where a few scrubby bushes and firs have sprung up. Along this the road continues to the other side.

It is a curious thing that all along the Atlantic coast there are many such apparent loops. In some cases they are open to the ocean, and naturally salt, and in others forming a pond or small lake of perfectly fresh water, divided only by a beach, about wide enough for a road.

We spent one night only with our very kind friends at Englishtown, being anxious to continue our way.

The road now was over some rather flat country. It was very pleasant driving along in the warm sunshine—very peaceful. No houses and no people, or if by chance we met a wayfarer we received a cordial nod and greeting. It was everywhere friendly and simple.



At the end of another seventeen miles we came to the second recognized stopping place, Big Rory's farm, where we were treated most hospitably and given shelter for the night in the coziest of little rooms, having funny bunk beds, somewhat like berths in the state room of a steamer. They also took care of our horse, which I forgot to say we had changed at Englishtown, sending the first one back to Baddeck.

Big Rory was away from home, but his braw Scotch wife (the mother, I believe, of six tall sons, and still a bonny lass) filled her house with sweet, wholesome hospitality and made us very welcome.

Early the next morning we were off again, eagerly looking forward to climbing "Smokey," Cape Enfumé, as it is called in the geography books, on account of its summit being often shrouded in light smoke-like clouds. It is said to have been the first point sighted by Cabot in his discovery of Canada. I believe the height is nearly two thousand feet above the sea.

For some hours we drove on through the beautiful wilderness of nature—though, wonderful to say, always on a fairly good road—before we came to the actual foot of the mountain, and here we decided to rest for an hour or so and have our dinner in a glade fit for a fairy's home. Rustling leaves overhead and a singing brook beside us, so very suggestive of trout, my son longed to unpack his rods and try a throw or two, but we were anxious to reach Ingonish, on the other side of "Smokey," that night, so we made a fire and some tea, and, being refreshed, began the climb.

As it was quite steep and rugged, I walked on ahead, and my son beside the horse. Several times I saw partridges in the bushes. One lordly beauty strolled quietly across the road, his head in the air with supreme dignity and quite without fear, but instinct told him to remain perfectly motionless as soon as he reached a branch or stump in the thicket, for, look as I would, I could not see him, and he was, I knew, only a few yards from me. God's creatures are not afraid in their own homes until man teaches them treachery and danger.

Squirrels, rabbits, and birds innumerable darted about. We were disturbing Nature at home. In parts where the road

was less steep we got into the buggy and drove for a time. My son cut armfuls of branches of ripe raspberries, which grew in quantities beside the road, and we ate them at our leisure as we went along.

In many places the road on the right gave us peeps of the Atlantic, which we were leaving far below, and we looked over and away down and down upon the tops of trees intermediately.

On the left hand most of the way stretched deep woods, as my son called them, and deep they were, quite impenetrable to any except hunters versed in woodcraft. Beautiful trees, maples, birches, beeches, all those known as "hardwood," interspersed with dark firs, crowding one another and living together through the ages—unknown, even unheard of by the outside world.

When we reached what is said to be the highest point on the road my son left it and climbed a very steep rock on the left, possibly twenty or thirty feet higher, to the very summit of the mountain. When there he fired off his rifle seaward. The reverberation was naturally very fine, and the view of the horizon seemed to him a curved line, running round quite two-thirds of the globe.

But I must not linger. For hours we drove through a constantly changing scene. In some places the road was very narrow, and here and there dangerous. There were a few "bad places," where it had been mended with logs, which had since become rotten and broken. One point in particular required the driver's utmost care. Here it was cut out of the side of the hill, and the gravelly earth was liable to loosen and break away. On one side rose a perfectly precipitous cliff; on the other was a sheer fall of hundreds of feet, and there were legends about this which one tries to forget in passing.

And now Ingonish! What can I say of Ingonish as it first came into view?

Far above we were, and beheld below us what seemed to be a lovely nest of mountains, blue and pink and purple in the evening light, crowding round a lake, apparently (really the harbour), which was closed in from the sea by a strip of golden

beach. Little houses were scattered about, both along the beach and a few on the shores, and many fishing boats were riding at anchor. It was a picture to make a Mosaic of. All so still, so perfect, so full of colour.

We descended the steep hill by a zig-zag road, and arriving at the bottom were surprised to find another break in our road. This was again a loop in the coast line, as at St. Ann's, and the entrance to the harbour had to be crossed as before in a scow, which landed us on the beach aforesaid.

FLORENCE MARY ROGERS.

(To be Continued.)

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Sometimes a single hour  
Rings through a long lifetime,  
As from a temple tower  
There often falls a chime  
From blessed bells, that seems  
To fold in Heaven's dreams  
Our spirit round a shrine;  
Hath such been thine?

## Venerable Bede and His Literary Work

**S**T. BEDE was a product of the Monastic Institute. To it he owes his greatness. Were we looking for a representative man of the English monasteries, he is the one we would choose. And yet he is more than a typical Anglo-Saxon monk; he is, as well, the man of his nation and of his time. Lingard has said: "Bede was a great man for the age in which he lived; he would have been so had he lived in any other age." This may be true, but were we to judge him by any other standard than that of his own age, our judgment would be warped and our appreciation inadequate.

About seventy years had passed since Augustine, at the desire of Pope Gregory, had with his twelve monks traversed the Continent, and appeared on the shores of the isolated Britain for the purpose of evangelizing that country. At first he met in certain parts with signal success. But later on the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, on account of a pagan reaction in the south, and through continuous wars in the north, had almost relapsed into their barbaric state, when they were inspired with a new religious life by the efforts of the Celtic missionaries, who had crossed from the more civilized island to the west. And so at the time of Bede's birth the whole Heptarchy may be considered Christian. The mind of England, however, religious and literary, was still in a protoplasmic condition, and was waiting for some skilful hand to apply the mould in which its form was to develop. That was the work destined for Bede—and he was a man thoroughly alive to the needs of his time. Many monasteries had sprung up. Benedict Biscop had brought over from France masons and glaziers to assist in the erection of the great churches and teach the Anglo-Saxons the secrets of their trades.

Perhaps in no country did the monastic institute attain so rapid a growth and at the same time so widespread an influence as in England. Canterbury, York, Westminster, Lincoln, Southwell, Whitby, Malmesbury, Winchester, Lindisfarne, are



a few of the more famous monasteries established between the coming of Augustine and the birth of Venerable Bede.

Of the incidents of Bede's life we know very little. He, as Shakespeare, is his own biographer, and the materials he affords us in this line are very sparse. He was born in 672 or 3, we are told by himself, and in the territory which two years later was ceded by the King to Benedict Biscop, for the purpose of founding there a monastery. This region was on the borders between England and Scotland, and, as William of Malmesbury tells us, "Through it runs the Were, a river of no mean width and of tolerable rapidity. It flows into the sea, and receives ships which are driven thither by the wind into its tranquil bosom." Of Bede's parentage, we know absolutely nothing, nor of his childhood, until his seventh year, when he was handed over by his relatives to the care of Benedict in the Monastery of Wearmouth. At the age we might imagine him to be somewhat as, in his "Life of St. Cuthbert," he describes that saint of eight years of age. The passage is characteristic, and given with a certain naivete which could attach only to a youthful civilization and a religious mind. He is describing a boy of eight years old. He took delight in mirth and clamour, and, as was natural at his age, rejoiced to attach himself to the company of other boys and to share in their sports; and because he was agile of nature and of a quick mind, he often prevailed over them in their boyish contests, and frequently when the rest were tired he alone would hold out and look triumphantly around to see if any remained to contend with him for victory. For in jumping, running, wrestling, or any other bodily exercise, he boasted that he could surpass all those who were of the same age, and even some that were older than himself. For when he was a child he knew as a child, he thought as a child, but afterwards, when he became a man, he most abundantly laid aside all those childish things."

Whether Bede himself at seven years of age ever engaged in any such terribly wicked antics as these, we are at a loss to know, but from his own disapproval of them we might reasonably conclude that he did not.

A few years after Bede's entrance into the monastery, when Benedict sent his coadjutor, Celofrid, to found the monastery at Jarrow, about six miles distant from Wearmouth, the young Bede with twenty monks was committed to his charge. Scarcely had they settled in their new quarters when a pestilence, then prevalent it seems in many countries, broke out there, and all the monks who could sing in the choir were carried off by it except the Abbot Ceolfrid and the youthful Bede. These two continued to celebrate in choir "*intermultas lacrymas*," the entire canonical office.

On either side of a rude, quaint, dimly-lighted cloister range the empty stalls, betokening the ravages of death, all empty except two. From one comes a voice strong and mature, with perhaps the slightest quaver of uncontrollable grief, and in answer rises the sorrowful, childish treble of a boy of thirteen. The scene is at the same time mediaeval, admirable, and touching. Could anyone fail to find more than one salutary lesson in these two representatives of Benedictine monachism, as in their cloister, depopulated by disease, they sing all alone the praises of their God?

In his simple account of himself at the end of his "Church History," finished when he was fifty-nine years of age, Bede tells us of his entrance into Jarrow, and continues thus: "And spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture, and amidst the observance of regular discipline and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning teaching and writing."

Like Chaucer's clerk of Oxenford:

Sounding—in moral virtue was his speche,  
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

His youth passed thus, could not fail to fit him for his future labours. Benedict in his five journeys to Rome had gathered books of all kinds, and among these a studious mind like Bede's would have wandered in perfect delight. Such a youth could find no pleasure in the heat of fight or din of war that constantly raged through his native land. It certainly

does not seem improbable that, as he poured into old tomes and studied the great minds of Pagan and Christian antiquity, he entertained to some extent the hope that his future work would have the humanizing and tranquillizing effect upon his warlike countrymen, that his studies were now having upon himself. His teachers were the two Abbots, Benedict and Celofrid, and other monks, among whom is mentioned John, the Arch-chanter brought from the centre of Christendom by Benedict to "teach in his monastery the course of singing throughout the year as it was done at St. Peter's at Rome, and also to conduct a class in Rubrics."

Thus he who was to teach the world a deeper lesson than any other man of that day—to bend into the right direction the higher tendencies of a people, attract vast numbers of pupils, and discover to them the hidden treasures of Pagan and Christian literature—began his lessons in the quiet, monastic surroundings of Wearmouth and Jarrow. Bede was, above all things, a thorough scholar.

But, in addition to his learning, Bede possessed something, which in that age at least, more entitled him to speak and clothed his words in the garb of sacredness—that was his saintliness.

There is an anecdote told of a traveller, who some years after the death of Bede came to visit the tombs where he and St. Cuthbert were laid. Gazing first at the magnificent monument of the latter, he said: "Cuthbert, if thou art a saint, pray for me." Then, turning to the more humble abode near at hand, he added: "Thou, Bede, art a saint . . . pray for me." Even before his death, many of Bede's commentaries were regularly read in the churches, and among all the inhabitants of England and throughout the Continent he was reputed for his holiness of life.

The needs of the age, just emerging from barbaric influences, were moral, intellectual, and theological. To a large extent Bede answered these needs in his works, and therefore can he be termed in the true sense—great. He was a prolific writer. A colossal soul amid minor spirits, he had the secret of assimilating the substance of the many minds that preceded



him. He may not deserve to be characterized as purely original, but, if we are to believe Emerson, "great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality." The work by which he is best known to-day, and which most probably was the most appreciated by his contemporaries, is his "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation." That it was written for a purpose beyond the mere pleasure of narrating a story, Bede himself tells us in his preface, addressed to King Ceolwulph. "For if history," he writes, "relates good things concerning the good, or if it reports evil things concerning the depraved, the religious and pious hearer is no whit the less incited, while he shuns that which is harmful and perverse, himself to follow the more diligently the things which he knows to be good and worthy of God."

This work, after an introductory account of Britain, before and after the coming of the Romans, told chiefly the progress of the nation during the Christian times. It lacks, of course, the form and character of a modern work, but certainly it approaches nearest to this of any of the early Christian histories. Bede was, in this line, for England, what Cassiodorus was for Italy, St. Gregory of Tours for France, St. Isidore of Seville for Spain, and in many respects, notably the quality of his Latin, he is accounted superior to all three. His methods are scientific, he cites all his authorities, and the principal documents he gives word for word.

"And I humbly entreat the reader," he says, "that if anywhere in this that I have written he finds anything set down otherwise than as the truth is, he will not impute this to me, since, according to the true rule of history, I have simply aimed at committing to writing, for the instruction of posterity, such things as I collected from common report."

The fact that throughout his book Bede uses the Dionysian Calendar is significant when we remember that it was not until the ninth century in England and the tenth throughout Europe that his method of reckoning was widely adopted. The style of the work is straightforward and simple, clear, and partaking of the pious fragrance of a monk's cell.

To modern days, this work is of the utmost value, for



without it a century and a half of English history, and that the time of the introduction of Christianity, would be almost entirely a blank; but no doubt to the men of his own day it must have been of even greater import. The story of their fathers presented, as it was, although not explicitly, with a moral intent, could not but have a sensible effect even upon the warrior minds of the Saxons. Hitherto their only history had been the battle-song of the harpist, and that was calculated only to stir their soul anew.

It is true that the language in which Bede wrote limited the direct benefit of his works to an intellectual aristocracy, composed mostly of monks and nobles, but the members of this aristocracy had the whole nation under them, for they were its teachers and its rulers. And it was not much more than a century after the death of Bede that King Alfred translated his history into Anglo-Saxon, for the purpose of reviving among the degenerating Britons a sense of the glories of their former days—of those days from which as many as twenty-three Kings and sixty Queens or members of the Royal family have been honoured as saints.

At the end of his history the author is good enough to give us a list of all his works. They are numerous, and in many cases curious, showing the vast extents which the mind of Bede covered.

There are "Letters" to various personages, "The Lives of Saints and Abbots," "A Martyrology concerning the birth-days of holy martyrs, in which I have diligently taken care to note down all whom I could discover, and not only on what day, but also by what kind of conflict, and under what judge they overcame the world," "A Book of Hymns," "A Book of Epigrams"; another work concerning the nature of things; a book on "Orthography," another on the metrical art, and so on. But by far the most voluminous were his commentaries and annotations on the Books of the Old and the New Testament, which he says "are partly taken from the venerable fathers, and for the use of himself and his scholars." These, although of less importance to us than the Church History, had probably the greatest effect of any of his labours upon

the mind of his age. Their reputation was high and enduring. "Alcuin," writing to Charlemagne in 800, ranks these works of the holy priest Bede with those of Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, Hilary, Leo, Fulgentius, Anselm, and Gregory Nazianzen.

Requests for copies came from all over the Continent to the monks of St. Peter and Paul. He is called learned in the divine writings, and some twenty-five lessons from him are still contained in the breviary.

In this work, he displayed the same fairness and love of truth as in his history. For, whenever he cited one of the fathers, he always noted their initials in the margin, and in his letter to Acca he adjures all transcribers to retain them, but posterity failed to heed his request, for there is to-day no copy with these marks. In addition to the Commentaries done in Latin, he also translated the Psalms and the New Testament into English. Thus was he the first theologian in England, and he drew his wisdom from the fountain heads. Before his time his countrymen had received very little theological teaching. The early missionaries and monks were too much engaged to undertake the task of instruction in so weighty a matter. The mind of the untutored Saxon needed cultivation. True, in the childhood of Bede the refined soul of Caedmon had rebelled against the rude and bloody war-songs of his brother bards, and, to the strains of his harp, he sang in the Royal courts the story of the Creation, the Fall, the Redemption. For this popular appreciation proclaimed him inspired.

A story is told of Aldhelm which portrays a feature of the time. This holy man witnessed with regret the slight effect the words of the preacher had upon the peasantry. They paid little attention or forgot the admonitions before they had reached their homes. Dressed in the garb of a minstrel, he stationed himself at a bridge over which he knew they must pass. There, after he had enchanted the crowd by the sweetness of his song, he would introduce the solemn truths of religion, and in this way he awakened a new fire of devotion in their hearts. These humble processes of infusing religion were the only attempts at theology before the time of Bede, but

through the six hundred monks who sat daily at his feet the presbyter of Jarrow commanded an influence over the nation that augured well for the development of its Christian thought.

The status of the physical sciences at that day is comprehensively given in the work "*De Naturâ Rerum*." And, although some things appear crude, and perhaps laughable, still, the general tendency is one rather strange to that time, namely, to attribute the phenomena of the material universe to purely natural causes. The theories that thunder and lightning are the collisions of clouds, that earthquakes are mighty winds rushing through the spongy caverns of the earth, that the rainbow is of four colours, of which it receives the red from the sky, the purple from the waters, the hyacinth from the air, and the green from the earth, however primitive they appear to us, may possibly in the eyes of future ages find parallels in some of our theories of to-day.

On the whole, however, the book is far in advance of anything on the same subject up to that time, for the age was a very credulous one. And this is evident from most of the historical and biographical works of Bede. Thus, for example, in the history, there are a number of visions reported. These, though extravagant, are nevertheless interesting for showing the beliefs of the nation. For instance, one is that of a Northumbrian, much like the famous one of St. Fursey, from which, according to competent authorities, Dante evolved the idea of his "*Divina Commedia*." The Northumbrian outdoes Dante, for, instead of limiting himself to three states after death, he had a fourth, in which the souls are good and walk in flowery meads, but are not allowed to enter the celestial gates until the last day. In Purgatory, heat is paired with cold, as in Shakespeare's "*Measure for Measure*," the spirit has

"To bathe in fiery floods or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

This tossing from excessive heat to extreme cold is to go on until the day of Judgment, when the "wretches" will at last be relieved.

A few points such as these mark out some of the lineaments of Bede's character. But to comprehend the man, since



we have so very few biographical items, we must remember that he displays a breadth of intellect that stands in reproving contrast to the one-sidedness, peculiar to many learned men of our time.

He who wrote a history of his people could also compose a pretty eclogue on the coming of Spring; he who found a deep interest in the workings of nature could give to the religious world a book of prayers; he who did not hesitate to advise a prelate could beg all the readers of his books "to intercede for himself with the Divine Mercy." We must remember, too, that his literary remains, as he himself intimates, were the children of his leisure thought. His highest and his constant aim was to live the life of a monk. He laboured, he fasted, he chanted the office in choir, he taught. Surely, of this leader of minds in the vanguard of the Middle Age, is Newman's description true.

"To the monk, Heaven was next door; he formed no plans, he had no cares; the ravens of his father Benedict were ever by his side. He went forth in his youth to his work, and to his labour till the evening of life; if he lived a day longer, he did a day's work more; whether he lived many days or few, he laboured on to the end of them. He ploughed and sowed, he prayed, he meditated, he studied, he wrote, he taught, and then he died and went to Heaven."

We have a description of Bede's death, written by one of his favoured pupils to another. It tells us that Bede died on Ascension Day, and the year has been reckoned as 735.

Many tributes have since been paid him as "a most wise searcher of the Scripture. The Council of Aix la Chapelle, a century after his death, gave him the title of "Venerable and Admirable Doctor." Fulker calls him "the profoundest scholar of his age in Latin, Greek, philosophy, history, divinity, mathematics, music, and what not." Burke styles him "the father of English learning"; Milman, "the parent of English theology," but no words portray so well the indefatigable industry, the calm energy, and secret devotion of the monk of Jarrow as those of Wordsworth:



"But what if one, through grove or flowery mead,  
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet,  
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
Thy hovering shade, O Venerable Bede!  
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed  
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
Of learning, where thou heardst the billows beat  
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed.  
Perpetual industry, Sublime Recluse!  
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt,  
Imposed on human kind, must first forget,  
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use,  
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,  
The last dear service of thy passing breath."

THE REV. THOMAS F. BURKE, C.S.P.

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Consider what is the most marked characteristic of the popular literature and art of the present time, and think whether it is not exactly to be described as "the abomination of desolation in the holy places."

COVENTRY PATMORE.



## A Day in Rheims

—(Before the War.)—

**I**N Rheims one is told that the first glimpse of the city should be from the hills four miles away. Then only can the magnificence of the Cathedral, and to all Catholics the Cathedral 'is' Rheims, be appreciated. I was not, however, fortunate enough to enter Rheims by the roadway; but even coming in by train, at ten o'clock at night, the immensity and grandeur of the vast pile dominates the whole city. We had only time for a hurried walk around the too-small place or square, our appetites just whetted with vague and shadowy glimpses of pinnacles, buttresses, and statues, the moon occasionally showing up most grotesquely the huge grinning gargoyles that surmount the whole structure, before it was time to go to bed.

I was up bright and early in the morning, anxious not to waste a moment of my too-short day, and was rather pleased that the fogginess of the morning prevented our seeing a flight of airships, then in their infancy, which was the 'raison d'être' of our visit to Rheims. Our hotel, the Lion d'Or, was only a stone's throw from the Cathedral, and after an early breakfast I wended my way alone (which I have found to be the most satisfactory way to sight-see, and to my companions, a French Madame and Monsieur, Rheims was an old story) through the mass of rather squalid, shabby houses, which crowd right up to the doors of the church. It was long past the tourist season, and professional guides were not much in evidence, but I was fortunate enough to meet a priest, who, while a visitor like myself, knew and loved the Cathedral, and was only too pleased to act as cicerone for me and point out its beauties.

The morning was gloomy, and a slight drizzle was falling, but no amount of gloom or rain could lessen the beauty of so marvelous a structure. There is no Cathedral in France which can equal it in wealth or gorgeousness of ornamentation. Indeed, it has been claimed that the exterior, with its more than

six hundred statues is barbaric, too lavish in ornamentation; that the Puritan simplicity of the facade of Notre Dame de Paris is the more to be admired, but I could not feel this. It seemed to me that no other church ever rose up more grandly, and every statue, every bit of carving, only seemed to emphasize the impression of magnificence and loftiness which characterizes the whole building.

The main or west front has three deeply-recessed portals, one only richer than the other with carving and traceries, till hardly an inch of bare stone remains. Over the centre door is a glorious rose window, forty feet, I think, in diameter, of the clearest, most limpid amber glass. On either side long, narrow windows rise up still higher to the gallery of the kings. Right across the front of the building forty-two wonderfully carved niches contain statues of the Kings of France, the centre a most elaborate one representing the baptism of Clovis, by St. Remi, the patron of Rheims.

Before going inside we climbed to the roof to make a more intimate acquaintance with the strange beasts that live on the balustrade and eternally grin down on the gazers-up. Owls, mermaids, devils,—all manner of evil-looking things were there crowded so close together that one wondered if ever they came to life and disagreed what the result would be.

Looking down we could see the Equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc standing on guard in front of the Church with which she was so closely identified. It is of recent date, 1896, I think, and is the work of Paul Dubois. No character stands out more vividly in Rheims than the little peasant girl, and her name is more revered and loved than any king from Clovis down, and her statue has the place of honour in the city.

Coming down from the roof we made our way inside, to stand on the threshold and gasp with the immensity of it all. The Pantheon at Paris gives one the same awe-struck sensation. The church is 453 feet long, 98 feet wide, and 125 feet high, and the same regal splendour is maintained in its ornamentation. The sun was now happily shining, and magnificent stained glass windows, dating from the 13th century, reflected a golden glory over the wonderful tapestries which so lavishly hang on

either side of the nave. Gobelin was a native of Rheims, and he has given some of his choicest treasures to the Cathedral. Pepersack tapestries are there, too, tapestries so valuable that they are rarely seen out of a museum, and a set of fourteen picturing scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin, donated by de Lenancourt. Then the pictures, not many, but a marvellous "Nativity" by Tintoreto, and "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalen," by Titian, make one long for more time, as one visit to a picture only seems an aggravation.

There must have been a pulpit, but, strange to say, I cannot even remember one, nor much of the high altar, but I think if I lived at Rheims and wanted to pray I should seek the smaller and more devotional churches of St. Remi or St. Clotilde—Notre Dame de Rheims would seem to me too grand for daily use.

I tore myself reluctantly from the Cathedral, and hurried away to try to see a little of the Church of St. Remigius before luncheon. Having seen and marvelled at the beauty of the Cathedral, the smaller church was interesting only on account of its history and the legends attached to it. Here St. Remi was, at the age of twenty-two, consecrated Bishop of Rheims, and thirty-four years afterwards, on Christmas Day, 496, he baptised Clovis. He brought about the marriage of Clovis with St. Clotilde, and afterwards crowned Clovis King of France. The story goes that during that ceremony a dove appeared bearing an ampulla of holy oil to anoint the King. This ampulla was a small crystal vase of balm. In 1793 this vase was broken in the public square, but a few days before a parish priest had taken out a small quantity of the balm and put it in a place of safety. This balm had miraculous powers in the cure of scrofula, which was supposed to have been given by St. Remi to the Kings of France, and the day of coronation was also a day of healing, the victims of the disease coming from far and near to be anointed by the newly-crowned King. The precious ointment, in a new crystal vase, is now shown in the treasury of the Great Cathedral.

Time did not permit me to visit the old church of St. Clotilde, which contains many artistic treasures and more than



one thousand relics.

After luncheon I joined my friends for more prosaic sightseeing, and hied away to the vast cellars of Madame Pommery, which, while bringing one down from the heights of the morning, proved very interesting. Our escort was the son of one of the then Ministers of the French Government, so his name proved an open sesame in this branch of sight-seeing. We were taken through the galleries, where the champagne is stored in its various stages of fermentation. These galleries are hewn out of the rock, and the shelves are arranged somewhat after the style of a public library. The bottles lie flat on the shelves, the heads slanting downwards, and are changed from gallery to gallery according to the temperature desired for the process. The last one we visited was intensely cold and damp, frost coating the roof and walls, and here the final stage of fermentation takes place. We were not sorry to leave this for the manager's cosy room, where we were made comfortable and asked to drink of the precious fluid. I, as a supposed "American," was asked to partake of a more liberal supply than my friends, but my usual patriotism rose up, and I was at great pains to explain the difference between a Canadian and an American. It always does rile me to have to explain the mix-up occasioned by our neighbour's usurpation of the name of the Continent on which we live.

Then away for a hurried glimpse at the Port Mars, an old Roman gate, a survival of 367, and back to our hotel to pack up and catch the evening train to Paris. The city through which we walked, a large one of over 100,000 inhabitants, is mean and squalid, and the few fine buildings, the Hotel de Ville, the Hotel Dieu, and the churches stand out all the more prominently for the shabbiness of their surroundings; but over all towers the Cathedral. It has been likened to a great Sphinx brooding over the Champagne, but to me it seemed like some fabled bird, soaring aloft, seeking to carry its glory to the very heights of heaven.

VICTORIA MORRISON.

## Apostles of the Child-Redeemer

“And entering in, they found the Child with Mary His Mother.”—(Matt. ii., 11.)

**I**N a wayside cave, outside the little Town of Bethlehem that has happened for which the world has waited through the ages. And yet how little it appears to matter! A favoured few, led by angel's voice or guiding star, gather about the first earthly home of the Eternal Son of God, now Mary's Son, to be blessed by His grace-giving child-smile. But, with eyes that see not, the world passes unheeding by. It will be the same at Nazareth. People will meet Him, and be the better for His presence; but they will know Him as the Carpenter's Son. During the years of His infancy and boyhood and young manhood, it is His sweet will to be unknown. But a time will come when He will give Himself openly to the world that He has made, its promised and longed-for Redeemer. And how true even then will be the Apostle's words: “He came unto His own and His own received Him not” (John i., 11). At the end there will be a Cross fashioned by the hands of His very own!

As He lies in all His childish beauty in the manger, He foresees and feels every agony of that last hour, and all the pains and humiliations that must lead to it. Yet He smiles in the joy of sacrifice. In His child-heart there already lives that longing for the consummation of His life of love, the desire that later will rise to expression on the lips of the God-man: “I have a baptism, wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straightened until it be accomplished” (Luke xii., 50).

And, astonishing mystery! All that love was for each single human soul. He has made the heart of each of us. Each soul He loves as though it were His one creation, and He would give, as He gave, for its salvation alone. Oh! the inestimable value of a human soul!

And souls are going to ruin! Souls that have been called from nothingness to life—intelligent, free, unending life—by

the Almighty power of the Babe of Bethlehem; souls for whose love there is infinite yearning in the Divine Child-Heart; souls redeemed by the agonized breaking of that Heart on Calvary; souls going to ruin, and vocations lost!

“I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?” Oh! brave young heart! Was the thought of you above many thoughts in the mind of the Christ-Child at Bethlehem? Did He look to you in a special way to kindle in the souls of men that fire that He had come to cast on earth? It is His will that all should be inflamed by it; that all should give that only fitting return for the life of unutterable love which He lived for us from eternity in the bosom of the Father, which began visibly at Bethlehem, which lasts really to this very moment in the Tabernacle. It is His will that all should return love for love. But there are privileged ones whom He would have open wide their hearts, that they may be utterly consumed by those beautifying flames—souls that He would have all His own: Out of thousands I have chosen you; be My Priest-Apostles.

“I am come that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.” Are you one of those whom He has destined to be dispensers of that life, “to break bread to the little ones,” to satisfy man’s hunger for the supernatural; where darkness is, to bring light; where despair and sorrow is, to bring the hopes of faith—to sanctify, to strengthen, to save souls? God could call you to no higher state, nor open before you a career in which there is greater opportunity to make useful every gift of mind and heart.

Does He invite you to ascend the altar-mountain? At your bidding He will come to live on earth again; at your hands He will continue the Offering of Calvary. In the bitterest of His agonies, how He must have thought of you, and asked for you, that you be His Priest! If but the faintest whisper of that Voice has echoed in your soul, oh! pray that the glory of vocation may be yours.

Has God, in the light of grace, revealed the world to you—the real world beneath the glamour—the hopes decayed, the disappointments, the longings unfulfilled—a world with all the



marks of original sin upon it, a fallen world where so much is evil, and where all that is good, but gleams of brightness from that other country where our true home is? The power and the glory of the world! Satan boldly told our Lord that they were his: "For to me they are delivered, and to whom I will, I give them" (Luke iv., 6). Oh! fortunate, indeed! who has learned in youth that the best of earth can never satisfy—that the capacity for love in a soul, upon which God has stamped His image is so vast, that it must tire of all that has defect in it or imperfection.

Does the Divine Child ask you to be His alone? Then, fear not. He knows you better than you know yourself. He knows all the weakness of your nature; it is a man He calls, not an angel. But He knows, too, how strong that heart that He has made may be when supported by His grace. He has promised His help. He wants you to be His Priest.

And for you, generous young hearts, with all of womans' tenderness and strength, is there a meaning for you in the little outstretched hands, and the child-smile, and the longing in the eyes of your Infant Saviour? Has that appeal found answer in your souls—to be less highly privileged than His Priests, but not less beloved than they? He would have you watch with Him through the silent hours. The world forgets Him in His Tabernacle home. He would have you find Him in the bright hearts of His little ones, in the desolate hearts of helpless age, in hearts broken by sorrow or torn by pain. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me" (Matt. xxv., 40). He would have you become apostles of prayer, to draw from the Fountain of Grace the blessing of fruitfulness upon the work of His Priests. He would have you give to the world the most convincing proof of the divinity of His Church, that it can raise up hearts and wills to those heights of self-sacrifice that they give all for His Name's sake. He would have you be His Spouses, purified from all taint of earth by the triple vow, that in your hearts His Divine Heart may find a resting place for Its Love.

It will cost, but all that is noblest in human character has been achieved by self-denial. It will cost; the harvester must



bear the heat and burden of the day; the shepherd must go in search of the lost sheep, often in dangerous places and among briars, and hands will be torn. But it is for His dear sake—for His sake Who came to us in the rejection and poverty and cold of Bethlehem, Who bore for us the pain and the humiliation of the Cross, Who lives for us the glorified lover of souls in the Tabernacle, in the unveiled vision of Whose goodness and loveliness and beauty our souls will find their only all-satisfying rest.

THE REV. J. J. McCARTHY.

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The worldly-wise in pride of fame  
Their birth in stellar magic see;  
The little ones of Christ will claim  
Their magi star, Humility.

FR. EARLS, S.J.



OFFICERS  
OF THE  
St. Joseph's College Alumnae  
Association.

1914-5.

Honorary Patron—Right Reverend Monsignor McCann,  
Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Spiritual Director—Reverend Father Frachon, C.S.B

Honorary President—Reverend Mother Superior of the  
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President—Mrs. Ambrose Small.

Vice-Presidents—Miss Elmsley, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs.  
S. Wallace, Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. L. V. McBrady.

Counsellors—Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. F. P. Brazill, Mrs. J.  
D. Warde.

Treasurer—Mrs. S. G. Crowell.

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City Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. A. T. McCarron.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Mrs. H. E. Moore.

Press Corresponding Secretary—Miss N. Kennedy.

## Alumnae Items

On Oct. 9th, His Grace the Archbishop honoured the Alumnae members by meeting them at Alma Mater and giving them a heart-to-heart talk such as a wise and beneficent Father would address to his most dear children. His Grace's subject was the good effect of "Combined Action," and in a masterly and logical manner he proved conclusively that if work is to be successful, unity of spirit and oneness of aim must prevail. If Catholics wish to exercise power in this country, they must "combine." Training, discipline, and above all, Christian charity ought to be the hallmark of our societies. If these qualities and virtues mark all Alumnae proceedings, then will the members of the Association find it easier to perform their duties in their varied spheres of life.

### ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The almost universal war now raging affected closely some members of our Alumnae Association who had gone abroad and who were almost caught in the maelstrom. Miss Margaret Cronin's very interesting article in this issue speaks for itself, in relating the experiences she underwent in getting in safety from the Continent to England. Mrs. Jas. E. Day (Amy Higgins) with her young son Thomas, also had difficulty in reaching home. From France she crossed to England, and after much delay took passage across the Atlantic on board a liner "with lights out." Other friends who went abroad experienced the same difficulties. As late as July 27th, one such blithely wrote from Sunny France: "On July 2nd I went to Lisieux direct from Havre, and kneeling by the grave of the Little Flower of Jesus I prayed for you and all your intentions; afterwards I went to Domremy, the birthplace of the Blessed Joan of Arc; it was a great joy to pray in the church where she herself had prayed, and at the altar erected in her honour. The same font at which she was baptized in 1412 is still in use there. We prayed also in the old house of the parents of Joan; it is quite near the old church. From Domremy we went to Nancy, the capital of Lor-

rairie, to see the Passion Play, a most worthy imitation of what is done every tenth year at Oberammergau. About two thousand spectators were present on that day, July 19th, and that is the same thing every Sunday this summer. How little the writer thought that ere a few Sundays more should come the most awful war of history, would devastate that very region. On Aug. 23rd, from Montreal came another letter, but of very different tenor: "When on Aug. 1st I saw unmistakable signs that the mobilization of the French troops was imminent, I left for Rheims and Paris. At Rheims I saw that mobilization had actually begun for many men were boarding the train, others bidding adieu to them, and women crying! The station was full, full of men in civilian clothes, anxious to rejoin their regiments; they were the reservists who, without delay, were answering the call of their country in danger. I found it impossible to get a direct train for Paris; I had to take an accommodation train as far as Epernay on the way from Paris to Nancy. At Epernay I had to wait for an hour and every three minutes or so trains were passing going in the opposite direction, that is, toward the eastern frontier and carrying soldiers of all arms, horses, artillery, etc. Finally a train came along and, with difficulty, I found a place in it. Opposite me sat an elderly lady from the fortified city of Toul, who told me that the day before the military authorities decreed that all women had to leave the place and she was obeying the order. I finally arrived at Paris at 11.30 p.m. Next day, Sunday, Aug. 2nd, I left Paris for Havre. For two-thirds of the way I had to sit on my suit case, although I had a first-class ticket, so crowded was the train. We arrived at Paris about on time. I obtained a room easily at Havre for the night, but I was very anxious for the future and felt very nervous. During the night I promised Sister Theresa of the Child Jesus that I would do something for her if she would take care of me and for my prompt return to America. On Monday morning, Aug. 3rd, I went to the office of the French Line to see if I could count on a berth on the "France," which was to sail the next day, but could not obtain one. Then I went to the American Consulate and was told that if I left Havre before midnight I could do so without any trouble; but



should I wait longer, I could not leave without a pass signed by the Mayor. So I determined to leave without delay for England. With my French paper money I bought my ticket for Southampton and London and boarded the steamer at about 10 p.m., and had to sleep on a mattress on the floor. In London I went to a hotel near Victoria Station. I learned that a Canadian boat, the "Alsatian," would sail on the 14th, but later I heard that the Alsatian was confiscated by the Admiralty to be transferred into a cruiser; but through the kind offices of a friend I succeeded in obtaining a berth on the "Virginian," which sailed on Saturday, the 8th of August, from Liverpool to Quebec. The voyage of seven and a half days was uneventful, except that at night the boat was all dark. Help me to thank the dear Little Flower of Jesus for arriving home safely."

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For all engaged in this sanguinary strife must we offer up unceasing prayer, but especially for our overseas Canadian Contingent, many of whom are relatives of our Alumnae members. For them shall ascend to Almighty God the Church's beautiful Prayer for Peace so felicitously paraphrased by Father Dollard:

Oh, God from Whom right counsels flow,  
And sacred longings, here below;

From Whom the works of justice spring,  
To bless the subject and the King;

Give us, who in Thy fear do live,  
That peace the vain world cannot give.

So, our full heart's obedience given  
Unto the sweet commands of Heaven.

And panic of the foe's rude sway,  
Far driven from our souls away,

Our days may calm and tranquil be  
While hymns of praise we chant to Thee.

Thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord, Thy Son,  
Who with Thee lives in Godhead One,

And with The Paraclete most high  
Eternal reigneth in the sky. Amen.

**WEDDING BELLS.**

Aug. 10th, at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, by the Very Rev. Wm. Brick, C. SS. R., Marie Koster to Mr. Gordon McLellan.

Sept. 2nd, at North Bay, by the Right Rev. Bishop Scollard, Anna Burke to Mr. Alonzo Smith.

Sept. 22nd, at St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ont., by the Right Rev. Bishop Fallon, of London, Christine Scully to Mr. Ernest Van Dyke Sullivan, Detroit.

Sept. 28th, at St. Francis' Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Wm. McCann, Kathleen Cleary to Mr. L. D. Floyd.

Sept. 30th, at St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, by the Very Rev. Wm. Brick, C. SS. R., Kathrine Loarden to Mr. John James Meagher Landy.

Oct. 14th, at North Bay, by the Right Rev. Bishop Scollard, Lily Burke to Mr. Parnell Howe.

Oct. 23rd, at St. Peter's Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Arthur Miller, C.S.P., Helen Leonard to Mr. Frank Megan Stratford.

Alma Mater prays that the Star of peace and happiness may ever shine upon her newly-married daughters, and that they in turn, adorning the circles in which they move, may radiate around them joy, and peace, and holiness; like the valiant woman in Scripture, whose work praised her in the gates, may their lives be such that St. Joseph's shall proudly and lovingly inscribe their names upon her annals as those of true, noble, whole-souled exemplary Catholic women.

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**DR. WALSH'S LECTURE.**

On October 20th, our Auditorium was crowded to the doors by a most representative and cultured audience, to listen to an address on "Education—How Old the New," by Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, whose fame is international. Mrs. Ambrose Small, President of the Alumnae, in a few illuminating and apposite remarks, introduced the speaker "A doctor thrice over, of medicine, law and letters." Dr. Walsh prefaced his lecture by the happy remark that, although it was his first appearance on St. Joseph's platform, Toronto, it was not his first

introduction to St. Joseph's Community. In fact, he owes it to the Community that he started on the lecture tour. The many lectures he delivered at Mt. St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia (where his two sisters are members of the Community), and St. Joseph's in-the-Pines, Brentwood, N.Y., suggested to the nuns the idea that other platforms than theirs would also welcome him, and accordingly at their advice he "took the field." To attempt to appraise Dr. Walsh as a lecturer would be futile, to gild the lily is an unprofitable occupation; as one listens to Dr. Walsh and recognizes his vast erudition, his genius nothing short of extraordinary, his marvellous originality and depth of research and, best of all, his intense Catholicity, one cannot but thank God for the privilege of listening to a scholar so profound, to a Catholic so ardent. The vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved and seconded by Miss Hart and Mrs. J. D. Warde, respectively, the former in a splendid manner voicing the gratitude of all present for the exceptional opportunity afforded them. Between forty and fifty of the Reverend Clergy were present in the Auditorium. To Mr. Ambrose Small, who defrayed all expenses, St. Joseph's is indebted for this intellectual treat.

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### PERSONAL MENTION.

On St. Michael's Day, at St. Augustine's Seminary, it was announced by His Grace that His Holiness had conferred upon the President, the Rev. Dr. Kidd, a Domestic Prelacy and upon Rev. M. D. Whelan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, a Private Chamberlancy, and upon Mr. Thos. Long, a Knighthood of St. Gregory. St. Joseph's warmest congratulations to those so signally honoured by the Holy See, and also to their relations among our Alumnae, namely, Mrs. Brazill, Miss Minnie Kidd and Mrs. Thos. Long.

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The members of the Alumnae and those who are interested in sacred music, especially conductors of children's choirs, will



be pleased to learn that the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, have recently composed and published a number of hymns, suitable for different feasts of Our Lady throughout the year. All will acknowledge that for some time past there has been a much-felt want of devotional music of this kind, and there is no doubt that this publication will meet with the appreciation it so well deserves. These hymns have been highly approved by His Grace Archbishop McNeil and other ecclesiastics throughout the Dominion. For further particulars see Ad. page 1.

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On Tuesday, Oct. 13th, the young ladies of Newman Hall, 97 St. Joseph street, held a very successful afternoon tea in honour of the ladies who have taken a kindly interest in the Club during the past year. Miss Helen Mullins, on behalf of the young ladies of the Club, in a few appropriate words, thanked the hostesses of the Twilight Musicales, and in particular Mrs. Ambrose Small, as organizer, to whom she presented a lovely bouquet of roses as a small token of appreciation. Mrs. Small made a suitable reply in which she announced that the musicales would be continued this year.

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Mrs. Small, St. Joseph's energetic and popular President, is constantly engaged in charitable and philanthropic activities. The Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Mrs. Small is Regent, brought in the largest returns on "Flag Day," in aid of the Hospital Ship. For this and for the contributions to the Red Cross supplies sent with the First Contingent, and a handsome cheque in aid of the Belgian refugees, Mrs. Small, the officers and members of her Chapter received the grateful acknowledgements of the Municipal Chapter of Toronto, through the Secretary, Mrs. Sara Irving Wilson.

Mrs. Small has been appointed delegate to the Convention of the International Alumnae Association of Catholic Women, to be held in New York Nov. 27-8-9.



Mrs. J. Melady (Elizabeth Power) and her young son, Billie, are enjoying a pleasant visit to New York.

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Among the Autumn out-of-town Alumnae members to call upon well-beloved teachers were, Miss Emily Smith, Bracebridge; Mrs. Bowes (Elizabeth Archibald), Chicago, and her daughter, Mrs. Fred Murphy; Mrs. J. C. Walsh (Elizabeth Kormann), Montreal, and her winsome little girl Madeline; Mrs. Dudley Gough (Mary Cashman) and Mrs. Fred Johnston (Dolly Cashman), Bradford, Pa.; Miss Edna Hartnett, St. Catharines; Mrs. Norwalk (Mabel Irwin), New York; Mrs. Fred O'Connor (May Downey), late of Brockville, now come to Toronto to reside, and whose little daughter will attend "Mother's School"; Mother St. Charles (Lulu O'Connor), Superior of Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor, and from the great far-distant West came Mrs. Bourne (May Doyle), Seattle, on her way to visit her father the Hon. Mr. Justice Doyle, Goderich, and from Calgary, Mrs. Madden (Josephine Noble), going to her old home in Collingwood, to visit her mother, Mrs. Chas. Noble; Mrs. Cluff (Alice Power), Saskatoon, to visit her sister, Mrs. Amos. Toronto; Mrs. Reynolds (Lily Way), Chicago, and her two dear children, Ramona and Camilla; Miss Beatrice Quinlan, Barrie; Mrs. Frank Anglin, Ottawa; Miss Mamie Burke, North Bay.

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### THE DIVINE CALL

Has sweetly summoned several Alumnae members to "leave all," and rising quickly like Mary, they have answered "I come."

Miss Eugenie Gillies (Graduate of 1908) received the Veil in the Monastery of the Discalced Carmelites, Wheeling, West Va., on the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

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Miss Alice Martin enjoyed a similar privilege on Oct. 20th, in the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto.

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Miss Jean McDonald has entered the Novitiate of the Miss Nardens, New York. Later, she hopes to be sent north to spend

her life in working for the Indians. And to the Novitiate of their Alma Mater, dear old St. Joseph's, have come Miss Mary McCarthy (Graduate of 1914) and the Misses Anna Benniger, Lenore Stock, Nina Hennessy, Cassie Cameron, May Schenck, Mary Tighe, Lily Kennedy and Elizabeth Barney, all graduates of Toronto Normal School. These chosen souls, their lives "hid with Christ in God," will not remain inactive, but with hands upraised upon the Mount shall obtain benedictions upon the faithful left to fight in the world's great highways. From their Convent Homes where they abide in closest communion with Him Who has chosen them for that "better part" that earth can neither give nor take away, their lives of prayer and praise and labour shall influence the multitude; and though the coming years may hold much of sacrifice for them, they shall realize that the narrow path of duty gleams with the all-dazzling light of Christ's dear love—ever growing more and more luminous until the Eternal Day Star shall shine upon them over the Eternal hilltops.

"I wedded my soul to the Mighty King,  
Who rules over earth and heaven;  
In the depths of my heart, without outward sign,  
Was the answering promise given.  
And I saw the young, and the gay of earth,  
With joyous love elate  
Pledging themselves to be true till death  
As they knelt at the 'low white gate.'  
They spoke the words which wedded their lives  
And united heart to heart;  
They swore to be true through weal or woe,  
But only 'Till death do us part."  
And I thought of my Spouse in the heaven above,  
And my heart beat high with delight,  
As I vowed to be true through weal or woe  
'Till death do us unite.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE ANGEL REAPER

Has gathered into the Heavenly Granaries Mrs. Hugh MacDonald (Helen Wallace), New York, who died July last. She was a resident pupil at St. Joseph's from 1879-1885. Mrs. MacDonald leaves to mourn her loss one daughter, Nora (Mrs. Harry Dix. of New Rochelle), It is remarkable that in the two following months the deceased's guard-

ians in childhood, her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Portman, followed her to the grave. Shortly before death, the latter had the happiness of being received into the Holy Church.

\* \* \* \* \*

On August 1 Mr. M. J. D. Hearn, well known in commercial circles, died at his home in Toronto, after an illness of some months. To Mrs. D. Hearn (Nettie McGuigan) and her family sincere sympathy is offered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oct. 2nd, Feast of the Holy Angels, Mrs. Law, wife of Commander Frederick C. Law, Royal Navy, was called to her eternal home to receive the reward of an exemplary Christian Life. Mrs. Law was a sister-in-law of the late saintly Fr. Augustus Law, S.J., a synopsis of whose life appeared in the last number of the Lilies. Our Vice-President, Miss Elmsley, is a kinswoman of the deceased.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oct. 24th, Mrs. Eugene McCrohan, departed this life, leaving to her sorrowing family the consoling memory of her self-sacrifice, her charity and her holy Christian example. Her daughters, Mrs. John Henry, and the Misses Kathleen, Margaret and Mildred, are all members of the Alumnae, as were also her two daughters in Religion—the one in the Good Shepherd Community, the other in St. Joseph's.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last week of October the sad message came to us that the Misses Lawler were hastily summoned to Boston, by the death of their esteemed brother-in-law, Mr. Chas. Walsh. To them and to the bereaved widow, and to Miss Walsh, whose dainty poems in the Lilies won much admiration, sincerest sympathy is offered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nov. 4th, Mr. Chisholm Fraser, Victoria, B.C., died after one day's illness. On Oct. 20th Mr. Fraser accompanied his sister, Mrs. Frank Anglin, on her visit to Alma Mater. Brother and sister had come to Toronto on account of the serious illness of their mother. The latter expressing a wish to see her grandchildren in the West, the devoted son despatched immediately



for his wife and family. They came hurriedly across the great continent, but scarcely had they arrived than the husband and father was stricken with paralysis, dying the following day. He little thought when, with filial devotedness he sent for his young children that, in reality, he was summoning them to his own deathbed.

\* \* \* \* \*

To one and all of our sorrowing Alumnae members, St. Joseph's offers most heartfelt condolence. In this consoling month of the Holy Souls, pious suffrages constantly arise that the dear departed may soon behold the Vision of Eternal Peace. Requiescant in Peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's College Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Father Rohleder, a lifelong and devoted friend of the Community and Alumnae.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we go to press cards are issued for a Requiem Mass to be celebrated on November 21st, in the College Chapel, for deceased Alumnae members.

\* \* \* \* \*

We also are grieved to learn of the death in Phelpston, November 19, of Mrs. Moran, mother of our devoted Alumnae Irene, to whom we send heartfelt condolences.



### NOTICE.

Members of the Alumnae are cordially invited to send to "Alumnae Items Column," Saint Joseph Lilies, Saint Joseph's College, Toronto, accounts of any personal happenings or other matter that would prove interesting to the Alumnae Associates.



## Memories

Let us forget the things that vex and try us,  
The worrying things with which our souls are met;  
The hopes that, cherished long, are still denied us,  
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pain us,  
The greater wrongs that rankle and that fret,  
The pride with which some lofty one disdains us,  
Let us forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,  
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,  
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,  
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,  
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,  
What love of God or man has rendered precious,  
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,  
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"  
Holding in memory the good it brought us,  
Letting the evil die.

BERNGERS.

## Christmas

It's Christmastide again. The days are short, and in the evening sky there's a hint of coming snow. The year, now old and weary, hears its summons to the past, but still it lingers—eager tho' not anxious for, the birthday of the Lord. As the holy Simeon waited, so waits the dying year.

Why the splendour of the sunset, the glory of the dawn? But to spread the signs of welcome for "Him Who is to come." Yes, grey days, too, are with us, when the skies are overcast as with a fall of sorrow—not sorrow, rather yearning that the day of days were here. Then the snowflakes, lightly falling, clear the sky, as the falling tears of the Patriarchs cleared the way for the Messiah.

Our year has passed as passed the years in Israel; theirs rich in life, ours in fulfilment. Sunshine and shadow, calm and storm, have marked our days—they marked the passing years in Palestine—yet withal an inward peace, "peace which the world cannot give," given by Him alone who is the Prince of Peace.

At last the day is come. A welling tide of kindly cheer overflows the souls of men. Thoughts fondly turn to memories of that blessed night when angel choirs sweetly sang a greeting to their King. All hearts re-echo their paean of praise: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men."

"Glory to God," for now is realized the mystery of love, He who so loved the world hath given us His only begotten Son. Now is fulfilled the promise of the ages. The promise which kept alive the faith of Israel. The promise whose fulfilment is the sunrise of Christianity to the nations seated in darkness. Unnoticed at first, this rising sun, but growing in brightness till its rays reached the ends of the earth and the utmost bounds thereof.

"Peace." True, in the days of His coming universal peace did lie "like a shaft of light across the land," but the true peace which He has given is that of the soul. The peace

which arises from understanding the ways of God, which lasts through strife and storm and trial. That peace which rules the soul when in the dark clouds of trouble we recognize the shadow of God's Almighty hand stretched out to guard us.

"Good-will to men"; the spirit of the Golden Rule made plain to all mankind. Charity, love—call it what you will—fostering the spirit of helpfulness, teaching us to answer the needs of all, the low and the high, the poor and the rich, the gentle and the froward; making us "all things to all men."

Thus the Christmas spirit entering hearts kindles the fires of kindness. Nor may gratefulness be overlooked, brought forth by thoughtful remembrance. Hence, our need of adoration, in the words of lowly shepherds voiced: "The Christ, our Lord, to-day is born, let us hasten to adore Him."

"F. V. F."

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O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expectation of the Gentiles, and their Saviour, come and save us, O Lord, Our God.

O Wisdom, strongly and sweetly disposing all things. O Adonai! O Key of David, and Expectation of Nations, come and save us, O Lord, Our God!





The Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, Minnesota, presents a number of articles, the reading of which would amply repay one for the time spent on them. Under the title "A Saint and Social Reformer," the Bulletin gives us an appreciation of the career of St. Francis of Assisi, by the Rev. Eliot Ross, C.S.P. This article should be read with interest, not only by Catholics, but by all who value any undertaking which has for its object the welfare of the individual and the uplifting of society. To prove the regard in which Francis is held by all classes in modern times, the learned writer quotes names of men who fain would claim the Saint as belonging to their sect, men who could not be accused of being prepossessed in favour of the Church or of her doctrine. He shows that in teaching his great lessons to mediaeval society, Francis taught one which can be learned by all generations, and by none are they more needed than by our own, when extravagance in dress and in entertainments is surpassing itself in its endeavour to surpass the neighbour. Father Ross bewails the fact that at the present time there is not some one "to resurrect his conception and to start anew the crusade of justice and charity."

The St. Vincent's College Journal for October keeps up to the high standard it has set in the past. It gives its readers



a scholarly lecture delivered by Dr. Flick on "Faith as a Factor of Happiness."

The Niagara Index comes with a fine essay on the "Catholicity of Shakespeare." The author shows himself to be thoroughly conversant with all the works of the great genius, and produces from many of them indisputable proofs that Shakespeare was a member of the Holy Catholic Church, knew her tenets, loved her doctrine, and revered her practices. In nearly every instance the essayist quotes from the plays lines which would not have emanated from any mind but that of a true son of the Church. Penance and Extreme Unction, the sacredness of the marriage vows, prayers for the dead, the doctrine of reparation, respect for those consecrated to God, each of these is in turn offered as proof of his statement, and, most convincing of all, is held the fact that Shakespeare showed the signs of a true Catholic in his love and devotion to Our Blessed Lady, a love and devotion which he makes us admire in those heroes and heroines for whom he inspires us most with veneration.

From St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, comes "The Abbey Student." The October number opens with a beautiful little poem on Pius X., by Rev. Father Andrew, O.S.B. There are several papers by the students, and all of them are good. The editorials are short but to the point. We wish the new editors of the Student the same success as was attained by their predecessors.

St. Mary's Chimes—"The chimes are sweet if the metal is sound," is the motto of this little journal, which comes from Notre Dame, Indiana, and surely the metal is sound, if one is to judge from the character of the paper. The different essays show diligent work and a thoughtful appreciation of the subject dwelt upon, the short stories interest the reader and are well told, while some of the poems would do credit to older minds than those of college students.

In "Our Best Known Hymn Writer" the Echoes from the Mount describes for us the work and spirit of Father Faber. It is a cleverly written essay dealing principally with the poetical element which shows itself in all the writings of the

saintly English convert, and gives evidence that the writer was well acquainted with her subject.

In Redwood for October there is an account of a celebration of very rare occurrence, the Golden Jubilee of ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. A. Mazzetti, S.J. Fifty years of obedient and persevering labour in the Master's Vineyard must have been a rich harvest of precious fruit laid by, fruit gathered in many lands, wherever the finger of the Master directed. We echo the Redwood's wish that the good old priest may still be spared for many years to come.

The *Campion* in its November issue has a full-page portrait of Blessed Edmund Campion. It is a copy of a painting executed in England, for Campion College of the Sacred Heart, the faculty of which have long desired to spread the devotion to the English Jesuit Proto Martyr. That they have been able thus far to satisfy their pious wish is owing to the generosity of Mr. Anthony Matré, K.S.G., who donated this picture, and kindly offered to aid further in making the devotion known. Mr. Matri's portrait also is given. The *Lilies* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the Mount Loretto Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, The Magnificat, The Loretine, Loyola Magazine, and others.



## Some Time

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,  
But bear your sorrows with obedient grace.

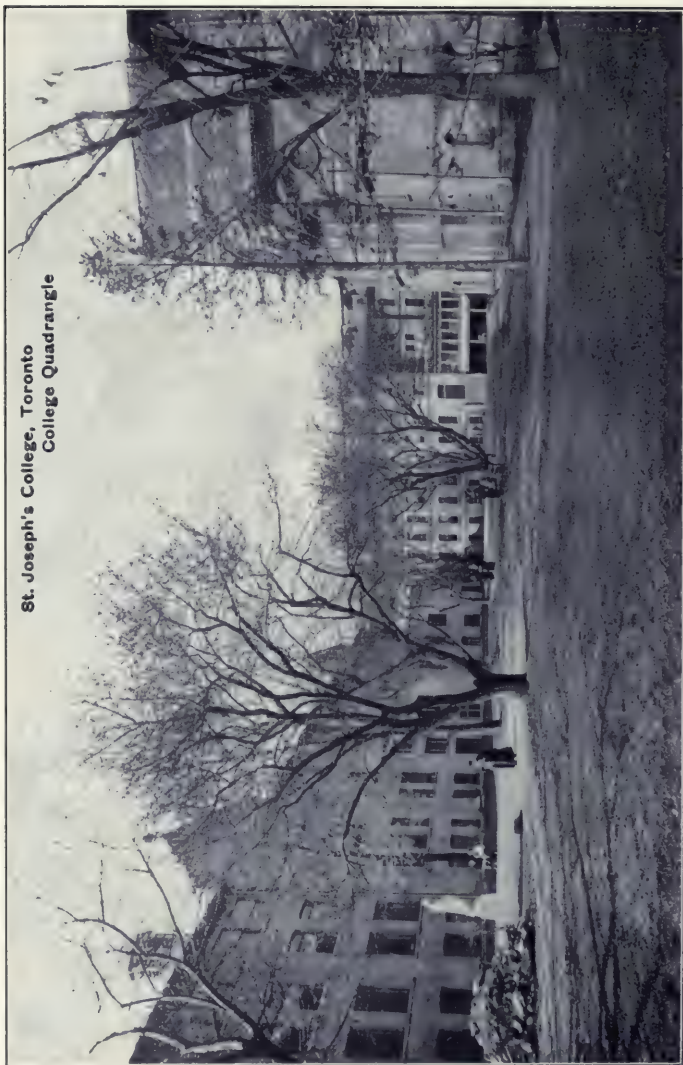
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold;  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."





St. Joseph's College, Toronto  
College Quadrangle



## St. Joseph's College Department

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trice Clarke, Eva Grisé.

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### A CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

Open wide your hearts to-day,  
Mary there her Child will lay;  
Baby Christ will make of them  
Sacramental Bethlehem;

And the dear St. Joseph, too,  
Sacred tryst will keep with you;  
Hovering angels soft will sing—  
"Gloria" to Jesu King.  
"Peace, good will!" in roundelay  
You shall hear this Christmas Day.  
Sacred sights and sounds thus blend  
In the greeting friend to friend,

Sendeth, as they mutually breathe  
Glad VENITE! and inwreathe  
Wishes glowing with love's light,  
ADOREMUS! Christmas night,

We, though many, shall be one  
In the Heart of God's Own Son;  
We, though parted, close shall meet  
At the Infant's Saviour's feet,

Where each wish shall throb in prayer,  
And "Who asks, receiveth" there.

One heart-wish I wish you here—

MERRY CHRISTMAS! BLESSED NEW  
YEAR!

Christmas, 1914.

With thoughts of the glad vacation days making a joyous flutter within our hearts, and the sweet strains of the "Adeste" singing a silent music in our ears, we heartily wish the friends of ST. JOSEPH LILIES the joy and peace of Christmastide—not that joy which is the absence of sorrow, not that peace which is the absence of strife, but the joy which fills the inmost soul with ecstasy, and transports the mortal spirit within the portals of Heaven, and the peace—deep, sweet, settled peace—which comes when all discords caused by sin have ceased, and fear, and doubt, and cold antipathy have given place to Hope and Faith and Good-Will, that wealth of the Angels' message—the peace which passeth all understanding, and is the precious gift of Bethlehem's Babe to all who renew their lives in Him. This priceless gift the wealth of the world has no power to give.

The world's corruptible gold and silver have not even the power, as the events of the times demonstrate, to secure for its peoples cessation of strife. For many a one, and to many a home, this Christmas Day will bring, if not that soul-peace, then only uncertainty, bitterness, and distress, due to the horrors of un-Christian war.

Let us hope that though the discipline of war is cruelly severe, it may be the means of bringing the nations together by a common bond, in a strength and unity which will acknowledge the only one possible Head, the Babe of Bethlehem, that Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, and Who alone can give it peace.

S. M. P.







BRUCE'S COLLECTION

Robert Ingham Benson.

## The Late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson

So, thou art gone, dear Friend. I call thee Friend,  
Though, ne'er in life did I behold thy face,  
Nor talk with thee, and yet thou hadst thy place  
Among my chosen friends. And now the end  
Of thy sojourn has come. But can Death steal  
The treasure that thy mind hath stored for me?  
Nay, still thy voice I'll hear and clearer see  
The beauty of a soul, such thoughts reveal.

And now thou'rt gone, with lamp well-oiled and trimmed,  
To thy true Home, led thither by the hand  
Of Her, thy new-found Mother. In that land  
She'll show thee her great splendour, all undimmed.  
There, in the halls of never-ending fame,  
Proud of a noble son, She'll carve thy name.

When, on October 20th, the news of the sudden death of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson was reported, even those who knew him not personally, but only through his books, experienced a keen sense of having lost a friend. The fourth son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, he was born at Wellington College in 1871, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. A glance at the collection of papers, styled "Confessions of a Convert," will leave no doubt as to the deeply religious training he received. The influence that a father such as his would exert was naturally great, in fact, Monsignor Benson himself says of his father: "He formed and moulded my views on religious matters in such a manner that it would have seemed to me, while he lived, a kind of blasphemy to have held other opinions than his." Nor, in essential points of Anglican belief did this occur until after the death of that honoured father, consistent yet so inconsistent withal. Shortly after leaving Cambridge, Robert Hugh Benson decided to be a clergyman. He was ordained deacon in 1894, and was subsequently raised to the dignity of "priest" in the Anglican Communion. In October, 1896, his father, Archbishop Benson, died very suddenly, while visiting Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. The blow was a severe one to the

loving son, resulting in a complete breakdown in health, and followed by a leave of absence to be spent in the East. It was during this visit to Egypt that the claims of the Catholic Church first impressed Father Benson—its Catholicity on the one hand, and the insignificance of Anglicanism abroad on the other, were so conspicuous. However, return to England brought peace of mind once more, which state lasted for more than a year, but at the end of that time the restlessness returned, never to be fully allayed until he laid his head with simple trust on the bosom of Mother Church and slept the sleep of perfect content. Still, as in the case of every storm-tossed soul, there came hours and even days of calm, such as were spent by him in the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, which company of earnest, well-meaning men Father Benson now joined, and where the happiness of his life, at times, was “beyond description.” He cannot find words eloquent enough to eulogize the brotherliness and true charity which were here accorded him. Yet all this time grace was gaining slow but sure ascendancy in that noble soul, that sought with such singleness of purpose to know the Truth. One by one the complicated threads were being drawn from the closely woven veil of doubt, gradually admitting to that struggling soul stronger and purer rays of faith, till finally the last thread was removed, and the path, that leads to the “City Set on a Hill,” stood out clear before him. For a soul such as Father Benson’s, to know the Truth was to embrace it, so in 1903 he was received into the Church at Woodchester Priory by Father Reginald Buckler, O.P., and in the following year was ordained to the priesthood in Rome. Nothing could be more touching than the beautiful attitude of the newly-converted towards the Church, that nursed and nourished him till manhood, and the same might be truthfully said of the treatment that, for the most part, he received at the hands of his Anglican friends. To quote his own words: “I did not know there was so much generosity in the world.” But if these were his feelings towards the Mother he had left, who could measure the depth of love that filled that generous heart for the true Mother he had found. It is not for us to attempt to lay bare what he him-

self could not find words adequate to express. One lasting proof, however, we have before us, of the zeal for Her glory, which burned in his soul—the numerous and gifted works he has produced, any one of which is too well known to call for special mention here. That our Holy Mother the Church has not been slow to recognize the sterling qualities of her son may be seen in his early ordination, and in the many dignities she later conferred on him, not the least of which was his appointment in 1911 as Privy Chamberlain to His Holiness, the late Pope Pius X.

At the time of writing, the particulars of Monsignor Benson's premature death (he was but 43 years of age) have not reached us, but the conjecture that it was due to overstrain is doubtless true; and although by his death the Catholic world at large has suffered greatly, for him there is naught but gain. For, as he so beautifully said on one occasion, "There is nothing to fear for those who stand where we stand; the very River of Death itself is no more than a dwindled stream, bridged and protected on every side; the shadow of death is little more than twilight for those who look on it in the light of the Lamb."

S. S. J.

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### TO BE A CHILD.

To be Himself a starry guide,  
To bring the Wise Men to His Side,  
To be Himself a voice most sweet,  
To call the shepherds to His feet,  
To be a child—it was His will  
That folks like us might find Him still.



## The Camp at Valcartier

**U**NTIL a few months ago we had known nothing about Valcartier except that it was a station on the Canadian Northern Railway, about sixteen miles north-westward from the City of Quebec. Since then, however, we have learned that there the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Samuel Hughes, had established a mobilization camp, preparatory to our soldiers taking part in the war—a European war in which Canadian forces should help defend the Mother Country—and we have learned to pronounce the rhythmical word “Valcartier” with that chic accent which the French impose, and have learned that it denotes the valley of the Cartier, a small, but pleasant, river flowing out from the Laurentians, whose imposing heights form a picturesque background for a military field.

As many of us had visited the camp in person, <sup>I</sup> myself among the number, and as several others had near relatives who had gone to serve their country, if need required, and were at Valcartier, we received interesting details from descriptions and from frequent letters, which were read aloud or passed around to satisfy the general interest which prevailed among us, and the curiosity which we felt to know the actual condition of affairs. We read that this permanent military camp was seven miles long and four miles wide. Thus our imaginations represented it as something much more pretentious than a string of tents at a summer resort. It was an inspiring spectacle, and also one of great solemnity. There, shining under the September sun, against the blue background of the surrounding hills, or sleeping, sentry-watched, in the pale moonlight, with white clouds floating above and the black earth beneath, was a great white canvas city of some six thousand tents, holding a population of thirty-two thousand men.

From Major Coles, whose daughter Isabel is one of our number, we learned that daily the cavalry and infantry had to be drilled and redrilled, and that in the parade ground, one mile square, might be seen at almost any time of day little

and big companies manoeuvring in various places; there, too, was the artillery at drill. The horses used numbered about eight thousand five hundred, and these had to be stabled, blanketed, and fed.

From Dr. Wright, my brother-in-law, we heard about the hospital equipment, which included eighty-seven members of the Army Medical Corps and one hundred nursing Sisters, with stores of medical and surgical elemental requirements. The latter were kept in tents, somewhat larger than the common sleeping tents, dotted here and there throughout the medical department. Also, this department was distinguishable from the others on account of the numbers of ambulances for work on the field—rather gruesome in appearance as they loomed up among the tents, their red cross showing plainly on its background of dark green.

This great white canvas city, laid out in streets and squares, and with its approaching board-walk from the terminus of the C. N. R. spur line, was illuminated at night by two thousand electric lights, which flashed out in long, bright lines down the narrow streets, while each tent was lighted by its own dim, lurid lantern glow.

Besides the main thoroughfares which separated the encampment into two great divisions, there was "Canteen Row," an assemblage of booths for the sale of souvenirs and refreshments. There was also the movies, the photographer's tent, the post-office, and the bank, where daily deposits of active service pay were made by lines of men, who filed in and out in true orderly fashion. In the streets were to be seen automobiles, motor trucks, motor cycles, and wagons. There were telephone stations—about one hundred—at easy distances, and shower baths up to five hundred in number. Situated of necessity in the centre of the camp was the headquarters, an unimposing, medium-sized frame building. Here all the office work was despatched, and all day long the place was thronged with soldiers of every rank. Rather apart from the mass of tents, conveniently near a spur from the railway, was a long, low building, containing the stores for the entire camp. Here whole departments were filled with bread, others with jam,

others with medical supplies, and one large one, separated from the others, comprised the refrigerator plant. From this centre the food was distributed all over the camp, again to be portioned out to the men when they lined up, at the welcome sound of the bugle for breakfast, dinner, and supper. These details and many others we had learned indirectly, as I have stated above.

But one evening early in October we were summoned rather unexpectedly from the Study Hall to join the audience, already assembled in the College Hall, where Mrs. Willoughby-Cummings had very kindly consented to impart to us something of her personal experience in this same Valcartier camp. Her description took the form of a pleasant, informal talk. She related how it was she had gone there, although neither nurse nor military official in any capacity. She had been appointed by the Women's Patriotic League to forward to the soldiers in camp the quantities of comfort supplies which the ladies of the League had helped to prepare against the date of embarkation for the Mother Land. As great secrecy had been preserved regarding the exact day of departure from camp, the time slipped away unnoticed, when suddenly warning came from the Minister of Militia to transmit the supplies by a certain day. This necessitated great despatch in sending the goods, so it was agreed that, to ensure safe delivery of the stores in question, Mrs. Willoughby-Cummings should accompany them herself to their destination. This commission was her "passe-partout" to Valcartier Camp. Her description gave life and colour to those we had already received.

She dwelt in detail upon the fine personal appearance of the soldiers and their military bearing, their manner of washing clothes, and their appreciation of the many thoughtfully prepared articles of comfort and protection against cold and damp weather, and other supplies of various nondescript character which the sympathy and forethought of these benevolent ladies had carefully provided. She essayed to explain and account for the strange emotions which one feels while contemplating this newly-created city, and the peculiar method of life of its busy inhabitants, while listening to that bugle-call, which is



taken up here and there, until the whole camp is quickened with the sound.

Then she touched pathetically upon the total ignorance of the men as to what their next movements might be; of their helplessness to give any definite information to the dear ones at home regarding the moment when, or upon which one of the thirty-one transports their companies would embark, so that there would be few at the wharves to shout farewell.

About these and many other exigencies of war this eloquent lady told us in vivid, graphic style, until tears glistened in many an eye, and we could almost imagine we saw the camp-fires burning and could hear the lusty chorus of male voices singing in the gloaming the familiar words of "Annie Laurie," "Old Folks at Home," and the most popular of war-time ballads, "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

"And here the singer for his art  
Not all in vain may plead,  
The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed."

MADALINE MURPHY.

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### THE WORLD IS GOVERNED BY ITS IDEALS.

The ideal of true and perfect womanhood is the Virgin Mother, Mary Immaculate. In her person woman was raised into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage. Through her the moral charm and beauty of female excellence was felt for the first time. A new type of character was in her called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. This ideal of gentleness and purity is the origin of a new sense of honour, of a refinement of taste and sweetness of manner, and, in a word, of many of the purest elements of our civilization.



## The Purification

Why didst thou come, O ever Virgin Mother  
As other mothers to the Temple came?  
Thou knewest well thou couldst not be made purer,  
For thy dear soul was ever free from stain.  
Thou camest that thou mightest teach to me  
A lesson of profound humility;  
Thou camest that thy secret it might be,  
That God had wrought a wondrous work in thee.

Why didst thou come, O Mother of my Saviour,  
As other mothers to present thy Son?  
Thou knewest well His life long since was offered  
Ere from the Father's Bosom He had come.  
Thou camest that it might be shown to me  
How sacred was God's holy Law to thee;  
Thou camest with thy doves of poverty  
That I might learn to love simplicity.

But there was yet another reason, Mother,  
Why thou didst come that day with thy dear Son;  
The Holy One Himself had led thee thither  
That Israel might know its Lord had come.  
Thou camest that God's Faithful One might see  
His Saviour, and might prophesy to thee,  
That thine own soul all sorrow-pierced should be  
For thy dear Son would die one day for me.

“Coronal of Mary.”

## Pauline Johnson

**I**T will soon be two years since Pauline Johnson, after many months of patient suffering, passed to rest in Bute Street Hospital, Vancouver. In the death of Pauline Johnson we lost a writer who could lay greater claim than any other to be truly Canadian.

Many years ago her mother, an Englishwoman, who made her home in Canada, and a relative of the celebrated writer, William Dean Howells, married against the wishes of her people the head chief of the Six Nation Indians of the royal blood of the Mohawk tribe. Besides being a powerful chief, the father of Pauline Johnson was a scion or descendant of one of the fifty noble families belonging to the historical confederation founded by Hiawatha over four hundred years ago. First known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, it was renamed the Iroquois by early French missionaries and explorers. During the struggle between French and English in America, the Iroquois became famous for their loyalty to the British Crown, and were granted for their fealty the magnificent lands bordering on the Grand River, in the County of Brant, Ontario. There the tribes still live, and in this reserve, on her father's estate, "Chiefswood," Pauline Johnson was born.

"Copper-tinted face and smouldering fire;  
Of wilder life were left me by my sire,  
To be my proudest claim."

These, her own words, show the love of the great poetess for her father's people. She has always been proud of her Indian origin, and, indeed, I believe that a great deal of her poetic genius was inherited from her Mohawk ancestors. Her grandfather, who attained glory for his deeds of valour by setting fire with his own hands to the City of Buffalo, during the war of 1812, was called by his tribesmen in times of peace, the Mohawk "warbler." This was no doubt because he possessed a ready flow of language, which he used with passionate eloquence. It is from this man and from her own fiery father that

Pauline Johnson inherited her power of dramatic intensity, and that spirit which breathes through her finest poems—loyalty to the British Crown.

While very young, this little Indian girl evinced an intense love of poetry. Even before she could write, she composed many jingles about her pet dogs and cats. A story is told about her being asked by a family friend what he would bring her on his return from a visit to the city. "Verses, please," was her reply. Her education, though not extensive, was effective. She did not worry over a curriculum of a dozen subjects. Problems in chemistry and algebra, ghosts of Julius Caesar and lines of Virgil did not haunt the horizon of her youthful dreams. At her own home for two years she had a governess. Three years were spent at an Indian day school near her father's estate. With the exception of two years in the Central School of the City of Brantford, this was the extent of her school education. But it was her wide general knowledge gained through personal experience that made her such a noble character.

Not until 1892 did she come very prominently before the public. At that time Mr. Frank Yeigh, president of the Young Liberals' Club of Toronto, arranged for an evening of Canadian literature, at which all available Canadian authors should be present and read from their own works. On this occasion Miss Johnson recited without text her poem, "A Cry from an Indian Wife." So great was her success that the public clamoured for her reappearance. Two weeks later she gave a recital in Toronto. For this she prepared the poem by which she is best known, and which for picturesque realism and haunting melody has not been excelled, "The Song My Paddle Sings." Owing to the natural timidity of a beginner and to the fact that she had scarcely time to learn her new poem, she became confused and forgot her lines. With true Indian impassiveness, she smoothed over the difficulty by substituting something else, and completely won her audience by her coolness and self-possession. The one thought uppermost in her mind, she afterwards said, was that she should not leave the platform and acknowledge her defeat. Undoubtedly, this same



strength of will and determination to succeed carried her successfully through the many years before the public.

For sixteen years following her first appearance, Miss Johnson travelled throughout England and America. In the Motherland she published her first book of poems, "The White Wampum." While in Canada, she travelled from coast to coast, giving a series of recitals at every town and city "en route." It was during this tour that I heard her recite in a small town in Western Ontario. That was several years ago, when I was very small. I well remember the feeling of awe which I experienced on seeing this strong, muscular woman, with her kind, dusky face and the fire of her Indian ancestors dancing in her glowing dark eyes. In one of her numbers she dressed as an Indian chief, and I shall never forget the cold chills which ran up and down my spine when she drew her scalping knife and plunged it into the back of an imaginary foe. Only a woman of tremendous powers of endurance could have travelled through the Canadian West in pioneer days, as Miss Johnson did. She endured many hardships. Always an ardent canoeist, she ran many a strange river and camped in many an unfrequented spot. These trips she took more from her inherent love of Nature and of adventure than from any necessity of her profession.

It is, however, in her poems that we are especially interested. Here we find revealed the depth and feeling of her strange nature. The true patriotic spirit of the woman fairly breathes through her works. From her pen come the lines so well known to all of us in the poem, "Canadian Born":

"The Dutch may have their Holland,  
The Spaniard have his Spain,  
The Yankee to the south of us must south of us remain;  
For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag,  
That they were born in Canada beneath the British flag."

There is fire and passion in the ballads of stirring days when Indian braves still took the war path. That is a weird, wonderfully living ballad of "Ojistoh," the squaw of a Mohawk chief, who was carried off by a Huron warrior. During the long, reckless drive, she pretended to have been won to love



him, persuaded him to loose the cords that bound her, and then, feeling cautiously, gripped his scalping knife, and even as she whispered her love, buried the knife in his back. Mad with her sudden freedom, she rode back to her Mohawk, her hands stained with human blood, but her soul pure and her honour saved.

"As Red Men Die" relates with equal intensity how a captive chief of the Mohawks dies, defiantly dancing his war dance amid the jeers of his Huron captors. We almost live through his agony as we read the last verse of the poem :

"Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,  
Dancing a war dance to defy his foes,  
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,  
But still he dances to death's awful brink;  
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head  
Will never droop until his heart be dead.  
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,  
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,  
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds  
His voice then leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.  
One savage yell, then loyal to his race,  
He bends to death—but never to disgrace."

"The Legend of Qu'Appelle" and "The Cattle Thief" are two of her finest poems, dealing with Indian life. But she wrote of other things. "My English Letter," "Dawendine," "The Camper," and many equally beautiful poems, reveal the trait of English imagery in her mind.

Perhaps one of the least known and yet most beautiful of her works is "Brier." This short gem was written on Good Friday, a year previous to her death. It brings out the character of the woman who knew that for her, life with its round of toil would soon be over, and who had reconciled herself to the inevitable. The poem is full of charming humility and a meek submission to the will of the Giver of life :

"Because, dear Christ, your tender wounded arm,  
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,  
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,  
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew Your care to tire,  
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,  
Because you walk before and crush the brier,  
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often You have hearkened to  
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,  
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto  
The crown of thorns upon Your bleeding brow."

Among Pauline Johnson's prose writings are her boys' stories, "The Legends of Vancouver" and "The Moccasin-Maker." The latter contains a beautiful story of her mother's life, as well as other sketches. She has left to us Canadians a wealth of beauty which we scarcely appreciate. For each one of us it was a sad loss when this soul-speaking representative of a race, now almost extinct, joined her own people in the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

"Sailing into the cloud land,  
Sailing into the sun,  
Into the crimson portals  
Ajar when life is done.  
O dear dead race, my spirit, too,  
Would fain sail westward unto you."

IRENE C. MONKMAN.

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### THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A dewdrop of the darkness born,  
Wherein no shadow lies;  
A blossom of a barren thorn,  
Whereof no petal dies;  
A rainbow beauty, passion-free,  
Wherein was veiled Divinity.

FATHER TABB.

## “This Christmas”

Again the dainty snowflakes  
Come hurrying to the ground;  
Again the festive season  
We welcome on its round.  
The cheery, gladsome echoes  
Resound in every clime,  
Of greeting old, yet ever new,  
“A merry Christmas time.”

This year we hear the greetings  
In kindly words of old,  
But feelings that enkindle  
Are tinged with chill and cold;  
For how can men be joyous,  
And how can homes be glad,  
When nations by their warring  
Are making all hearts sad?

Then list! ye grasping nations,  
Your useless battles cease;  
Recall the night so long ago  
On which the Prince of Peace  
For manger cold and dreary,  
Exchanged His throne above,  
To bring unto His children  
The message of His love.

Why lay your lands so barren?  
Why wreck the homes so dear?  
Is not a nation's duty  
To foster, love, and cheer?  
Then peace spread o'er your cities,  
And let your glad bells chime,  
And wish again the grand old wish—  
“A Merry Christmas Time.”

MAY CREAMER.

## A Lover of the Blessed Sacrament

**A**MONG the shepherds who "kept watch over their flocks" on the grassy slopes of the Sierras, not far from the City of Valencia, Spain, there was, about the year 1558, a holy youth whose attraction toward the Church and toward the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle was most remarkable. There was a monastery in the vicinity of the pasture fields, and it was the boy's longing to hasten to it every morning, when the hour for Holy Mass had come; but, when the duties of his state deprived him of this favour, the youth would kneel on the slopes, and, guided by the tinkling of the bells, he would follow the parts of the Mass with striking recollection and reverence. One morning, as the bell announced the time of the Elevation, our shepherd gave expression to the ardent longing of his soul in this cry of love: "My Master—my adorable Master, oh, that I might see Thee!" Scarcely had he uttered this plaint of desire when he saw, very high in the sky, a luminous point which, like the brilliant star that had guided the Magi to Bethlehem, shone with wondrous splendour. To a glorious vision would this star lead the holy shepherd too, for, as he watched it twinkling, now shining with the brightness of fire and again fading into dimness, only to blaze anew into a dazzling light, suddenly the portion of the sky which it marked seemed to part asunder, and, lo! through this lattice in the firmament he saw Angels in adoration before the Sacred Host, which surmounted a Chalice. The child's longing desire was satisfied, and in presence of the Majesty of God, he prostrated himself in adoration. Then, raising his eyes heavenward again, he gazed upon the beautiful vision with ecstatic delight and deep consolation. In his generosity, he then thought of sharing this favour with his companions, and hastening to them he said, his countenance aglow with joy: "Kneel down! Do you not see on high yon golden Chalice, and the bright rays darting from the Host? It is the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. The Angels are adoring it. Come, let us join our adoration to theirs."



The shepherds fell upon their knees in adoration, and with eager glances they searched the vault of Heaven, but the vision was not disclosed to them. Nevertheless, they firmly believed in its reality, for they realized that only great purity of heart and holiness of soul would draw down such blessings. As for themselves, they acknowledged that they were only sinners, unworthy of such favours.

The parents of Paschal, Martin Baylon, and Elizabeth Jubera belonged to that valiant race of Catholic Spain whose high sense of honour and faith made them most loyal Christians. On the Feast of Pentecost, the Pasch of the Holy Ghost, in 1540, they were given a child whom they called Paschal, and, true to his name, this favoured child was ever docile to the inspirations of the Great Sanctifier of souls, and hence was laden more and more with the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The first words Paschal's pious mother taught him to pronounce were the holy names of Jesus and Mary. The little one said his prayers so fervently and listened to anything regarding God so attentively that his parents did not fail to notice in him the most precocious piety, and thanked God Who had sent them an angel. The first time that baby Paschal was brought to Mass, he watched, from his mother's arms, the actions of the Celebrant with undivided attention. At the Elevation, his eyes rested for the first time on the Sacred Host, and from that moment he showed an irresistible attraction for our Lord in the Tabernacle. Too young as yet to walk, the child one day crept to the Church, and having made his way to the very altar steps, he knelt before the Tabernacle, his eyes fixed on the little door. Every time that he could escape, he would go and kneel before our loving Saviour. Thus was his characteristic attraction disclosed. Our Lord had undoubtedly revealed to him the sweetness of His Presence in the Holy Eucharist, and had so won his love that throughout all his life he found rest only in the Sacred Presence, and happiness only in loving and honouring the Divine Prisoner. So potent was the influence of this intercourse with the God of all holiness that, from the tenderest age, all the actions of our saint were stamped with a sublimity, a holiness, and a virtue that God

alone can impart. Whether at play with his brother and sister, whether in the company of rude shepherds, Paschal always won the respect and confidence of all around him, and ever exercised a wonderful influence for good. His gentleness, his uprightness, his genuine piety, and his angelic modesty were "as a shining light."

If Paschal was admitted into the inner secrets of God's love, it was by reason of the influence of our Heavenly Queen, whom he loved and honoured. "All graces come to us through Mary," hence the secret of Paschal's "finding grace with God" was devotion to His Blessed Mother. It was Mary who taught Paschal the virtues that please her Divine Son, that lead to His Sacred Heart. So tender was his love of her, so eager was he to join his voice to the chorus of praise which rises from earth to greet the Queen of Angels, that the poor little unlettered shepherd longed to learn to read that he might be able to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Having procured an Office book, the brave lad would station himself on the high-road, and when he saw anyone of kindly aspect approach he would advance gently toward him and humbly beg him to teach him a few words. Having received his short lesson, he would retire to his solitude, and there study what he had been taught. With the perseverance characteristic of the saints, Paschal did not discontinue his labour until he had obtained his end, and could recite beautiful prayers and invocations from pious books. Not far from his native village, Torre Hermosa, stands the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Sierra, where a miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin has been venerated by the faithful for many centuries. Paschal preferred this spot to any other part of the pasture fields. There he pitched his tent and fed his flock; there he felt secure from all danger. "Both the shepherd and his flock are nowhere better off than in Our Lady's territory," were the simple words of explanation he would give to the master-shepherd. "The Mother of the Good Shepherd has taken it upon herself to protect me, and to look after my sheep." To the great majority of boys, the long hours of solitude of a shepherd's life are most irksome, but to Paschal there was no tedium about his solitary life—

he welcomed the quiet leisure, during which he recollected the presence of God and gave praise to Him. Sometimes his prayer took the form of hymns, and many a pleasant hour did he spend singing sweet refrains to the Blessed Virgin, accompanying himself on his guitar.

Paschal, whose life from his infancy bore the impress of God's grace, was destined to be favoured with that great spiritual gift, the grace of a religious vocation. There was no doubt as to the religious Order Paschal would join. Apart from the above-mentioned invitation, the utter poverty and absolute detachment of the Franciscans exactly suited his aspirations. Accordingly, he turned his steps toward Valencia, and having reached the ancient City of Monteforte, he knocked at the gate of the Convent of the Friars of the Reform, who had built there a Friary, under the invocation of Our Lady of Loretto. On bended knees, he begged, for the love of God, to be admitted. But, since it was his desire to follow our Lord, it must be seen whether he could share His sufferings. Like others whom God loves, Paschal must be placed in the crucible of trial that his love might be tested. The Superiors of the Monastery, not being acquainted with this quaintly-dressed youth, demurred about accepting him, and held out only vague hopes for the future. It was now that the saintly youth proved his worth. Resignation to God's Will, spiritual writers tell us, is the sum-total of all virtues. Instead of yielding to despondency, he set himself to win, as it were, the favour of God by greater fidelity. As he did not wish to go far from the abode wherein he longed to dwell, he resumed his former shepherd-life upon the Sierras, in the service of a wealthy land-owner of the nearby City of Monteforte. It was during the two long years of weary waiting that Paschal grew so rapidly in holiness as to draw down upon himself the great Heavenly favour of which we have spoken at the beginning of this narrative. At length, the Religious Order, known as the Reform of the Discalced Friars of Regular Observance, opened its doors to the earnest aspirant. The austerity of this Order may be judged from the fact that it had, for its Reformer, St. Peter of Alcantara, the great mystic and most



austere of Spanish penitents. So heroic in penance, so advanced in contemplation, were the members of this Reform that one would have taken them for Angels in the flesh, seemingly superior to the needs of human nature. Here the generous youth felt at home from the first, and drank in the native air of saintly souls. "Never was novice so humble, so docile, so fervent," wrote the Religious of Loretto. He entered into the spirit of the Order, joyously fulfilled all the duties imposed by the rules, and lovingly performed all its practices. Especially did the Franciscan traditional devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin please him. But the truest cause of his happiness in the Religious House was the realization of his life-long desire—he dwelt under the same roof as Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At every opportunity he hastened to the Chapel, whither Our Eucharistic Lord attracted him so powerfully. He was ever the first in Choir at midnight Office and the last to leave. The chief office assigned to Paschal was that of Porter, and with this charge went the function of opening the Chapel door in the morning and of giving the signal for the Religious to rise, in both of which he found great consolation. Another of his appointments was that of providing for the poor. In his humility, he considered himself their servant, and he received the most repulsive as old friends. The sick and the afflicted were equally the objects of his sympathy and charity. The good brother, a model of simplicity himself, had a special love for little children. "In each of these boys," he said, "I see the Child Jesus, and in each of these Ninas I see our Lady as a little girl." In short, Paschal was a true son of St. Francis, exact to the smallest points of the rule, loving obedience as the straight road to Heaven, detached from all earthly objects, and practising poverty to the point of always securing the poorest cell and the coarsest garments, mortified to such a degree that all marvelled at the amount of suffering his poor body was able to endure. Nevertheless, like the rigorous Reformer of the Order, St. Peter of Alcantara, his character showed two seemingly opposite qualities: harshness and sweetness. In the same degree as he was harsh toward himself, he was sweet toward



others, always smiling and ready to help.

When Paschal was in his fifty-third year, God revealed to him his approaching death, and he could not hide his joy over his homegoing. While the Religious were grieved to lose their holy brother, he, on his side, was overjoyed. "For years," he said, "I have yearned for this day, and have besought Our Lord to take me from this land of exile." At dawn on Whit-Sunday, the dying Brother asked to be clothed in the habit of the Order. As soon as he knew that Holy Mass had begun, his soul was filled with joy and a look of Heavenly peace overspread his pale countenance, for he knew that he was to die during the Holy Sacrifice on that feast. Suddenly, the bell began to toll for the Elevation; our Saint at once called upon Our Lord just come down to the altar, "Jesus! Jesus!" then he gently breathed his last.

Two strange events after the Saint's death prepared the way for the continuous chain of miracles which were soon to follow. At the moment of Paschal's death, two persons of well-known sanctity saw his soul, shining with glory, borne Heavenward in a fiery chariot. His body was exposed in the church, and during Mass on the third day after his death, the people saw the servant of God open his eyes, at the Elevation, and gaze upon the Sacred Host, then close them gently. He reopened them to contemplate the Chalice containing Our Lord's Precious Blood. All the witnesses were moved by this prodigy, and all looked upon it as a reward from our Lord for Paschal's extraordinary devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The number of miracles performed around his holy remains would seem incredible, were they not attested by many trustworthy witnesses. No one was surprised when, on opening the tomb, our Saint's body was found to be incorrupt and emitting an agreeable fragrance.

How fitting it is that the Patron of Eucharistic Associations should be one whose heart and soul was ever centred in the Most Holy Eucharist, and with what gratitude we appreciate the happy inspiration which led the Holy Pontiff Leo. XIII., of holy memory, to entreat St. Paschal Baylon to accord his Heavenly protection to all the associations connected with

the Blessed Sacrament.

There is such a wise dispensation in the works of God that, to those who reflect on them, even for a few brief moments, many beautiful analogies present themselves. It was St. Francis of Assisi, the great Founder of the Order to which Paschal belonged, who first conceived the beautiful idea of representing objectively the touching scene which was enacted at Bethlehem. Few Saints have equalled St. Francis' devotion to the Holy Infancy of Our Lord. Now it is very fitting that one of his sons, St. Paschal Baylon, should be an almost unrivalled lover of the Blessed Eucharist, the lasting Bethlehem, that he should be one of the most zealous propagators of devotion toward Jesus in the Tabernacle. May this ardent adorer of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament teach us also to love our Lord dwelling upon our altars. May he obtain from that Divine Prisoner the grace that He would deign to draw us to Himself by the cords of His love, that He would attract us by vouchsafing to make us taste the sweetness of His Presence. Oh! that our hearts were more loving! That our Communions were more reverently and more fervently received! Then, we too, would not only admire, but experience, the wonderful attractions and insatiable love of the saints, who, with St. John of the Cross, could sing the Canticle of the blessed mystic union of the soul with its God:

"Who tastes Thee, Jesus, hungers for Thee sore!  
Who drinks deep draughts of Thee still craves for more.  
Nor shall his burning longing e'er grow cold,  
Thy sacred Heart, O Lord, close claspt to hold."

We shall let the Little Flower of Jesus, that loving client of St. John of the Cross, draw for us a deep lesson from the beautiful life just sketched—the lesson of fervent preparation for Holy Communion.

"Let us make of our heart a garden of delights where Our Sweet Saviour may come and take His rest. Let us plant only lilies there, and sing with St. John of the Cross:

"There I remained in deep oblivion,  
My head reposing upon Him I love,  
Lost to myself and all!  
I cast my cares away,  
And let them, heedless, 'mid the lilies lie!"

S. M. C.

## Peace On Earth

'Twas midnight near Jerusalem,  
The stars were gleaming bright,  
As softly through the darksome blue,  
Was seen a wondrous light.

Along the sky clear chorus rang,  
Echoing from hill and glen,  
"Peace on Earth," glad voices sang,  
"Peace on Earth, good-will to men."

Thine earth then, Lord, was full of grief,  
Thy Heaven was full of love,  
'Twas Thy great love for men in chief,  
Which drew Thee from above.

The earth from strife Thou didst recall,  
Thy love didst cast out fear,  
Thou, Bethlehem's Babe, was Lord of all,  
Thy Crib drew proud men near.

Grief dwells throughout our land to-day,  
For many a noble son,  
Yet patient in our grief we pray,  
"O Lord! Thy will be done!"

If warring nations now would heed  
The voice from Bethlehem,  
"Good will to men"—the crying need,  
Sweet Peace might come again.

Repeat Thy message of good-will,  
Dear Lord, let carnage cease,  
On friends and foes have mercy still,  
Sweet Babe, and give us peace.

KATHLEEN GRAY.

## Casilda

**C**ASILDA is one of the prettiest—perhaps the prettiest—of the many Spanish-Moorish traditions. We give a translation from the popular Spanish author, Antonio de Treuba y Quintana. Trueba took the story from a Spanish poem by the Jesuit Pedro de Reynosa. Saint Casilda is held in especial veneration in the Province of Burgos.

### I.

The King of Toledo was the Moor Almenon, with whom Ferdinand the Great, King of Castile, maintained a cordial friendship. The Moorish King had a very beautiful and tender-hearted daughter, named "Casilda." A Castilian slave told the daughter of the Moorish King that the Christians loved God, their King, their parents, their brothers, and their wives. The slave told the Moorish princess, moreover, that the Christians were never left without a mother, because when their earthly mother died another mother, called Mary, remained to them, who was immortal.

Year after year passed away, and Casilda grew in spiritual and corporal beauty. Her mother died, and she envied the happiness of the Christian orphans.

At the farthest end of the garden which surrounded the palace of the Moorish King there were gloomy underground prisons, where many captive Christians, hungry and laden with chains, were groaning.

It happened one day that Casilda took a walk around her father's gardens, and she heard the moans of the poor captives. The Moorish princess went back to the palace, her heart filled with grief.

### II.

At the palace door Casilda met her father, and kneeling at his feet she said to him: "Father, father! In the underground prison groan many captives. Take off their chains, open the doors of the prison, and let them return to the land of the Christians, where parents, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts are weeping for them."



The Moor blessed his daughter in the depths of his heart, because he was good and he loved Casilda as the apple of his eye. The poor Moor had no other child. He loved Casilda because she was his daughter, and because she was, moreover, the living image of the dear wife whose loss he had been lamenting for a year. But the Moor was a Mahommedan, and a King rather than a father, and he believed himself obliged to punish the boldness of his child. To pity captive Christians, and to ask their release, was a crime which the Prophet had commanded to be punished with death.

Therefore, he hid the tenderness of his soul, and said to Casilda with an angry and threatening voice: "Begone, false believer, begone! Your tongue shall be cut out and your body thrown into the flames. Such a punishment is deserved by one who pleads for the Christians." And he was going to call his executioners to take his daughter, but Casilda fell again at his feet, asking pardon in memory of her mother.

The poor Moor felt his eyes fill with tears. He pressed his child to his heart and forgave her, saying: "Take care not to plead again for the Christians, nor even to pity them, because then there shall be no mercy for you. The Holy Prophet has written: 'The believer who does not exterminate the infidels shall be exterminated.'"

### III.

The birds were singing, the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, the flowers opened their blossoms, and the morning breeze swept the perfume from the garden to the palace of the Moorish King.

Casilda was very sad. She looked out of the window to beguile her melancholy. The garden seemed to her so beautiful that she could not resist its enchantment, and she went out to while away her sadness among its fragrant boughs.

Tradition tells us that the Angel of Compassion, in the shape of a beautiful butterfly came out to meet her, and charmed her heart and her eyes. The butterfly flitted on and on and on from flower to flower, and Casilda followed, without being able to overtake it. Butterfly and child came at length to a strong wall, which the butterfly penetrated, leaving the girl

charmed and motionless. Behind that thick wall Casilda heard sad lamentations, and then she remembered that there were the poor Christians, hungry and laden with chains, for whom in Castile parents, brothers, sisters, and wives were weeping.

Charity and pity fortified her soul and illuminated her understanding. Casilda turned to the palace, and taking food and money, returned toward the prison, following the butterfly that again presented itself to her. The gold was to bribe the jailers, and the meats to feed the captives. She was concealing the gold and the food in the folds of her dress, when, on turning a corner of the rose bush walk, she came upon her father, who had also come out to beguile his melancholy. "What are you doing here so early, light of my eyes?" The princess turned red as the roses which rocked beside her in the morning breeze, and at last answered her father: "I have come to admire these flowers, to listen to the singing of the birds, to contemplate the reflection of the sun in these fountains, and to breathe this perfumed air." "What have you concealed in the folds of your dress?" Casilda invoked from the bottom of her heart the Mother of the Christians, and then replied to her father: "I carry roses which I have gathered from these rose bushes." Almenon, doubting her sincerity, pulled at the folds of her dress, and a shower of roses scattered over the ground.

#### IV.

The girl was pale, pale as the white lilies in the garden of her father, the Moorish King. It is said that hardly any blood was left in Casilda's veins, as every day it gushed forth, reddening the string of pearls which shone between her lips. The girl was pale, and the Moorish King was dying with grief at seeing his daughter so near to the grave.

When the physicians of Toledo could not succeed in restoring the princess' health, Almenon called to his court the most famous physicians of Cordova and Seville. But if the science of the former had been powerless, so also was that of the latter.

"I will give my kingdom and my treasures to the one who saves my daughter!" exclaimed the poor Moor, seeing Casilda about to breathe her last. But no one succeeded in gaining his kingdom and his treasures, and the blood continued to gush

out, reddening the string of white pearls that shone between her lips.

"My daughter is dying," wrote the King of Toledo to the King of Castile. "If in your kingdom there is anyone who can save her let him come to my court, and I will give him my kingdom, my treasures, and even my daughter."

V.

Everywhere in the Kingdoms of Castile and Leon could be heard public proclamations, announcing that the King of Toledo offered to the one who would restore health to the princess his kingdom, his treasures, and even his daughter, whose cure he so anxiously desired.

Tradition tells that a physician from Judea went to the King of Castile, offering to cure the Moorish princess. And such was the wisdom which shone in his words and the faith which the goodness shining in his countenance inspired, that the King of Castile did not hesitate to give him letters, assuring Almenon that he was sending with them the saviour of the Princess Casilda.

Scarcely had the physician from Judea touched the forehead of the girl when the blood ceased to gush forth, and the colour of the rose began to appear in the pale cheeks of the invalid.

"Take my kingdom!" cried Almenon, wild with joy and weeping for gratitude.

"My kingdom is not of this world," replied the physician who had come from Judea.

"Take my greatest treasure," responded the King of Toledo, pointing to his daughter. And making a signal of acceptance, the physician extended his hand toward Castile and said: "Over there are some purifying waters that must complete the cure."

The next day the Princess Casilda passed into the land of the Christians, accompanied by the physician from Judea.

Casilda and the physician who had come from Judea walked on and on, until at last they came to a lake of fresh, blue water. The physician took some drops of water in the hollow of his hand, and pouring them on the princess' forehead



exclaimed: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The princess felt an ineffable joy, like to that which in her childhood the Christian slave told her was felt by the blessed in Paradise. Her knees bent, her eyes were raised to the blue vault of Heaven, and around her resounded sweetest hosannas. The physician who had come from Judea was no longer at her side. Surrounded by a brilliant radiance, He was ascending towards the blue vault of Heaven. "Who are you, Lord? Who are you?" exclaimed the princess, astonished and dazzled.

"I am thy Spouse. I am He who gave health to the daughter of Jairus, who was suffering from the sickness you had. I am He who said, 'Whosoever shall leave home or brothers or sisters or parents or wife or children or lands for My name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess eternal life.'"

On the shore of the blue lake, which to-day bears the name "St. Vincent," and which is in the land of Briviesca, there is a poor hermitage where lived alone the daughter of the Moorish King, who is now called Saint Casilda.

MERCEDES POWELL.

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### IN EARNEST.

"In earnest" is a word of power,  
It strives with sin and woe,  
It fights its battles every hour,  
And conquers every foe;  
It takes the road it meant at first,  
And keeps it night and day;  
The beam may warm, the cloud may burst,  
It turns not from its way.

The earnest soul will capture heaven,  
Whate'er his state may be;  
The strongest chains can still be riven  
By them that would be free.  
Pray with a firm resolve to do,  
And God will aid the right;  
The crown will be reward for you  
Who bravely dare to fight.  
Well roars the storm to those that hear



## The Influence of Science and Doubt on Nineteenth Century Poetry

THE beginning of the Nineteenth Century witnessed the development of poetic genius, known as the Revival of Romance. Since it was, in the main, a development of the imaginative sensibility, it is difficult to trace in it any direct effect of science, and it is only by considering the lives of the poets, together with their productions, that we discover the sources of romantic thought to be the "Naturalism of Rousseau" and the "Transcendentalism of Kant." Although the springs of the poets' inspirations were as numerous as the poets themselves, yet they had one thing in common, they were the means of escape from the purely material. The philosophy of the Eighteenth Century was materialistic, and it was not competent to deal with the imagination, at this time coming to be considered a potent force in literary creations. As a result, the romantic poets had to formulate their own ideals, and these ideals were varied by the characters of the poets, for they all held "Freedom" in high esteem.

Compared with later poets, the Romanticists seemed to have only a partial vision of the world of men. They described the Patriot, the Peasant, the Visionary, the Child, but these are only simple aspects of that wide world which Science opened for the younger poets. This wider vision gave the latter, first, a greater variety of subjects, and, secondly, turned them to a great extent from the abstract to the clear and concrete phases of the life around them. This last is due rather to the indirect influence of Science, as it led to a growth of Materialism and to doubt and dissatisfaction with old religious ideals. The poetry of the last half of the century gives ample evidence of both the depressing and elevating power exerted by Science.

Tennyson was always a poet of the time in which he lived. He did not choose modern subjects, but his aim was to express "the modern spirit." Hence, we find in his poetry traces of almost every influence of his time, but no single influence can be said to have affected him more than another. At first he seemed to be wholly under the influence of Shelley and Keats, and, like them, he refused to combine the intellectual with the artistic in poetry. However, only his early poems show a want of depth. His later ones show him a philosopher as well as a poet. "In Memoriam" is his best title to the rank of philosopher. In it, too, we find traces of his interest in, and knowledge of, the sciences of astrology and geology. The sound of streams suggests to his mind how they

Draw down Aeonian hills and sow  
The dust of continents to be.

The religious element, however, prevails. The sense of the mystery of death awes him. We see that, for a time at least, doubt has robbed him of the faith by which all would be made clear—"I falter where I firmly trod," and

I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

The very caution with which he approaches "the unexplainable" renders Tennyson liable to the charge of "scepticism," that scepticism which a few years later was to show itself as a direct result of scientific thought. We might even find the evolutionary idea in Tennyson's—

"So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man."

"Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" trace for us the effect of time, with all its attendant changes on the mind of the poet. The former shows him a dreamer, hopeful of the progress of a science, which will bring a steady increase of good, while the latter shows him, no longer a man of dreams

and hopes, but one who fully realizes that science has not cured the evils of forty years. As science advanced, the age necessarily became more interested in itself and less patient with the past. The effect of this is illustrated in the "Idylls of the King." They are not expressed in the language, nor adapted to the sentiment, of the old days of which they tell. The poet may not have felt this impatience with the past, but he knew of it in those for whom he wrote. Although Tennyson expressed the thought and feeling of the century better than any other, he has a limitation found in many poets of narrower vision, for he writes preferably for and of the men of his own country.

Browning, on the other hand, does not show the influences of his time, and he was rather occupied in expressing his own thoughts than in embodying in his poetry the spirit of the day. We cannot say, however, that he was wholly uninfluenced by the doubt and science of the time, but their influence on him was rather a negative one, in as much as they may be considered to have given rise to the determined expression of his unshaken faith. His religious poems cover nearly the whole range of religious thought, giving evidence of the fact that he saw the tendencies in that direction, for he follows the natural man, groping first for something above himself, then up to complete faith, thence downwards to scepticism. "Rabbi Ben Ezra" shows that he remained untouched by the downward influence. In it he expresses a magnificent faith. We find nothing suggestive of Tennyson's doubt—inspired awe,—only a plain statement of his belief in the doctrine of Immortality. "Faith changes, but thy soul and God stand sure." Another effect of his consciousness of the doubt of others was his effort to put in the most impressive way the arguments which were likely to carry conviction to the doubtful of his day. *A Death in the Desert* illustrates this. St. John, like many of Tennyson's characters, expresses the thoughts of the nineteenth century in the language of the nineteenth century. Much of Browning's later poetry, ruined by the over-development of the philosophical spirit, is merely an expression of his own criticisms. His views are always those of the optimist, and as one he is placed on the roll of the century's poets. We may,



perhaps, go farther and say that his optimism, in spite of the fact that it is often expressed in an eccentric manner, was his contribution to the moral needs of the time.

Arnold claimed that he saw the intellectual needs of the time, and his creedless Christianity is his attempt to satisfy them. He thought that "knowledge" would supply what was deficient in man, and he ever laboured under the illusion that authority, typified by the Church was a barrier to the acquisition of "Truth." In this he was following that at Oxford which had cried out for "Liberty of Thought" against "Authority." "Liberty of Thought," the sole guidance of the intellect to find Truth. led to skepticism. Arnold is the poet of the Skeptical Reaction. Hence, his poetry is chiefly drawn from religion, and no where else can we trace so well the influence of doubt. In it he expressed his views of modern life, that there existed a paralysis of action through doubt, a lack of purpose and great superficiality, all due to the fact that old beliefs had been discredited, and there were none to take their place. He felt that the time demanded the discovery of such beliefs by the intellect, but he felt, too, that, amid the confusion which had come into men's minds through the lack of a guiding faith, scarcely any intellect would be capable of making the discovery. This pessimistic outlook sprang primarily from doubt, which, in him, meant doubting immortality and positively disbelieving the Divinity of Christ. The spirit of Agnosticism, coupled with a sad longing for the faith he has not is the basis of Arnold's use of the Elegy, a use peculiar to himself. He expresses sadness, aroused by the thought of human destiny, and rebukes the materialistic spirit of his countrymen. He says we

See all sights from pole to pole,  
And glance and nod and bustle by,  
And never once possess our soul  
Before we die.

Another result of his agnosticism, of his failure to see beyond that which his intellect could grasp, was a melancholy recognition of a loneliness between man and man, between man and animals, and even among the great powers of nature :



The solemn peaks but to the stars are known,  
But to the stars and the cold lunar beams;  
Alone the sun arises, and alone  
Spring the great streams.

We see that his pessimism affects even his nature poetry, preventing him from resting in nature alone, as Wordsworth does. Arnold is wonderfully accurate in his references to all phenomena, and this accuracy reveals his passion for truth, that passion which prevented his accepting the authority of others as a solution for his doubts. He was not alone in the reaction in favour of knowledge, but he has in himself all the characteristics of all the followers of the creedless Christianity.

While we cannot fail to realize, as Arnold did, that there is much to cause sadness in the world, we cannot but wish that all might see, as Tennyson did—

All is well, tho' faith and form  
Be sundered in the night of fear;  
Well roars the storm to those that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm.

We have indeed been called on to remember "how the course of time will swerve, crook, and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve," and through the very advance of science, in spite of the doubt which seems to have followed in its train for so long, we have come to say confidently:

"Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine."

M. McS.



## A Christmas Gift

**I**T was a beautiful afternoon in December, and the feathery flakes fell thickly, silently, covering Mother Earth with a beautiful glittering festal robe. Along the streets Father L. eagerly wended his way until he reached a small white cottage.

"But, Father, surely my mother will not die. I am sure the Child Jesus will leave her with me until Christmas, anyway," sobbed a despairing little voice, and two tiny hands clutched those of the kindly priest, as he left the room of the sick mother."

"There, there, little Marjorie; you must not cry like that"; and after a few comforting words, such as only Our Dear Lord's close followers know how to bestow, he said: "God knows best; and if your mother is happier with Him, He will take her! Put on your cloak now, like a good child, and as the Blessed Sacrament is still in the chapel, go and ask the Child Jesus what you will, and I am sure He will grant you what you ask." Every morning after saw Father L. ascend the cottage steps.

Now, dusk is gathering, and it is the third day after Christmas. Again the good Father makes his way to the cottage. This time he administers Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum to the dying parent. Aware that her life is fast ebbing away, the mother asks for her little girl.

"I am leaving you, my baby," she said in a low, unsteady voice, "without any one whom I know to care for you. I heard yesterday from your father's brother, who is a very wealthy man. He will take you when I am gone. Of earthly goods, I leave you little, but there is one gem I leave little Marjorie; 'tis an heirloom of great value. It is your holy faith. You will make your first Communion, no doubt, by next Christmas, if not before. Now, promise me, my darling, no matter what happens, you will be true to your faith." Kneeling by the bedside, little golden-headed Marjorie made her last promise to her dying mother.

Again, December has come. By the fireside sat Father L. In his hand he held a letter. His head was bent, and his face was sad. The letter, dated from Zion, was from Marjorie, and thus it ran:

Dear Father,—

I do not think I can make my First Communion at Christmas. Uncle does not want me to be a Catholic. But I will, because I told Mother I would, and I told the Child Jesus, too, and His mother. I think they are going to take me to California this Tuesday. I heard Uncle giving the orders to the new maid. You know, he took Mary away from me. Father, I want so much to go to Mother. Perhaps—Oh! could you, Father, come and steal me away before Tuesday, and let me live with you? I will wait for you by the big gate.

MARJORIE.

Life went on much the same in the village. Father L. made his usual visits to his flock, cheering many a heart and home. And when a kind neighbour would enquire of him for little Marjorie he would say that she was well and happy, enjoying the rays of the Southern sun. But the good priest was troubled, for was it not harvest time now, and why had not the child written again? It was creeping well on to a year since she left him, for she had gone when the first snow-flakes fell.

“No, no, I want none of it; take it away!” said a child’s feeble voice. “But, Marjorie, you must eat something. Come, now, just look how tempting this tray of fruit is, and you know Uncle will feel very bad if he sees his little fairy refusing to eat.”

The maid laid down the tray and re-adjusted the pillows on the large armchair. But what a thin little form lay among them? Surely it is not our little Marjorie’s! Listen! The doctor and uncle are coming. Marjorie knows their steps. A look of hope overspreads the pale little face. The doctor takes the thin little hand and feels her pulse. His brow clouds as he shakes his head. “Cannot tell,” he muttered; “cannot tell.” Motioning the uncle to the other end of the room. “It is no disease of the body that is killing that child. It seems to me as if there is something else she is worrying about—something she wants and yearns for. Now, tell me, man, is there anything you have refused this child? I do not



mean concerning wealth. Is there anything she wants? Tell me. Come! There must be something." "There is nothing that I know of that I have ever refused her," said the uncle, "except the opportunity of making her First Communion. I have also forbidden her entering a Catholic Church, or having any association whatever with Catholics. But, despite my commands, she did persist in doing what I told her not to do. One Sunday morning, some four months ago, she was sliding off to Mass, but I prevented her. She took to crying, and there is the result," said the uncle, as he pointed to the wasted form on the pillows. "At last," murmured the doctor. "Now leave the rest to me, and I will ensure a cure for both her body and mind."

As they walked up to the chair again, the doctor bent over the little girl who had grown so dear to him. In a moment her arms were around his neck and the pale face beamed with joy. "Am I going?" she whispered. "Where?" he asked. "To the Child Jesus and my mother. I want to go so awfully bad." "No, indeed," was the reply. "I think there are enough angels in Heaven at present. We will keep you on earth a while longer. But what do you say to going back to your own town and making your First Holy Communion on Christmas Day?"

All precautions were taken for Marjorie's safe return home, but despite all, so great was the exertion, that she hung between life and death for two or three days. She arrived home in November, and every day until Christmas, she was instructed by Father L——.

The change in her Uncle, Marjorie could not account for. Of course, he had been troubled since her illness, but now such a peaceful smile lighted up that wrinkled face. Christmas morning dawned at last. Marjorie's little room was turned into a chapel. There, Marjorie and four of her companions received their Infant Lord for the first time. A deep sob caused Marjorie to raise her eyes as she was wheeled from the Altar, and there she saw her uncle receive his God, too. Marjorie's joy was complete, and falling back in her chair, she murmured, "Take me, dear God, before the Child Jesus leaves me. O Blessed Virgin Mary, tell your little Baby to take me. Mother,



Mother, I see you.' The life in her small body lasted long enough to receive Extreme Unction. Heaven gained the angel earth had lost.

Three months later, her uncle lay beside her in the little cemetery. After Marjorie's death, Father L—— related how the little girl had offered her life for the conversion of her uncle, and God had accepted her Christmas Gift.

BERTHA QUINN.

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### KILLED AT HER POST.

During one of the late disastrous sorties (1870) from beleaguered Paris, Sister Elizabeth, of the Order of St. Joseph, whilst occupied in ministering to the wounded upon the field, was struck on the forehead by a random shot and fell dead almost instantly.

Dejected, yet hopefully striving to sever,  
The chains closely pressing her limits around,  
Proud Paris assembles her bravest together,  
And angrily points at the foeman beyond.  
The conflict commences from stray Prussian vanguard,  
A tempest of iron cuts through the advance;  
But the French, madly thirsting for vengeance, rush onward,  
To haste by defeat the sad fate of poor France.

But, see, 'midst the wounded and dying there presses  
An Angel of mercy, through tenderness brave,  
Whose charity comforts, whose pure presence blesses,  
The last hapless moments of those she would save.  
Tenderly binding the wound of the stranger,  
Whose fast-ebbing life-tide spurts out on the plain;  
She eases his anguish, and, thoughtless of danger,  
Moves on to repeat her kind action again.

She heeds not the tempest-like roar as it surges  
And breaks and leaps on again driven by hate;  
She fears not the sharp hissing ball as it urges  
Destruction and death in its pathway of fate.  
No, no, her compassion suppresses such feelings,  
While battle-torn wretches lie lone on the sod;  
Faith lends her courage, and quietly kneeling  
She ministers comfort and whispers of God.

A wounded chasseur fast sinking earthward  
Is sadly entrusting his last message home,  
When a rifle ball hurling on pierces her forehead,  
And tottering forward she sinks to the ground.  
“Have pity, good Jesus; aid me, sweet Mother!”  
The sad scene about her fast fades from her eyes;  
She kisses her crucifix, breathes forth a last prayer,  
Feels the cold chill of death-shudders, and dies.

As the fair flower, torn from its stem by the storm-blast,  
Beauteous, still, breathes its pure fragrance around,  
So lonely in death this sweet lily of virtue, casts  
Shadows celestial on the crimson-stained ground.  
Her pale parted lips to her God appeared pleading,  
Her meek, placid features seemed sacredly white;  
Day shrouds his brightness, and slowing receding  
Abandons the sad scene to sorrow and night.

Cold blows the wintry wind, cold look the stars down,  
Cold are those forms that lie frözen in gore,  
While pitiless death, proudly ruling the battle-ground,  
Gloats over holocaust offered by war.  
But glorious and happy, 'midst choirs of blest spirits,  
The Sister's new life ne'er to end has begun;  
On earth she fought well amidst trials and dangers,  
The struggle is over, her victory won.

## Somebody's Mother

Mary Cain was very weary as she slowly wended her way through the narrow streets to her home. The day had been an unusually hard one, and she had been obliged to remain at the office long after the closing hour, in order to finish extra work, which had been given her during the afternoon.

Mary lived alone in a little cottage in a very quiet portion of the city. Her father had been dead several years, and her mother passed away, a few weeks ago, on the beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Being an only child, and having no near relatives, Mary found herself thrust upon her own resources. Worldly riches she had not, for all her parents possessed had been spent by their loving daughter, in caring for them; but Heavenly riches she possessed in great abundance, and it was to our Blessed Mother and her Divine Son that she looked for consolation and help.

After her mother's death, Mary found it necessary to seek some employment which would afford her a livelihood. Some years previous she had received a good commercial education, and, being offered a position in the office of Brandon Brothers, wholesale grocers, she gratefully accepted the same. She was able to keep up her little home, and this was a source of great comfort to her.

The snow had been falling all the afternoon of the day on which our story opens, and the earth now wore a white mantle, which resembled a soft covering of down, and the night was cold.

As Mary made her way through the streets, her heart was heavy, for she was thinking of her mother, whom she seemed to miss to-night more than ever. Suddenly, she noticed a dark object crouching near a doorstep, and, as she approached, she saw that it was an old woman. Stooping, Mary touched her and spoke to her, but she made no response. Was she dead? No; Mary felt the faint throb of the pulse, and passing her hand over the wrinkled forehead, tried to arouse her. It was



plainly seen that it was a case of exhaustion from cold and hunger. What should she do? This was the question which puzzled Mary. After what seemed to be a vain endeavour to arouse the woman, Mary was glad to see the eyes open in a questioning stare.

"Where am I?" asked the woman.

"Are you in trouble? If so, will you not let me help you? My home is but a short distance from here, and, if you'll come with me, I'll see that you will be comfortable for the night," replied Mary.

"Thank you," cried the old woman. "Would that there were more like you in this dreary world. Yes, I am cold and tired, and I'll gladly go with you.

Mary glanced at the shrinking figure before her, and noticed that the woman was poorly clad. Her mind was made up.

"Let me put my coat about you," she said, at the same time taking off her warm wrap and placing it about the woman's shoulders. "I am warm and will not miss it at all!" Then gently lifting her to her feet, Mary led the unknown one to her humble home. Placing the woman in a big arm-chair in front of the fireplace, Mary prepared for her a warm drink, and, seeing that she was comfortable, set about getting her usual frugal meal. Oh! what memories came to her as she prepared the little table on this evening! Two places she set, the same as when her mother had been with her. Was this woman not somebody's mother? For her own dear mother's sake, she would do her best for her.

When supper was ready, Mary led the woman to the table. The little lunch was partaken of in silence. True, Mary knew nothing of this woman, but she was too much of a lady to enquire into another's affairs, and she also felt certain that the time would come when she would know all.

The woman watched Mary carefully as she tidied the little kitchen and finished her evening work. Mary thought she noticed tears on the wrinkled face, but decided to say nothing until the woman saw fit to tell her story. After finishing her work, Mary brought a chair and sat beside the woman, intend-



ing to read if her companion wished to keep silence.

"What are you reading?" the woman asked.

"The 'Ava Maria.' Would you like to have me read aloud to you? This little book is a source of great comfort to me, and I'll be glad to read it to you if you wish it."

"All right," replied the woman, but had Mary scrutinized the face at this time she would have noticed that a death-like pallor had overspread it. What memories did not this little book bring back to her? Had there not been a time, years ago, when it had also been a comfort to her? Mary started to read, and the woman, unnoticed by her, began to weep silently. After a few moments she broke down completely and sobbed aloud. Mary turned to her and said: "What is the trouble? Can I help you? If so, rest assured that I'll do all I can for you. I had a dear old mother, and I will be only too glad to help you for her sake. Tell me, what can I do for you?"

"It's a long story, and young people don't generally want to be bothered with old women's tales, but since you have been so kind to me, I do not mind telling you. You were, no doubt, surprised at finding me as you did to-night, but it seemed as though I did not care what became of me. Many years ago I was happy with my husband and children. Since then God has taken all from me, and I have been obliged to seek employment to earn a living. A few weeks ago I was dismissed from a position as janitress which I have held for several years, with the words, 'Hard times. The war is on, and I must cut down expenses. Your service is no longer needed.' Since then I have been wandering the streets in search of work, but all in vain. As a result of this, I became exhausted, and fell where you found me to-night. I was cold and hungry, and had not a friend in the world to whom I could turn for help. If it were not for you, I should have perished."

"'Tis a sad story," said Mary; "but don't you think it was God who sent me along to-night, so that I could find you?"

"God?" cried the woman. "No, What does He care about me? Do you suppose if He loved me, as they say, that He would take all my loved ones from me and let me suffer so much? No. He is cruel and . . . "

"Hush!" cried Mary. "You must not talk thus! Remember that you are now speaking of your Creator, the Supreme Being who made you, and who knows and directs all things. And do you forget His dear Mother? Did she not suffer untold agony when her only Son was taken from her and crucified for us? If you would but invoke her, she would help you in this hour of trial."

By this time the woman had become very excited, and interrupted Mary, saying: "I do not want to hear any more, but if you'll allow me to lie down, I'll try and sleep. I'll never cease to thank you, dear, for your kindness to me."

Mary rose and prepared a bed for the poor woman. Her heart was very sad at what had just occurred, and she felt certain that this was a case where urgent prayer was needed for a poor soul which was soon to pass to its Maker. After making the woman comfortable for the night, Mary retired to her little room, where, before a statue of our Blessed Mother, as was her wont, she recited the Rosary, but this evening it was offered for the poor stranger who had come into her life. Never before had her heart gone out in such fervent prayer, earnestly begging our dear Lady to help this poor soul. She had just finished the "Memorare," the beautiful prayer of St. Bernard, when she heard the woman calling to her. The wrinkled face was drawn and showed signs of great mental and physical suffering. Mary stooped and asked what she could do for her. The feeble voice replied: "Since you read and talked to me to-night, dear, memories of the past have been haunting me. It seemed as though my little ones were again at my knees, and I was teaching them their prayers and reading the little stories in the 'Ave Maria' to them, and then I felt as though they were beckoning to me to join them in Heaven, but I have been so wicked that I dare not think such a thing possible. O! God, be merciful to me a sinner! But, do you think He could be merciful to me of all beings?"

"God is all merciful, and if you will but turn to Him you will receive help," replied Mary. Here was her chance to ask the woman if she would see a priest. She put the question to her, and the woman replied: "See a priest? Do you sup-

pose a priest would come to see me? O! if he only would; but, no, it is too much to expect of God. I have not said a prayer or entered a church for the past ten years. No, I must die as I have lived. O, God, that I had been better!"

She had now become quite hysterical, and Mary saw that it was necessary to do something immediately. Turning to the woman, she said: "I will send for a priest at once. And meanwhile, you must try to prepare for him. Think how good God is to give you this opportunity to make your peace with Him before calling you to His judgment seat. Ask our Blessed Mother to pray for you and to beg Her Divine Son to grant you the grace of true repentance."

Mary left the sufferer and sent for a priest and doctor, both of whom arrived in a short time. The doctor's report was that there were no hopes for the patient. Mary breathed a prayer that God would aid the poor woman in this last hour.

Suddenly, the door of the sick-room opened, and the priest beckoned to Mary to enter. She answered his summons, and was gratified at the look of peace and contentment which was on the face of the woman. Seeing Mary approach the bedside, she raised her hand as if in benediction. Mary clasped the worn hand in hers, and inwardly thanked God for His goodness to this woman at the last moment.

"May God bless you and keep you from harm," the old woman said; then she closed her eyes as if in sleep, and the pale lips moved as if in prayer. The priest deeming the end was near, began the prayers for the dying, at which Mary assisted. When they had finished, the eyes of the woman opened and bestowed upon Mary a look of gratitude; then they closed again.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! I give you my heart and my soul!" were her last words.

The old face became enraptured as though the departing soul had caught a glimpse of that great happiness of which no human being has ever been able to conceive.

Before rising from her knees, Mary breathed a prayer of thanks to God and His Blessed Mother, for having been so good to this poor soul. But why did she feel so happy? Should



she not be sorry for a soul that had departed this life? No, she was happy because she was sure that this night another soul had been aided by the powerful intercession of our Blessed Mother, to whom we should all turn in our tribulation.

Mary never forgot the poor woman whom she aided on this winter's night, and from that memorable hour it was her wont, in praying for her own mother, to remember the soul of the woman, who was also "somebody's mother."

TERESA HUNTER.

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### CHRISTMAS JOY.

Out on the cold and frosty air  
The jingling sleigh-bells ring,  
While a group of joyous carollers  
Their sweet anthems sing.

Inside the roar of the Yuletide fire,  
And the shout of a merry voice  
From the children, who dance in joy and glee,  
Makes every heart rejoice.

Down in the church beneath the hill  
The young and old will sing,  
On this gladsome Christmas morning,  
The birthday of the King.

GRACE BARRON.



## College Notes

Work in the various classes in the College-Academy is now in full swing. A new scholastic year is well begun. The indications are that the success attained in every department will be as great, and the satisfaction as general as at St. Joseph's heretofore. Notwithstanding the general depression in business circles incident upon the existence of a war, accommodation in the resident part of the school is as fully utilized as it was last year. This speaks volumes for the zeal and loyalty of Catholic parents who realize the value of an education that will equip their children, both morally and mentally for the battle of life. The young ladies, also, who are privileged to attend St. Joseph's are doing their very best, by diligent application—an evidence of appreciation on their part, which is gratifying to those in charge of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the absence of Rev. Father Frachon, who visited London and Detroit in September and October, we were fortunate in having Rev. N. Roche, Superior at St. Michael's College, as our college chaplain. His constant and most generous attention to the spiritual advancement, and to the personal well-being of the students, has been a subject of frequent comment among them, and has made a lasting impression upon the victims of nostalgia, whose weepy days were brightened by his kind sympathy, and by his words of consolation and advice. A hearty welcome always awaits the good Father's weekly return on Thursday afternoons.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our sympathy has been deeply with those among the students whose dear ones have "gone to the front." Great anxiety attended the reception of letters from Valcartier. Then the last farewell's came, hurried, excited, uncertain, and strongly emotional. Father, brother, uncle, cousin and other degrees of relationship were among the signatures attached beneath the ardent "God bless and keep you—until I return," and then the urgent entreaty "Pray for me," in which is found that sweet-

est consolation of our holy faith—the universal bond of communion in prayer—a balm of comfort to the grief-stricken, and an armour of strength to the weak. Cable messages and letters have since come back from England, telling of the safe arrival, of the extreme gravity of the situation, and of the uncertainty of future prospects.

In this solemn hour, in this superlatively critical situation of world affairs, when life and death, victory and defeat are in the balance, when the sacrifices by carnage and disaster exceed anything foreseen, or before experienced in the history of the universe, we earnestly pray that the Almighty, who holds the destinies of nations in His hand, will presently restore peace to Europe and to the world. Each evening at Benediction, while the Sacred Host is exposed upon the altar, a chorus of petition is poured forth by the pleading voices of the college choir, as they kneel, white-veiled, amid the incense, and the glow of taper-lights, before the tabernacle throne.

*“Parce Domine, parce populo tuo, ne in aeternum irascaris nobis.”*

Three times repeated in ascending key, in increasing intensity of petition, is the prayer we raise each day, in accordance with the wishes of the dear deceased Pius X., whose last act was a call of Christendom to pray that God may spare His people, that His eternal anger be averted from us, and that we be preserved against the horrors of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early in this scholastic term, the spirit of the patriotic workers spread to the recreation halls of St. Joseph's, and each free period there was brought forth from box or basket the familiar grey yarn balls, and knitting and crocheting was the order of the hour.

There was great excitement at first over the selection of work to be accomplished, and the necessity of learning the stitches for the same. Then there was emulation as to the quality of work done, and the speed of execution. What provoking delays were occasioned by the simple “dropping of a stitch,” or the necessity of raveling out a fault! Interest seemed to grow with the shaping of the article—sock, or Balaklava cap,

or muffler. How many kind thoughts of sympathy, and wishes for safety and comfort, and for victory and glad return were woven in among the woolen meshes, while dimpled fingers plied the needles and threw the threads!

\* \* \* \* \*

Although the orchard trees have sacrificed many of their branches this season, they are apparently as attractive as ever to the promenaders on the walks beneath them, if one may judge from the prolonged and wistful glances at the rosy fruits hanging among the leafage high above possible reach. We know that a slight disturbance among the branches will bring down a shower of juicy apples. Being thoroughly indoctrinated with the educative value of self-control, we strive day after day to resist the temptation to touch and taste; but belonging also to the weaker sisterhood of Eve, we often yield. One, at least, has discovered the truth of Newton's law of gravitation in a way that has made some impression.

\* \* \* \* \*

Besides the usual botanical and geological excursions made by the Senior Classes, and the enjoyable Saturday walks of the Autumn season, two very instructive and memorable outings are recorded in our Chronicle—one by the Seniors to the Biological Museum in Queen's Park, and the other by the Juniors to the Zoological Gardens in Riverdale Park. The scope of our mental experience has been greatly enlarged by the multitude of objects which on these occasions impressed themselves upon our senses for the first time.

Thanksgiving Day (October 12th), being earlier than usual this year, there was much hesitation over granting the privilege of a home-return to students from places outside the city. However, the prompt return to College on the day following showed that the privilege was appreciated, but not abused. In consequence, the evening of St. Theresa's Day (October 15th) was given over to a most pleasant Autumn Leaf Festival, which provided a programme of surprises and delights and compensations—an evening not soon to be forgotten.

Mr. Hayes very kindly assisted in making the excursion



for Autumn leaves both enjoyable and convenient by placing his splendid motor car at the disposal of the collectors, who brought home a small forest of exquisitely variegated foliage in fresh and glossy splendour. Our sincere thanks are due him for this kindness.

Hallowe'en this year was the occasion of a genuine surprise party to all. An abundance of good things came in upon us unawares. We did not even have to dive or leap or exert ourselves in any way to reach them. Favours sought and obtained are good, but given unsought are better.

The young ladies of the senior classes were privileged to assist at Robert Mantell's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. They were very courteously chaperoned by Mrs. W. Barron, whose daughter, Grace, was among the number. Needless to add that this proved an occasion of great interest and pleasure. The pupils of the Matriculation Class, who also belong to St. Gertrude's Literary Society, afterwards presented the "Trial Scene" from this drama for the other students, their parents, teachers, and friends. Their efforts in this matter were highly approved as being very successful and strongly beneficial, since they gave evidence of a thorough grasp of the scene represented. The following is the cast of characters assumed:

Antonio .....	Dorothy McMahon
Bassanio .....	Grace Barron
Shylock .....	Naomi Gibson
Portia .....	Sheelah McLaughlin
The Duke .....	Marie Olmstead
Gratiano .....	Grace Allchurch
Nerissa .....	Dorothy McConvey
Salanio .....	Norah Doheny
Tubal .....	Mary Creelan

Scene—A Court of Justice in Venice.

The pupils of the Senior Christian Doctrine hold in grateful memory the helpful and interesting instruction of the Rev. Father Kehoe, O.M.C., to their Sunday Class, and they hope the learned Father may come again. Rev. Father Kehoe is a Professor of Dogma at St. Augustine's Seminary, who has placed the students of St. Joseph's under lasting obligations of gratitude to him by saying their Mass on Sunday mornings



at 7.30, thus affording them one blissful hour of slumber extra. Former pupils will appreciate the greatness of this favour.

Though repeated with each return of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and so a familiar scene to all connected with St. Joseph's, the ceremony of reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin always holds special interest both for the participants and for all present. The white gowns and veils of the aspirants who receive the blue ribbon and medal as new members, formed a pleasing contrast with the sombre uniforms of the others, who led the long procession into the chapel. The sermon, eulogistic of the virtues and prerogatives of our Blessed Lady, was delivered by the Rev. N. Roche, C.S.B., assisted by the Reverend Chaplain, Father Frachon. He also conducted the ceremony of reception, which was brought to a close by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Beethoven Club has resumed its good work, and its members have taken much care to present an excellent programme for their first public exhibition of the Arts, in whose interest they are united. The spirit of the members generally is industry and enthusiasm in the studies which they pursue, and the artistic rendering of the following numbers gave satisfactory evidence that their efforts have not been vain:

### BEETHOVEN RECITAL.

Instrumental Duo .....	Kiesling
Josephine Marion and Sadie Pickett.	
Reading .....	Schumann
Lucie Ashbrook.	
Vocal Solo .....	Brackett
Bernadette Howe.	
Piano Solo .....	Gaddi
Ruth Agnew.	
Reading .....	Mendelssohn
Marie McNulty.	
Piano Solo .....	Mendelssohn
Gladys Lye.	
Valse in E. Minor .....	Chopin
Zita Conway.	
Vocal Solo .....	Tosti
M. Devlin.	
Piano Solo .....	Liszt
Stella O'Neil.	

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Piano Solo .....	Nevin
Grace Barron.	
Chorus—Ave Maria .....	Sorin

# THE SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES READING CIRCLE.

President—Edna Mulqueen.  
 Vice-President—Lillian Gough.  
 Historian—Bertha Quinn.  
 Secretary—Mildred Tossey.  
 Treasurer—Frances McDonald.

This Junior Circle successfully prepared a Christmas entertainment for the teachers and senior students before vacation. Many pleasant memories will linger in our minds of this performance, and of those who laboured to make it a success, notably the young ladies whose names appear below as contributors of the various numbers on the programme. Readings were given by:

Beth McDonald .....	"Christmas for the Poor"
Margaret Wilson .....	"A Christmas Party"
Myrtle Stokes .....	"Santa's Visit"
Frances McDonald .....	"The Boy Who Loves Mother"
Marie O'Mara .....	"Mario's Kindness"
Rita Morgan .....	"From Drummond"
An Instrumental Duo.....	Misses Mercy and Ivy Powell
An Instrumental Quartette .....	
.....L. Gough, A. Bordato, R. Morgan, V. Guyette	
An Instrumental Solo .....	M. O'Mara
Vocal Solo .....	Veronica Foy
An Address by the President .....	E. Mulqueen
Chorus .....	"Welcome!"
Closing Hymn .....	"Gloria in Excelsis"

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To be Himself a starry guide,  
 To be Himself a voice most sweet,  
 To bring the Wise Men to His Side,  
 To call the shepherds to His feet,  
 To be a child—it was His will  
 That folk like us might find Him still.

## Prayer Before the Blessed Sacrament

**By His Holiness Pope Pius X., for the Increase of Frequent  
Communion.**

O most sweet Jesus, Who didst come into this world to enrich the souls of all mankind with the life of Thy grace, and Who, to preserve and sustain this life in them, dost daily give Thyself in the most august Sacrament of the Eucharist as a saving medicine to heal their infirmities and a divine food to support their weakness; we pray and beseech Thee to pour forth upon them most graciously Thy Holy Spirit, so that, being filled therewith, any who are in mortal sin may, by returning to Thee, be restored to the life of grace which they have lost; and that those who, by Thy great mercy, already serve Thee, may daily, as far as each one is able, come devoutly to Thy Heavenly banquet, and in the strength there may find a remedy for their daily venial faults and a support of the life of Thy grace, and, thus becoming more and more cleansed from sin, may obtain the everlasting happiness of Heaven.

Amen.

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SAINT JOSEPH, TEACH US  
TO ENDURE PATIENTLY ALL THE TRIALS  
OF THIS LIFE, AND TO KEEP  
OUR HEARTS EVER  
SUBMISSIVE TO GOD  
(R. P. Isolanì.)

SCULPTOR - 1875

1875

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Volume **IV** TORONTO, MARCH, 1914<sup>5</sup> Number **4**

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## Editorial.

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"He hath made him Master of His House, and ruler of all His possessions."

**M**ARCH, with its high winds, bright sunshine, and melting snows, is come again, and there is something in the very air that tells us Spring is almost here. But to the heart of every child of Mother Church the month of March brings a deeper, sweeter joy than mere vernal beauties can awaken. And why not, since March is the month dedicated to the glorious St. Joseph, and devotion to the Foster-Father of Jesus Christ is one of the Church's tenderest devotions? It has been said by those who view the workings of the Church of God with the critical aspect of a biased onlooker, and who know nothing of the hidden meaning of its beautiful symbols and ceremonies, that Catholicism engenders sentimentality and that Catholics share too generously with the saints of God the honour and devotion that belong by right to Him. A little common sense thought will show that even in the natural order of things to honour a man's friend is to honour the man himself, and is the truism no longer true just because in the spiritual order God is the One in question, and the saints God's friends? "How absurd!" you say. Granted. Then, how very rational it is that next to the Mother of Jesus the followers of Christ should honour and love St. Joseph, the adopted Father of Jesus, the Spouse of Our Lady, Glorious Patriarch and Shadow of the great Eternal One. . Honoured and trusted by God Himself as was no other mortal man, tried in the furnace of sorrow, elevated to the heights of sublime joy, and filled with the very atmosphere of compassionate



charity, that exhaled from the God-man and the "Mother of fair love," who better than St. Joseph can share our joy or sympathize with our sorrow? Who, indeed, since none enjoy such prestige at the throne of mercy? Nor is it in life alone that St. Joseph will prove the Friend and Protector of those who trust in him. From time immemorial our Saint has been invoked by the Church as the patron of a happy death. For him alone was reserved the heavenly bliss of beholding Jesus and Mary bending over his bed of death. The noble of heart, when they receive much, are ever desirous of bestowing like benefits on others. So with St. Joseph, who will not fail to obtain for his devoted clients a share in the privileges he himself enjoyed. This "Bona Mors" devotion to St. Joseph is one that should engage the attention of every Christian who desires to secure his salvation and obtain that decisive grace—a blessed death. Let "Ite ad Joseph," then, be our watchword, not for the month of March alone, but also for all the seasons of life, be they bursting with the bloom and warmth of Spring or freighted with the decay and chill of Winter. Of all the children of Mother Church it is surely right and just that we should most fittingly and lovingly enshrine in our hearts the dear Saint who is our special Patron and Protector. And now that this poor earth of ours is torn with strife, let us repeat often and confidently, St. Joseph, Patron of a happy death. pray for the dying.



## Attention in Reading

**S**uccess and attention in any undertaking are as inseparable as substance and shadow. Contrary examples will suggest themselves, but they are the exceptions, not the rule. If we consider the persons that have risen to distinction, despite what may be said about the star of destiny, we will find that the leading factor in their success was attention, or the power of concentration. The mastering of the matter with which we are occupied is synonymous with success. This is particularly true of reading. The passive reader will derive but little enjoyment and less knowledge from his books, whereas the attentive one will find therein much that is pleasing and instructive. Their counterparts are found in travellers. This is the age of travelling. Modern inventions have made travelling rapid and accommodating. We are constantly meeting people who have recently returned from a trip across the Continent or from abroad. What a vast difference is there in the impressions received and in the knowledge acquired by these travellers! Some have gone away because it is fashionable, and their hastening from city to city, from country to country, reminds one of the boy in the menagerie running from cage to cage. They are profuse with the adjectives "grand!" "delightful!" etc.; but ask them about the customs of the people, the products of the soil, manufacturies, political conditions, or works of art, and they will answer you that the questions are Greek to them. They will say that they travelled to see, not to study. Others more observant gather information for the storehouse of the mind. They make themselves familiar with the history of the countries through which they pass, study the customs of the people, note their advancements or retrogressions, and return home, having their own minds enlightened, and capable of imparting light to others. So we may say persons travel differently through books. Some, intent on finishing the perusal of a book, hurry from page to page, from chapter to chapter. What if the whole scope of

the work be lost sight of; what if the author's meaning be misunderstood, the object aimed at it attained? They can say that they have read the book. It is evident that they have derived no benefit from their reading, if it may be termed reading. They have really done injury to their minds, since they have inured them to a desultory habit, which excludes attention and render them incapable of disciplined thought. Ever and anon there is given a list of the fifty best books, and perhaps a person will form the resolution of making the acquaintance of these standard works. What, though the reading of most of these books—the incongruous choice of personal caprice—be distasteful to him? He looks upon it as so much labour that must be hurriedly performed, otherwise he could not enjoy the self-complacency of the sciolist, and he could not make others regard him as a litterateur. What Addison says of the immethodical disputant, Tom Puzzle, is applicable to him: "Tom," he says, "has read enough to make him very impertinent. His knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is a pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more." Such a person will perhaps attempt to delight his friends with quotations from the classics which he has read, but his very quotations will make him appear ridiculous. This reminds one of the character, Ned Softly, spoken of by Addison in another one of his papers. "Ned," he tells us, "is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favorite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among the great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading and garnish his conversation."

As there are observant travellers who make their journeys not only pleasurable but also instructful, so there is an intelligent class of readers who find in books both knowledge and recreation. A person of that class is not thinking how soon a book will be read, but of how much benefit he shall acquire from its perusal. Each succeeding page is like a learned friend whose acquaintance he has formed, from whom he endeavors to obtain as much knowledge as possible. Seneca, and if not



Seneca, someone else, hundreds of years ago, said: "*Timeo hominem unius libri*,"—"I fear the man of one book." And why? Because he has perused it and re-perused it,—read its lines and read between its lines,—sifted its arguments and analyzed its thoughts,—in a word, he has made himself the master of the subject treated. It is not the number of books then which have been read, but the manner in which they have been perused that is important. Macaulay, in his essay "*On the Athenian Orators*," tells us that "it is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined." "*Rumford*," he says, "proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity, thus eaten, would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know how Rumford's proposition was received; but to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume."

Books are now as numerous as fallen leaves in Autumn. Stoves, not libraries, are suitable receptacles for most of these works. What poison is to the body, many of these are to the mind and the heart. Some courses of literature used to be termed "*the humanities*," as their study was expected to be attended with humanizing results. Many of the books, especially of fiction, issued to-day, are demoralizing in their influence. Unwilling, or, more probably, unable to touch those nobler chords of the heart that are vibrated by refined thought and the inculcation of Christian ethics, these authors delight in imitating that school of realism that has found such favor in France. Readers who eschew those books which aim to enlighten the mind and to humanize the heart, will spend hours in perusing those sensational productions that appeal to a depraved imagination—those productions wherein vice brazenly walks forth unmasked, where virtue is made an object of scorn, where criminals are heroes, and horrors are depicted in a manner which can only be described as brutal.



Just now a sinful fashion sanctions the reading of such works, and fashion seems to exercise as dictatorial a sway in reading as it does in dress. Weak-minded persons will say that they find no pleasure in perusing such books, but that they have to read them—for might we not as well be out of the world as out of fashion? We should glory in running counter to such a fashion. Books are companions, so we should shun those books whose reading is demoralizing. But, why this digression, whilst wishing to inculcate the necessity of reading with attention? Because many persons will say that those are the only books that they can read with attention. The so-called classics, they will say, may have merits, but they are as invisible to them as the sun is to the blind. Have they not attempted to read them, and did they not find a task, not of love, but of labour? The very fact that they have fed their minds with poisonous reading, explains, in a great measure, why they dislike a more wholesome literary diet. They have been gradually vitiating their intellectual taste, and rendering their minds incapable of receiving healthful, literary food. Moreover, if these persons were questioned, it would be found that the reason why they were unable to read the works of standard authors, with either pleasure or profit, was because they did not select those that were adapted to their taste. They had heard certain books mentioned as standards of excellence, and because they found them difficult to read, they forthwith concluded that they could appreciate only whatever was vulgarly realistic and sensational.

The fact is that our literary tastes are as diversified as our corporal, and all have favorites, even amongst standard authors. Men of refined tastes who can read and re-read certain authors, each time discovering new beauties to be admired, find it a disagreeable task to read other works which the literary world has classed amongst the immortals. The fact that one of the approved authors has no charms for us does not prove that we shall not appreciate others equally as good. Read the works of good authors adapted to your taste, and you will find them as entertaining as intimate friends.

It may be useful to emphasize the caution that we must

not be too prone to accept a statement as true because it appears in a book. Printed matter seems to exercise as powerful an influence over some minds as the gods of Pagan mythology were supposed to have had over mortals. The truthfulness of an argument is independent of the fact as to whether it be written or not. Gold is gold, whether it be left in the mine, or whether it be coined into money; and lead remains lead, however adroitly it may be tinselled. Mere assertion, however ingeniously it may be expressed, remains only mere assertion. Arguments, therefore, advanced to confirm a statement, should be weighed and analyzed. The backwoodsman gives to his weekly newspaper the same authority that he does to his Bible. The fact that this paper has given a decision on a disputed point removes it, in his mind, from the realm of controversy. Many who laugh at the credulity of the backwoodsman would be surprised if they would discover how frequently they accept in books mere sophisms for undiluted truth. If the authors of these books were conversing with them, several of the statements which in the books are passed unquestioned would be called into controversy. Make, then, your minds the Court of Appeals, and let the matter read be the evidence upon which you pass judgment. You have been endowed with minds to judge for yourselves; be careful, then, to do your own judging. Servility is not humility, either in an intellectual or spiritual sense. No reference, of course, is here made to the doctrines of our holy religion, for they are as truthful as the axioms of mathematics, and in accepting them we are acting in accordance with, not against, reason. Reason, herself, teaches us that to follow an infallible guide is an act of wisdom, and to appeal to a fallible judge, where an infallible authority has decided, is the height of folly. Some may say that the reason they give unrestricted credence to an author's assertions is because he is more learned than they are, and that he has given more time and study to the subjects treated than they have. Even though this be true, it does not follow that they should surrender their own judgments. The most learned sometimes advance opinions that are absurd, and authors who strive to be impartial not unfrequently become unconsciously the slaves

of bias. This fact emphasizes the necessity of reading with careful attention. We should be mindful of the end which the author has in view, and we should attentively consider the means which he uses towards its attainment. He advances his arguments for your consideration, and when they do not impress you as convincing, it would be bad logic to conclude that they must be true, because he has examined the matter more thoroughly than you have. Remember that on all the great questions that agitate the human mind, intellectual giants are found to be diametrically opposed in their opinions, and some of them, therefore, must be wrong. However, we must guard against the opposite fault of imagining that we are invested with infallibility, and that an author must be wrong because we think him so. Our own reasons should be examined, and in refutation of an author's statements we should be prepared to advance something more forcible than what has been playfully termed a woman's "because," lest we experience the confusion of the person who maintained that the world rested upon a tortoise, when he was asked upon what the tortoise rested. If we have reason to doubt the truthfulness of an author's statements, if we believe that his arguments are illogical, and yet, if we be unable to detect the fallacies contained therein, then we should read other works upon the subject to enlighten our minds, or we should consult friends who can clear away our doubts. Perhaps the book in that case will not be read so quickly; it will certainly be read more profitably. We shall thus acquire the habit of discriminating—of discriminating what is absolutely true, what is doubtful, and what is mere assertion. The practice of collating will also be acquired, a practice that will not permit us to be contented with the author's assumption, but that will make us consult recognized authorities. This applies especially to historical and controversial works. Not all books require the same tension of mind and careful study of their pages. Sometimes pages, and even entire chapters, have to be re-read to fully grasp an author's meaning, whilst again there are books whose more salient points need only to be noticed. Some, therefore, to be read profitably require assiduous attention; none should



be read without attention. Bacon, it is true, tells us that "some books are only to be tasted," i.e., he says "they are to be read only in parts," but the parts, as they are read, should be read with attention; otherwise it would be "love's labour lost."

But how can a person read with attention, who constantly finds his mind turning to other subjects than that which he is supposed to be occupied? Some will say that it is as difficult for them to read with attention as it is for them to pray without distraction. Spiritual writers have given us suggestions for avoiding the latter; literary promoters have laid down rules for observing the former.

Considering those rules from a negative standpoint, it may be positively asserted that the indiscriminate reader will find it next to impossible to rivet his attention on what he reads. Seneca has said: "*Distrahit animum librorum multitudo*"—"Many books distract the mind." Just as a person riding in the cars scarcely sees one object before another is presented to view, so the omnivorous reader has not finished swallowing one volume before he is devouring another. It is evident that such a person can read with but little attention; he is, in fact, accustoming his mind to a desultory mode of reading that will exclude attention. Emerson used to say that he read "to make his top spin," i.e., to give a healthful development to his intellectual faculties; but indiscriminate readers seem to read to destroy their eyesight. Such persons read too much, and reflect too little. They do not devote enough of time to an author to make his thoughts their own, and perhaps they will go through the refreshing process of occasionally peeping into a book which they have hurried over, and then attempt to appear intelligent in discussing its merits. No wonder the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says: "There are men whom it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do." Avoid, therefore, indiscriminate reading. Devote your time to those books that have souls in them—that will promote the development of your mental powers, and you will find it a pleasure to read them with attention.

Another consideration of this subject from a negative stand-



point, is to avoid places where there are noise and confusion, especially if we are reading works difficult to understand. It is difficult to talk with a friend in a crowd, where, perhaps, we have to raise our voice an octave higher than our neighbor's to be heard, and it is more difficult to commune with another when we are distracted by noise and confusion. Newspapers and light reading may be an enjoyable pastime on a railroad train, but it is surprising, if persons can read heavy literature there with attention, unless they possess the faculty of attention to as many things at once as Julius Caesar, or as can a modern politician.

The first requisite to read with attention is to select works which we can understand, and in which we feel interested. To attempt to read with attention books which we do not comprehend is as futile as it would be for a girl to work out a problem in fractions who has not learned addition and subtraction. This does not imply that we must restrict our reading to books wherein the meaning is, at first glance, as visible to the mental as the print is to the corporal eye. It requires labour to excavate the gold from the earth, and it requires study, diligent study at times, to comprehend fully an author's meaning. Quintillian's rule for clearness that "our meaning should be so obvious that every reader or hearer may not only understand us, but that it shall be impossible for him not to understand us," may be a good one for rhetoricians to lay down in teaching perspicuity in style, but there are few authors and few speakers who are blessed with that happy gift. Besides, perspicuity of style does not exclude depth of thought. An author's style, as in the case of Emerson, may be clear, and his thoughts may require study. Knowledge does not come to us like the rays of light from the sun; it has to be sought after. Books that make us study and think promote the development of the mind, and we should seek their acquaintance. But works which we cannot comprehend—works which the more we read and study the more do we become lost in a labyrinth of doubt, should be laid aside; for their perusal will not benefit, but injure, the mind. Some one might here suggest the comparison which Macaulay uses in

answering the objection that "no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom," "The maxim," says he, "is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he learned to swim." So it may be said that it is equally absurd to advise people not to read books which they cannot understand. Well, he would be truly a fool, who, not knowing how to swim, would venture beyond his depth; and persons act foolishly who venture beyond their intellectual depth by reading books which they cannot comprehend. Select works then that are adapted to your age and to your mental development. Biology, psychology, and the various other "ologies" are useful studies for those that can understand them, but the boy or the girl who, at the age of 11 or 12 reads and talks about such subjects to appear wise becomes as laughable as the girl who at the same age will imagine that people will consider her old because she has put on her grandmother's dress and spectacles.

Another incentive to read with attention is to consider on what questions our minds most need enlightenment, and when we have decided we should select works best adapted for imparting the knowledge desired. If you thought that you would be asked some question in history, or on some other subject with which you would be supposed to be conversant, how attentive you would be in studying the answer to the expected question! Now, it is a good practice in reading to say to ourselves that we may be asked something pertaining to the matter treated in the book, and the mind will be attentive to treasure everything of importance. Knowledge is power, and it is a power which we should seek to possess. Every day, either by reading or by conversation, we discover that our knowledge upon many important subjects is merely superficial, and then we form the resolution of making ourselves better informed. Keeping before our minds this thought that it will be useful for us to be informed on the contents of the book which we are reading, it is certain that we shall peruse it with attention. Few things are more embarrassing than ignorance. We are all anxious to express an intelligent opinion on questions of general interest. Attentive reading is a potent

factor in dispelling ignorance. It trains the mind to discrimination and analysis; it assists the memory in retaining knowledge acquired. To accomplish this end, we must read for a definite purpose. The man who commences the day not determined what he shall do, whilst he may labour, will not accomplish as much as the one who maps out his precise work and devotes his energies to complete his task. So, even the person who reads only useful and standard books, but with no determined end proposed, whilst he may be assisting his mind, will not derive so much benefit as the one who reads with a fixed purpose in view. He has an end proposed, and he is determined on its attainment. The end, the study of style, the enlightenment of his mind upon some important event, or something else that is useful, is constantly before his mind, and consequently nothing escapes his attention that will be to him of assistance.

Method is a great factor in attentive reading. The student who has learned to read and to study with method will learn more in one hour than another with equal brains will acquire in double that time. Moreover, he will be able to retain better what he has learned. Just as the merchant who has his goods systematically arranged can select immediately whatever he wants, so the one who has read with method (which implies careful attention) can summon from the storehouse of the brain the facts and knowledge which he has treasured therein. He will not have his mind centred upon several things at once; he will attend to the one with which he is occupied. Accepting the apothegm that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," he strives to obtain an exhaustive knowledge of the subjects which he reads. He considers not only the end to be reached, but he also carefully selects the means best adapted for its attainment. The different books which he reads cause no confusion in his mind, on the contrary, they elucidate and strengthen the knowledge already acquired. Order is to him what it is to Heaven, "the first law," and accordingly he reads with system. He knows when to read and how to read, how much time to devote to fiction, how much to history, and how much to other subjects in which he is interested. Whatever



may be the book which he is reading, that, for the time, engages his undivided attention.

A good practice, particularly for those whose minds persist in wandering from the matter they are reading, is, after each page or chapter, to close the book and to make in the mind, or to write out succinctly, a resume of its contents. The thought that afterwards we shall endeavour to repeat the ideas or arguments will make us concentrate our minds on what we are reading. If, after the perusal of a chapter we discover that we have forgotten some important points, or that we have not really mastered the author's plan, then we will be careful to re-read the chapter attentively, and in perusing the succeeding one we will guard against such oversight.

Many recommend the taking of notes and the transcribing of striking passages, as such a habit both rivets the attention and assists in the formation of style. This practice, however, consumes considerable time, and it becomes both laborious and tedious. If one adopt it early in life, he can, in after years, discover, by consulting his notes, what a change his literary taste has undergone. What appeals to his imagination will first attract his attention, while in maturer years his judgment will seek to be satisfied. It has been wittingly and paradoxically said that words were invented to conceal thought. Choice diction and beautiful descriptions captivate the minds of the young, whereas the ideas, rather than the manner in which they are expressed, are given consideration by those of more advanced years. The eye first delights in admiring the beautiful leaves, but experience teaches it to look beneath the leaves for the fruit. Notes will indicate to one in subsequent years a change, or rather a development of literary taste, but many are averse to taking them, as the practice is laborious and tiresome. A less tedious and perhaps as profitable a plan, is to mark on the margin whatever we consider useful or interesting, and afterwards, by re-reading those parts, the entire matter can be recalled. This, of course, implies the owning of those books, as others would consider our marginal marks neither useful nor ornamental. Circulating libraries have been very useful to many, and yet there is scarcely



a person who has selected many books from them who has not afterwards regretted that some of them were so easily obtained—that, in other words, he was not obliged to purchase them, as he would then have them at hand whenever he wished to consult or re-read them. The lapse of time convinces him of how much had been lost, perhaps, by reading them listlessly and passively, and he feels a desire to re-peruse them attentively.

Many other assistances could be suggested for concentrating the mind on what we are reading, but experience will teach the best and easiest plan to follow. Every one has his own method, and it is surprising what trivial things some persons consider necessary for reading or speaking attentively. Addison tells of “a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in his pleading, but he had better have left it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.” Dr. Johnson, that Jupiter amongst the literary gods of his day, says that “if a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination.”

Rules for attentive reading can be multiplied, but keeping before the mind the fact that attention is the important factor in reading, the means for practising it will easily become known. Perhaps at first a person may have to devote a long time to one book, and re-read much that has been gone over, but by degrees the mind will accustom itself to concentration, and then he will be able to read more rapidly and more profitably. There is much truth in the old saying:

“Learn to read slow; all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.”

Appreciation will follow attention, or rather will be its companion. As the eye can be taught to discern the slightest shades of colour, and the ear the most delicate sounds of har-

mony, so the mind, tutored by choice and attentive reading, discovers graces of style and shades of thought which untrained ones pass unnoticed. Who will say that the reward is not worth the labour? The attentive and appreciative reader is on terms, not merely of acquaintance, but of friendship, with the best authors. He delights in their company.

Books are only accessory aids in the journey through life, and yet the attentive reader cannot realize how much he owes to their company, guidance, and inspiration. Macaulay, in his "Essay on Lord Bacon," strikingly indicates how much the man of liberal education is indebted to the master-minds with whose works he has been entertained and instructed. "The debt," he says, "which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on; fortune is inconstant, tempers are soured, bonds which seem indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet."

THE REV. DR. O'NEILL, M.R.

## The Parting

What words can paint the pathos of the hour  
That holds the grief of all the leaden years?  
The chiefest pain of Sorrow's lethal dower  
Is not the chalice of the future tears,  
'Tis when a very universe of woe  
Is mirrored in the eyes that see you go.

The sweet communion of the vanished days  
Is sweeter far when now their course is run,  
As eyes when dazzled by the noon-day rays  
Find more of beauty in the setting sun.  
We value more the clasp of friendly hand  
When sadly at the parting way we stand.

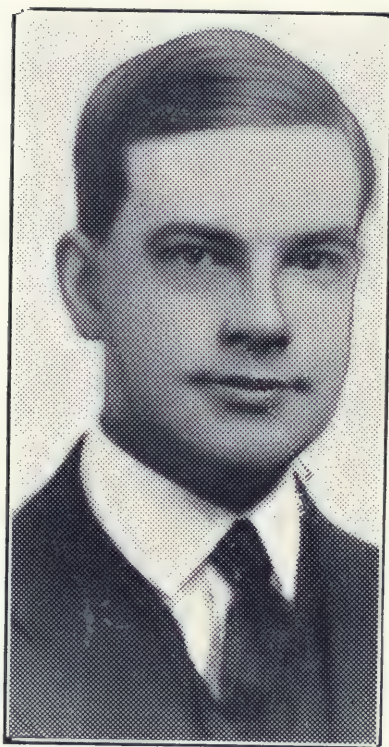
No word in all the lexicon of speech  
Holds more of tears than that small word "Farewell."  
God wills it so that better He might teach  
To careless human kind who here would dwell,  
That earthly joys are fleeting things at best,  
That in Him only can our hearts find rest.

Dear friend of friends, we learn from this our pain,  
That earthal love is but an empty husk;  
In earthly things we solace seek in vain,  
One summer hour, and then there falls the dusk.  
God's love alone no chilling evening knows,  
Then seek, dear friend, the Love that peace bestows.

THE REV. D. A. CASEY.







JOYCE KILMER.

## Joyce Kilmer

### A Poet With A Purpose

**T**HIS is one young man's estimate of another—an item more often imparted to a mutual young woman than thrust into public print. The gentleman under consideration is in his twenty-ninth year, and a prominent figure in New York journalism. His name appears on the credit side of more magazine publishers' ledgers than that of any other professional poet under thirty. This may be fustian compliment, but it is the surest gauge of a poet's readableness.

Joyce Kilmer is the son of Frederick Barnett Kilmer, a noted apothecary, author of several highly praised treatises on chemistry. He was born in the State of New Jersey, and graduated from Columbia University in 1908. He became professor of Latin at the High School, Norristown, N.J., and corresponded for one or other of the New York newspapers from there. Obeying the impulse that moves all poets under twenty-five, he migrated to the biggest city within reasonable railroad fare, and after a few years of uphill work is now a comparatively fixed constellation in the literary firmament of the metropolis.

However, Kilmer's rise to favour is the stereotyped story of the talented young man with energy and ambition to support and foster his natural gifts. The unique feature of this young poet's career is the spiritual and intellectual revolutions through which he has passed to an anchorage in the Catholic Church that is clearly fundamental in the good work he is producing.

Joyce Kilmer was bred an Episcopalian, which might have satisfied his spiritual life had he not been born with an instinct for logic and its necessary consequences—Truth. In his youth he loved to poke into certain monastic institutions maintained by devout Episcopalians near his home. That was the poetic temperament asserting itself. But the poetry he vented in pretty jingles, and the spirit underlying it, desired more satisfac-

tion than was supplied in the pleasant but incomplete religious atmosphere of the Episcopalian cloister. Young Kilmer, then on the threshold of twenty, inquired into apostolic credentials—and lost his faith. He became atheist, materialist, and Socialist. A vague suspicion possessed him throughout this climacteric spiritual turmoil that Truth lay somewhere for the searching soul; but early religious environment led him to pre-judge ante-Reformation Christianity as error and corruption; while common sense persuaded him that post-Reformation Christianity was either founded on such error and corruption or else a baseless growth that owed its inception to discontent and its maintenance to human ingenuity.

For a year or two he was an active supporter of the Socialist propaganda, making the usual fervid speeches against capitalism, and penning the usual brilliant fallacies against orthodoxy. However, theory never yet satisfied any human appetite. Kilmer discovered that Socialism was a splendid, boisterous dream so long as it was permitted to beg questions unarrested. He gloried in the depths of the Marxian philosophy until he realized that it was merely a clever contrivance of apparently endless mirrors which continually reflected the benign countenance of brotherly communion, but became confused and disorganized the moment one insisted on its answering a simple, practical question from the catechism of everyday life. While thus disconcerted in his political creed, some angel of a publisher sent Kilmer a book to review. It was John Ayscough's "Gracechurch." He read it several times, followed the paths of progress it suggested, and became a Catholic in consequence.

It is almost a truism that a Catholic by conviction is a Catholic in every sense of the word. Joyce Kilmer not only realizes this truth, he exemplifies it. Of course, he wrote good, even superlative poetry before he entered the Church; but a firm religious basis supplied his muse with a moral force and purpose that is its most enduring quality. Kilmer has always evinced a wholesome contempt for the literary rag-pickers who adapt the cast-off coat-tails of great, erratic minds, and plague a patient public with their sickly wit. He is an undiluted



enemy of "long-haired men and short-haired women"; a relentless satirist of the orderless, ultra-artistic freaks who imagine that the wildest aberrations of "new art" cannot be consistent without expression in morals—that a poet cannot abandon his lawful technique without also deserting his lawful wife. As poetry editor of *The Literary Digest*, Joyce Kilmer upholds the province and practice of good, clean verse, which is a very positive way of combating the effect of the bad.

His own poetry is intellectually honest, thoroughly human, and discriminating in its sympathies. In his second book of poems—"Trees"—he offers sips of life that range from the prosaic, almost sordid, existence of a delicatessen dealer to the sublime death of a Pope murdered in the Vatican. He sings of servant girls who salute grocer boys with flip epithets, while their souls muse inarticulate apostrophes of chivalry and splendour. He tells a "young poet who killed himself":

"You could not vex the merry stars,  
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.  
Not all your puny anger mars  
God's irresistible forgiving."

He defines the modern sex-mania as a "maudlin eulogy of sin," and its votaries are "sick souls that writhe in helpless rage." He makes the demon Madness assume philanthropic airs, and soliloquize:

"Serene, unchanging, ever fair,  
I smile with secret mirth,  
And in a net of mine own hair  
I swing the captive earth." ..

He criticizes the modern apartment house as a "great stone box," and affirms:

"How worse than folly is their labour made  
Who cleft the rocks that this might rise on high!"

After poetizing various institutions that have hitherto been regarded the secure demise of the anecdote and short-story manufacturer, such as "The Twelve-Forty-Five" commuter's train, empty houses, alarm clocks, and newspaper free-lances

who "exhale romance" and wear "overcoats of glory," he dovetails the material with the spiritual and answers his own query:

"What is the key to Everlasting Life?  
A blood-stained Cross."

As a poet Kilmer is sensible and good. He has an innate veer to mysticism, but on the rare occasions when his thoughts balloon they remain comfortably dirigible. He took the early precaution of vaccinating himself with a strong tincture of common sense, which has proved an adequate prophylactic against the contagion of literary anarchy.

His activities are not restricted to poetry. He is on the book-review staff of the New York Times, and does occasional lyceum work. He also merits the distinction of never having received a rejection slip for short stories submitted to strange and terrible editors.

Joyce Kilmer is a modest young man, without a speck of the egoism usually associated with the poetic temperament. In appearance he resembles G. K. Chesterton, minus a hundred pounds and a few chins. He believes in barbers, and parts his hair ante-meridian. In his twenty-second year he married Aline, daughter of Dr. Henry Mills Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine. They have three bonny youngsters, the latest aged forty days and as many nights. Her name is Deborah. Her father pronounces the "o" as in "horror" (which word is selected merely as a paradigm; not intended for a subtle reflection on the young lady's character).

He humbly considers his conversion to Catholicity more in the light of accretion than acquisition; but, despite personal diffidence, he is acknowledged a valiant recruit to the ranks of Catholic literateurs, who are gradually justifying the ancient epigram that the pen is mightier than the sword,

Joyce Kilmer calmly faced adverse criticisms on his embrace of Catholicity, so that they have worn away. Quite naturally, the canaille had its bark and its heel-snapping; but Kilmer and his employers managed to withstand the petty storm. His parents remain disciples of the sect in which he was born. His wife followed him into the Catholic fold.

He is in the rather novel position of being much talked

of in high literary places before even reaching the age customarily demarked as the border of novitiate; but this he deprecates with the confession: "I manage to make a living for myself and family."

Prematurely mellow in his outlook on life, young Kilmer has resolved his ambition to a passive rather than an active quality: an accumulative rather than an apprehensive principle. He is a Democrat with two "d's," lower case and cap; he also refuses to quarrel with the political adversary who assigns a third "d" in flaming typography, with eternal significance. Youth on his side, and ear-drums tempered to modify excessive plaudits, Joyce Kilmer is mentally and physically equipped to spread influential ink for his race and religion. It is no extravagance to say that the thinking world would be his debtor had he achieved nothing more than this epitome of human limitations and divine contrast:

"The scene shall never fit the deed;  
Grotesquely wonders come to pass.  
The fool shall mount an Arab steed,  
And Jesus ride upon an ass."

JOHN B. KENNEDY.





## The Children

God bless the children! They are dear  
To all of us; the salty tear  
Stings not so much, when they are' round.  
Their tender feet, upon the ground,  
Grow tired on the long, long way,  
But God is with them in their play,  
And clothes them with pure thoughts each day—  
The little, white-souled children!

We meet them in Life's throbbing street,  
In blinding storm and burning heat,  
In their deep eyes, the yesternights  
Of peaceful dreams and sweet delights.  
Upon their lips, the red, warm press  
Of spring berries; a tenderness  
In their dear smiles of weariness—  
The little, white-souled children!

Their pleasant worlds are flower-blown,  
Their hearts know neither ache nor moan,  
For, through the hours of afternoon,  
Joy sings for them a stirring rune.  
God's gardens, they are far away,  
And, when the stars come out to play,  
They sleep and dream at close of day—  
The little, white-souled children!

Ah, cruel Time! pray wait for them  
In their short-lived Bethlehem!  
The world is full of men and tears;  
O leave them, then, their few, short years!  
For soon their hearts must break with pain,  
Their hands must smart, else toil in vain.  
But O we pray that they remain  
Through life, God's white-souled children!

DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

## The Little Ones

**W**HO in all this wide world does not love the merry laughter, the cheery voices of bright-eyed little children? "Beware," said Lavater, "of him who hates the laugh of a child." "I love God and little children," was the simple yet beautiful dictum of Richter. "The smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun." Look into a child's face and study it carefully! What a picture of innocence—the very white soul mirrored in the bright, liquid eyes, a touch of purity in all the merry lines that run from the corners of the fat little mouth, and in the expression, the sleeping dreams, the unexpressed hopes, the undiscovered future—everywhere a hint of the rosy colouring of the glorious present! To gaze into the care-free face of a child is prayer; it is more, it is a sermon—a sermon that sinks into one's heart unconsciously, for in those eyes—clear and tranquil as a brook—rests the shadow of a peace and a joy that we grown-ups so eagerly long for.

From the busy, throbbing, hot streets of life we steal into the companionship of these little ones. They are always cheerful, always glad. In our hearts, a hundred forces may clash, a hundred hopes may go down, but if there are children around to love us, if the music of their voices rings clear to cheer us, though suffering and disease stalk the wastes, sunshine is bound to surely come again to those who stand and watch in the gray of the lonely shadows. "Call not that man wretched," writes Southey, "who whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love." "The man who never tried the companionship of a little child," beautifully writes Mrs. Norton, "has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value." One always feels refreshed in the presence of children. They never say anything gloomy; never hint at anything sad. Like the birds in the air, they never sing a haunting note. Their young lips cannot sound the deep notes of sorrow, they are tuned only to the thrilling sopranos of joy. And, then, the

love of a little child! There is nothing purer under the white stars. The Divine Master Himself was the first great teacher of men. He always made much of love, sunshine, and flowers, and, in His large heart, lived a strong sympathy for childhood. When He said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," it was a fiat, a revelation, that thrilled through the corridors of the long, weary centuries. "I love these little people," writes the immortal Dickens, who of the few really could appreciate the wavering pulse of humanity; "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

What would this wide, dreary world be without children? Nothing but shadows. Life's brightest flowers and most glorious sunshines fall in the paths of the little ones—

"His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes."

The love of children draws earth nearer heaven and shows us newer beauties, newer possibilities, as morning shows the day, for "where children are," in the words of Novalis, "there is the golden age." Every child wakes into life under the starry skies of love, and longing mothers press life's little roses to their warm breasts, unaware of the many thorns that hide beneath the soft leaves. Such is the boon of motherhood, such the joy of that womanly mother-heart, so wrapped up in the little sleeping form in the white cot. The youthful mother smiles to her first-born, and gladly the child answers in the silent language of two busy hands and feet. "Children, ay, forsooth," writes the kindly Jean Ingelow, "they bring their own love with them when they come—the pretty lambs! Why, the world's full of them, and so is heaven—they are not rare!"

Lawrence Alma Tadema thus sings the praises of the little seer of childhood's kingdom. "King Baby," he calls him, and glad is the song:

"King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King Baby on his throne,  
So tender O, so tender O!  
His throne is mother's knee,  
Where none may sit but he.



His crown is of gold,  
So curly O, so curly O!  
His crown is of gold,  
In shining tendrils rolled;  
His kingdom is my heart,  
So loyal O, so loyal O!  
His kingdom is my heart,  
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,  
So simple O, so simple O!  
Divine are all his laws,  
With love for end and cause.  
King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King Baby on his throne  
Sits reigning all alone."

How bitter must be the longing of the unsatisfied one who misses the patter of the little feet upon the floor and feels the sting of the strong hope unrealized!

What a responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Christian mother! A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may forsake the one who has a right to their affection and heart interest, but a mother's love endures through all, through light and shadow, sorrow and despair. Napoleon one day asked Madam Campan: "What is wanting in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers!" was the telling answer she gave him. Napoleon stood for a moment and exclaimed thoughtfully: "Here, then, is a system in one word." "An ounce of mother," reads a Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy," and "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," writes George Herbert. After all, do we not remain children all of our lives? The selfsame mother holds in her hands all the strings of youth and age; and, in the stooped, trembling form of the old man, she sees nothing but the outline, the picture of her child, her babe, though he be near the guide-posts of seventy. Time may have plowed furrows on his cheek and covered his head with the winter of age, yet, to her, he is always a child.

A good mother! Ah! she is the best friend God ever gave us. Her life is nothing but a silent martyrdom, but she hopes on and daily models young lives into the picture of her own personality. Joaquin Miller has immortalized the Christian

mother in his widely-quoted poem, "The Bravest Battle." If this poet had not written another poem, his name would still be handed down to fame, for this glowing tribute to the white-souled, fighting, suffering mothers of humanity.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouths of wounded men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battifield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But, O! these battles they last so long—  
From boyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in world of shame!  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came,  
The kingliest warrior born."

Day by day we read poems dedicated to the little ones, some of them voicing a great joy, others again filled with the threnodies of sorrow. How our hearts go out to the anxious mothers, standing by the deathbed of the little ones, watching their pure, white souls loosing their earthly bonds. Sallie Margaret O'Malley voices beautiful thoughts, laden with a wealth of human tenderness, in her poem, "A Little Grave":

"Sweet is the close of day and far  
Shines down the fog-white moon,

But sweeter thou, my small, pale child,  
Whom Death has claimed his own so soon.

I saw his shadow in the room—  
I felt his breath come close and chill;  
But clearer came the call of Christ—  
The voice of Love, so calm, so still.

Death leaves to me dear memories,  
The little thoughts we keep alone;  
The kiss, the clasp of tiny palms  
They live, though life and you have flown,

O, when the hills grow green again,  
And small, wild flowers in beauty wave,  
Within the shadow of the cross  
I'll smile above your little grave."

And the picture of the mother who has parted with life's bitter-sweet heritage! William J. Lampton gives us this pastel—a tender bit of word-painting—in his searching lines:

"Deep in her eyes  
There is a look that does not live  
In any other woman's eyes,  
Nor in the eyes of any man,  
A wistfulness unsatisfied,  
A light that fades with years,  
Yet never quite goes out;  
A light that warms  
And makes her beautiful;  
A mother of dead children, she  
Has in her eyes  
The pathos of earth's heritage of loss;  
The pity and the pain."

Ah! the children that are gone before! Heaven is richer for their passing. God takes those little lives, and when we look towards Heaven we call in vain for their return. God's gardens lie about the blessed foothills of Eternity, but, O! they are so far away!

It is difficult to come across a poet who has not, at some time or other in his career, sounded a helping, songful note in honour of the little ones. Cradle-songs and mother-songs have been written in plenty; everywhere glows the strong devotion, everywhere throbs the strong love for the children, "living jewels dropped unstained from heaven." Ethelwyn Wetherald, the Canadian poet, has written a touching lyric, in which she



sings of the children she should like to know. Her poem, "Unknown Children," is sure to touch the mainsprings in many a responsive heart:

"I meet them in the country lane,  
In village shops and city streets,  
With cheeks all glowing in the rain,  
Or voices gladdening in the sleet,  
Or eyes enraptured with the snow—  
The children I should like to know.

How fair creation is to them!  
Unweighted by the cloak of years;  
They dance upon the lustrous hem,  
And lose in rainbows all their tears.  
How easily the hearts o'erflow  
Of children we should like to know!

Their sleep is deeper than our peace,  
Their waking gladder than our dreams;  
Their guardian angels never cease  
To speak to them in winds and streams,  
The days are lifetimes, sweet and slow,  
To children we should like to know.

O little heart above this page,  
The road is long, the road is hard;  
But do not thou obscure in age  
That early sky so thickly starred.  
Keep sweet the faith of long ago,  
Dear child, whom I shall never know."

Walk down any busy street on a clear, summer day and count the children that pass you by! The villages and cities are full of them. On all sides do we meet them, and our tired souls listen for the music of their voices. Who does not love child-talk? It is just as necessary to most of us as the chatter of birds in the tree-tops. The children say such funny things, and, very often, there is a great deal of wisdom in their little assertions and smart sayings. A little, black-haired youngster was passing the church on Christmas Day, and the mother, anxious that he should see the crib in all its beauty, said to him: "Come, Wilfrid, let's go in and see little Jesus in the manger!" The child opened its blue eyes and said, thoughtfully: "O, muvver, He is old enub to walk! Tell 'im to tum out here. He won't be please do have me tatch 'im in bed, so late in de aftahnoon, will He?" With a great deal of coaxing,

Wilfrid at last consented to enter the church with his mother. When they drew near the beautiful crib, in which was pictured the scene at Bethlehem, the child's eyes opened widely. He took in the situation at a glance. For a moment his eyes rested on the beautiful form of the Divine Babe in the manger, then they stole to the miniature sheep, angels, oxen, and shepherds that were grouped about the painted hillside. "Muvver!" he at last exclaimed, gladly, "I am so dlad dat Santee Tlaws bro't da Baby so many toys to play wiv!"

Some one may argue that the little ones of to-day have altogether too much to say for their years, and that we are leading them into the wrong direction—in the ways of selfishness and precociousness—by encouraging them to speak out the little original thoughts that burn within. "The children who are allowed to explain," entertainingly writes Jean Blewett, the poet and journalist, "allowed to plead their cause when brought up before the powers-that-be, allowed to speak the thoughts which vex and perplex them, are bound to grow up with better—perhaps I should say, happier—natures than the children who dare not question or protest. They can never know the bitterness, the stinging sense of injustice, which has broken many a little heart." Everyone admires originality, and it is by studying the ways of the child that we come in contact with much that is strengthening, unlifting, and pleasant.

The deep pathos, the humour, the failings of childhood are all appreciated by us. What is more real than the sorrow of a little child? There is no flaw upon its surface; it is true, unstudied, and convincing. The unwritten tragedies and comedies in the lives of children! The lesson of these young lives stands depicted upon many a glowing canvas, and preaches and appeals to anxious, throbbing humanity, winding down the crowded by-ways. The dramas, comedies tragedies of childhood! With the rising of the curtain, in the morning sunlight, glorious and refreshing, amid a bower of roses, we hear the patter of the little feet and the music of the thin, small voices, and, when the grand finale rings down upon the pleasant, shifting scenes, a vast regret steals into our

hearts, for we realize that we will miss a "something" that has almost become a part of our own selves, and the big mighty curtain of Circumstance swings between us and those little ones upon life's rosy stage.

The days of childhood pass quickly, and what glorious days they are! "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," writes Wordsworth. A small heaven of short duration, it is true, but into it can be crowded all the later days of joy and struggle. Let a child be a child as long as it can. Do not crowd into its heaven premature cares and premature troubles. Do not force upon it the weary day of rain too soon, but let it wander unguarded and free through the blossoming paths of May. The dreary Novembers and Decembers will come soon enough. Do not hedge in the little life with rigid rules, but let it expand in the fullness of innocence and happiness.

"Dear little Curly Head, careless and jolly,  
Life as you view it is play;  
Toiling is useless and fretting is folly,  
At least, when you're having your way;  
Shouting for fun,  
You romp and you run,  
Worrying not over work to be done,  
Seeing no tasks that the years are to bring,  
Thinking the future will always be spring."

In the education of these little ones there is also much to learn. The child is generally rushed into the "maelstrom" of a kindergarten, or a private school, at a period in life when the young buds have only opened to the sun, a period in which the class-room should be relegated to the broad, open school of nature, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

"Dear little Curly Head, why are they trying  
To lure you away from your play,  
To fret you with books while your childhood is flying  
Like the brown rose's petals away?  
Before you are care,  
And burdens to bear;  
O, why are they trying to hurry you there?  
Dear little Curly Head, God never planned  
That men should be men as they come from His hand.'

A little girl is hustled off to school; she gives evidences of



aptness, brightness. The child is encouraged on all sides. Day by day she sits poring over her books, working faithfully on, reaping new victories—and, why all this hurried educational “drugging”? Alas! often to gratify a vain, empty ambition of anxious parents, and oftener to set off the teaching capabilities of a young governess or teacher. The child reaches a period in life, a mental giant, but, saddest spectacle—a physical derelict. Her brain has been allowed to develop at the expense of her body, and now she is nothing but a wreck, and, if not rescued in time, dire results are sure to come. This “cramming” monster, to say the least, has taken too great a hold on our present-day educational system, and is the ruin of more lives than many other living evils.

“Ah! Time, each rose  
Her best for the children weaves;  
Soon, too soon, as the wan world knows,  
They will walk in the brown dead leaves,  
Will you not wait for the children?”

“In trying to teach children a great deal in a short time,” says Horace Mann, “they are treated not as though the race they were to run was for life, but simply a three-mile heat.” Children should be encouraged to use their muscles until they are old enough to use their brains. And, when one considers all the grave ills the precocious, intellectual child is heir to, one realizes the importance of guiding the little life into more tranquil ways.

There is also much to learn in the bringing up of these little ones that are here to take their place in life and fill more or less lofty and responsible positions later on. “Children have more need of models than critics,” truthfully writes Joubert. The strong personality of the parents is generally stamped upon the daughter and the son. The rod, or the fear of the rod, is quite a wielding force in shaping these young careers, but it is not all. “You will never torture a child into duty,” writes one, “but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school mistresses in the universe.” “A torn heart is soon mended,” says Longfellow, “but hard words bruise the

heart of a child." I believe it was Horace Mann who said: "When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom."

One of the saddest spectacles in this life is to see little children under the care of parents who are a stain on the name of humanity, parents totally unfit in every way to mould the lives of these little ones. The poor little street Arabs! We meet them at the down-town street corners every day, the sad expression on their thin faces voicing a silent protest to their Father in Heaven.

DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

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"God wished to give the dearest thing  
In His Almighty power  
To earth, and deeply pondering  
What it should be, one hour  
In joy of heart  
Outweighing every other  
He opened wide the gates of heaven apart,  
And gave to each a mother."







THE PURIFICATION.

*Courtesy of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.*

## My Mother

Whene'er I doubt if one so base as I  
Shall share with heavenly choirs their joy serene,  
This thought brings sweetest solace to my soul  
That thou, my Mother, art the Angels' Queen.

No seraph form, to human weakness strange,  
The regal sceptre holds in that high place,  
But at the right hand of the King of kings  
Thou sittest throned, a daughter of our race.

Mother of God; Creation's star-crowned Queen!  
Heaven's mightiest spirits worship at thy feet,  
Yet 'mid the splendours of thy pomp divine,  
Our Mother and our Sister, too, we greet.

Shall I then fear to face the glittering ranks  
That guard from step profane Heaven's dazzling scene?  
Their flame-tipped swords would lower at the cry:  
"Angels of God, My Mother is your Queen."

—Selected.

## A Meditation

"While man his Saviour's brow adorns  
In cruel mockery with thorns,  
And leads to death the King he scorns  
    With blows,  
The Angels with their purer eyes  
Perceive the flower of Paradise  
From every drop of blood arise  
    The Rose."

**L**ET us meditate on this little legend from the lore of Flowers.

In imagination we see the holy women following the rose-grown footsteps of the Master in His sorrowful journey. Perhaps their falling tears refreshed the flowers; perhaps their sighs wafted abroad the precious perfume; it may have been that eyes dimmed by weeping failed at first to see the upspringing blossoms—but Magdalene, we are sure, espied them, and gathered some of the roses, her strong instinct of human love telling her that thus the Master might be honoured.

During moments of agonized inactivity, they may have woven a chaplet of the flowers, since such moments must ever be filled by petty detail, and thus may have been formed the first sorrowful mysteries. They had had their joyful mysteries—Mary in the exquisite thrill of Baby arms entwined about her neck; in the cooing notes of a Child's voice; in the thousand tendrils of joy which love puts forth to tug at the heart-strings of a Mother. Surely Mary had had her mysteries of joy!

The other Mary's joys, less pronounced, serve as a bridge between the heights of Mother Mary's natural perfection and the pinnacle attained, through penitence, by the Magdalene. Had she not gazed into the Master's eyes and listened to His voice, till her heart swooned with exultant joy? Magdalene's joyful mysteries were complete.

The holy women typify the women of all ages; and, in fancy, we see the long procession of maids and matrons, the



good, the untried, the repentant, all wending their way up the steep, flower-strewn slope of Calvary. The most forlorn of them have had their joyous hours, the happiest have had their days of pain, but all press on, with hearts satisfied a while with human love, or with aching arms extended ineffectually; and ever they gather the roses and weave into them the mysteries of joy and pain, hoping to exchange them on the height for mysteries of Glory.

And so we come down to the present, and our years of world-war. Truly there are Calvarys in every land to-day, and the roses are springing from men's lives of sacrifice, even for mistaken ideals.

Germany—whose roses we loved in Elizabeth's Garden a few years ago, when she showed us her child treasures (now, alas! offered for the Fatherland)—Germany has planted plentifully of the roses of pain, and German women must gather them!

England, whose symbol is the rose, may well display it now; and every woman in the Empire will wear the symbol, be it Australia's scentless bloom, or the wild rose of Ireland!

Sunny France has always had its roses, and her brave women wear those of sorrow as enthusiastically as they bedecked themselves in joy.

From Archangel to New Zealand the roses of grief are springing, and women are gathering them; and over one little spot of Europe they have run such riot it might well be called the Rose of the World!

Such are some of the points of our meditation. Now, what of the lesson? Women of Canada, whose roses are transplanted from so many climes, is there a lesson for us?

We wear bravely the flower of sacrifice, in the gift of our men to the Empire; we cultivate the strong blooms of industry, which make for the comfort of those at the front, and the helpless ones they left; our deeds of tenderness and skill blossom forth in hospitals, and even on the firing line—yet is there still a lesson for some of us.

"Mother, behold thy son," and Mary did not refuse to adopt even those who had slain her All, that day on Calvary!

Nor should we refuse to be sisters, in sympathy, even to those whose brothers slay our brothers on the field of battle; and the free-masonry of love of home and little children should make this easy for women. Some advocate the sterner virtues only, during war-time, and denounce sympathy as weakness; but sympathy and forgiveness are Christianity, whose weakness is ever stronger than the strength of its enemies.

So, helping each other, let the world-wide procession up Calvary's rose-strewn heights pass into the dimness of the future.

ROSE FERGUSON.

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### CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

No longer of Him be it said,  
"He hath no place to lay His head "

In every land a constant lamp  
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place  
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail  
The splendour shining through Its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,  
Silent, He calls me to His Feet.

Imprisoned for His love of me,  
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin,  
The King of Glory enters in.

—Joyce Kilmer, in Catholic World.

## The Story of Dear St. Elizabeth

**I**N the year 1207, away back in the time that some people are pleased to call the "Dark Ages," but that are known to us Catholics as the "Ages of Faith," there was born to the royal house of Hungary a little daughter, whose name has come down to posterity as St. Elizabeth of Hungary or St. Elizabeth of Thuringia.

When the Princess was but four years old an embassy was sent to her father, King Andrew II., by the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringia, to arrange a marriage between his eldest son, Hermann, and Elizabeth. This marriage, to which Elizabeth's father consented, was intended to confirm an alliance which was being formed by the smaller powers against the German Emperor, Otto IV., who had quarrelled with the Pope.

According to the custom of the times, Elizabeth was taken to the Thuringian court to be brought up side by side with her future husband, and in due time to be formally betrothed to him. At the court of the Landgrave Hermann she was fully instructed in all that a young lady of her exalted position should know. She was taught to sew and embroider, to cook and bake, and she had, we may be sure, a fair share in the book-learning which girls had such a splendid opportunity of acquiring in the thirteenth century. Some twentieth century educators would have us believe that higher education for women has only just come into vogue for the first time in our day. Such is, however, not the case. At no period in the world's history was knowledge more eagerly sought after by both men and women than in the age in which St. Elizabeth lived. It was the century which saw the rise of the great universities of Europe, whose learned professors, princes, and nobles were welcomed to their courts.

The court of Thuringia had at this time reached the height of its magnificence. As its centre it had the stately castle of the Wartburg standing on a rocky eminence, dominating the



City of Eisenach. In the Wartburg Landgrave Hermann lived and gathered around him the poets and minnesingers who travelled from castle to castle and sang to the accompaniment of their harps the wondrous epics and lyrics they composed. We can imagine the little Elizabeth sitting sedately among the court ladies and listening to the marvellous tales of ancient heroes and their mighty deeds as they were unfolded by one of these minnesingers, who could play upon the emotions of their hearts as delicately as they touched the strings of their harps. Richard Wagner chooses the Wartburg and its surroundings as the scene of one of his most beautiful operas, "Tannhäuser," of which an Elizabeth is the heroine, and where minnesingers play their part much as they did at the court of the Landgrave Hermann. The story of Wagner's Elizabeth, gracious and lovely figure as she is, is not the same as that of our saint, so let us turn back our eyes from this little glimpse into the world of poetry and music to our real flesh-and-blood heroine.

Unfortunately, while the arts and sciences were protected at the Thuringian court, vanity, worldliness, and even vice were much in evidence, so that the little Hungarian Princess was often scandalized by what she saw around her. She came of what we might call good Catholic stock, St. Hedwig being her mother's sister, and even in her early childhood her good principles were very deeply rooted. On account of the child's piety and her love of little acts of mortification, she was often subjected to ridicule—that cruellest of all forms of persecution to a sensitive nature—by the members of the court.

Elizabeth's natural seriousness became further increased as the result of a sorrow which came to her when she was only six years old. Her mother, Gertrude, a member of the family of the Counts of Andechs-Meran, was assassinated in 1213 by Hungarian nobles, probably out of hatred to the Germans. Elizabeth must have inherited her tendency to gravity from her mother's people, whose temperament is characterized as melancholy, while some of the fieriness of the Hungarians must also have been hers.

Suffering sounds depths in our character which nothing

else can reach, and we invariably find that when God designs a soul for great things He sends it heavy crosses. Elizabeth's case was no exception to this rule. A further sorrow, though just how great her grief was we do not know, was the death of Hermann, her intended husband, in 1216. Elizabeth's soul was naturally a contemplative one, and her mind loved to dwell on heavenly things. In all likelihood, had she been asked, even at that early age, to choose a state of life for herself, it would have been found that all her affections had been long given to the Divine Spouse of Souls. Providence had willed, however, that she should have an earthly husband, and after Hermann's death she became betrothed to his younger brother, Ludwig.

Elizabeth's holy life was not without its influence on the dissolute courtiers, who were put to shame by the good example of the young Princess. Many of them ceased ridiculing her and set to work to reform their conduct. In this we have a striking instance of the power of example.

In 1221 Ludwig's father died, in enmity with our holy Mother the Church, and in the same year the young Landgrave and Elizabeth were married. The groom was twenty-one and the bride only fourteen. Although the marriage had been arranged by their elders, it seems to have been altogether one of love, the young couple being devotedly attached to each other. Ludwig is considered to have been one of the best men of his age. The Germans call him Saint Ludwig, thus showing how greatly they venerated him. He was a brave soldier, and he encouraged Elizabeth in her acts of charity and penance, and joined with her in the frequenting of the Sacraments and in her prayers and vigils. We see in this marriage what a wonderful inspiration a woman with lofty ideals may be to a man. For this reason nothing is more charming than the devotion we often see paid by good men to our Blessed Lady.

Soon after their marriage the happy pair made a tour of Thuringia. The sight of the young bride, so beautiful and innocent, must have made an almost pathetic appeal to the

hearts of the people, as she stood by the side of their new ruler, just on the verge of manhood.

Three children were the fruit of this union—a boy, who died in early childhood, and two girls. The third child, Gertrude, who was born several weeks after the death of her father, became Abbess of the Convent of Altenburg, near Wetzlar.

In the spring of 1226, when Ludwig was away in Italy, the pest, floods, and famine began to ravage the fair land of Thuringia. Elizabeth then assumed control of affairs, and distributed alms among the people. So that she might care personally for those afflicted with the plague, she built below the Wartburg an hospital of twenty-eight beds, which she visited daily. She also gave aid to nine hundred daily. On Ludwig's return he confirmed all that his charitable consort had done.

A year later he set out with the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa for the Holy Land, where they were to fight in a crusade against the Turks. But the poor young Landgrave was stricken on the way with the pest, and died at Otranto. On hearing the sad tidings of the death of her husband, Elizabeth, who had just given birth to her third child, Gertrude, cried out: "The world, and all its joys, are dead to me!" She was only twenty then.

In 1221 the followers of St. Francis of Assisi had established themselves in Germany. Brother Rodeger, one of the first Germans received into the Order, became the spiritual director of Elizabeth. He unfolded to her the ideals of the Franciscans, for which Elizabeth at once conceived a profound admiration. With her aid, he founded a monastery near Esinach in 1225. Rodeger instructed Elizabeth in the perfection of the Christian virtues. The holy Landgravine had fallen in love, like the gay young man of Assisi, with "My Lady Poverty," and desired to live a life of voluntary poverty. She sometimes spoke of her longing in this regard to two of her attendants, who cherished the same wish.

After a while Conrad of Marburg took Brother Rodeger's place as Elizabeth's confessor. He seems to have been a some-



what remarkable man. Although he belonged to no religious order, he lived the life of an ascetic. He was very active in preaching against heresy. Seeing that Elizabeth was cast in royal mould, he did not hesitate to make her practise austerities similar to those he imposed on himself. While he made her live a life of mortification, he did not permit her to practise poverty in its Franciscan strictness. Meanwhile, Elizabeth made great strides along the road to sanctity.

In the winter of 1227 Elizabeth left the Wartburg and took refuge in the Franciscan monastery at Marburg, and there her children were brought to her. They afterwards were sent elsewhere to be cared for, and the unfortunate Landgravine was taken charge of by her aunt, Abbess of the Benedictine Convent at Kitzingen. The Abbess sent her to her uncle, Eckert, Bishop of Bamberg, who tried to arrange another marriage for his niece. Elizabeth had made a vow of continency in the event of her husband's death, and she strenuously opposed her uncle in his schemes for finding her a husband.

While Elizabeth was still in Bamberg her husband's remains were brought there, and she followed his body to its resting-place in the family vault of the Landgraves of Thuringia, in the monastery of Reinhardsbrunn. It certainly seems rather premature on the part of the Bamberger Bishop to wish to arrange a second marriage for Ludwig's widow before his body was laid away in the tomb.

There remains but little to be told of Elizabeth. With Conrad's help she obtained the full amount of her dower in money, and in one day distributed five hundred marks to the poor. On Good Friday, 1228, Elizabeth, in company with her two attendants, who had previously consecrated themselves to Jesus Christ by a vow of chastity, renounced the world at Eisenach. Afterwards going to Marburg, they received there the habit of the Tertiaries of St. Francis. In the same year Elizabeth built a hospital in Marburg and devoted herself for the three remaining years of her life to the care of the sick, especially of those suffering from the most loathesome diseases. Conrad still continued to direct her and to give her mortifications. He even took away her two loved companions

from her. Thus stripped of all earthly affection and having her mind and heart set on God alone, the saint passed away on November 17th, 1231, aged only twenty-four. Surely it may be said of her, as it is said of the Little Flower and many others: "She fulfilled a long life in a short space."

Very soon after her death miracles began to be wrought through her intercession. The process of her canonization was begun in 1232. Conrad took a prominent part in it, but died before its completion. At Pentecost in 1235 the canonization of "the greatest woman in the Middle Ages" took place. In August of the same year at Marburg the corner-stone of the beautiful Gothic Church of St. Elizabeth, belonging to the Teutonic Order of Knights, was laid, and in 1249 the body of the saint was placed in the choir of the completed edifice, which at once became famous as a shrine. In 1539 Philip the Magnanimous, Landgrave of Hesse, who had turned Protestant, put an end to the pilgrimages and removed the relics. But the entire German people still honour "the dear St. Elizabeth." The church celebrates her feast on the 19th of November, two days after the anniversary of her blessed death.

St. Elizabeth has been chosen to be the patroness of many institutions. In Prussia there is a congregation of nuns called "Sisters of St. Elizabeth," who attend the sick in their own homes. They were given State recognition by Frederick Wilhelm, and a yearly grant under the title of "Catholic Institute of St. Elizabeth," on account of their care of wounded soldiers on the battlefield. There exist also throughout Germany many "Elisabethenvereine," charitable associations which minister to the bodily and spiritual sufferings of the poor, and to neglected children. And here in our own City of Toronto we have the "St. Elizabeth Order of Visiting Nurses," under the patronage of "the dear St. Elizabeth."

HILDA VON SZELISKA.

## Lenten Prayer for Strength

Father, before Thee humbly kneeling,  
My anguished prayer goes up to Thee  
For strength, for aid, to Thee appealing,  
Thou Who alone canst succor me.  
Hear me, for heart and flesh are failing,  
My spirit yielding in the strife,  
And sorrow wild as unavailing  
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

O let me feel that Thou art near me,  
Close to Thy side I shall not fear;  
Hear me, O strength of Israel, hear me,  
Sustain and aid, in mercy hear.  
Not mine the grief which words may lighten,  
Not mine the tears of common woe,  
The pangs with which my heart strings tighten,  
Only the Heart of God can know.

Into my soul, Thy might infusing,  
Strength'ning my spirit by Thy Own;  
Help me, all other aid refusing,  
To cling to Thee and Thee alone,  
For I am weak, my feeble spirit  
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay,  
Yet not that Thou that task would'st spare it,  
Father, for that I dare not pray.

Jesus, our human form once bearing,  
Help by the memory of that day,  
When painfully Thy dark cross bearing  
E'en for a time Thy strength gave way  
Beneath a lighter burden sinking,  
Jesus, I cast myself on Thee,  
Forgive, forgive the useless shrinking  
From trials that I know must be.



## From Cardinal Newman

How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness. whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world? Tell them out they must, they cannot tell them out to those they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a security, setting aside all distinct ideas of a Sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the consequence of grace. If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, Confession is such. And such is it ever found in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the Cross, hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh! what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away! Oh! what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever! This is Confession as it is in fact.





THE LITTLE COTTAGE.



## Louise Lateau

**I** ADMIRE the anxiety of those who are always looking for something new, fresh and instructive, for each successive issue of "Saint Joseph Lilies." On that account my former residence as a student for six years in Namur gives me an occasion to contribute something new concerning Belgium. Although any ordinary geography or history would give information of Belgium far more accurately than I.

However, there is one interesting subject that after thirty years may be somewhat new to the ordinary reader of to-day. Anything of a preternatural nature always appeals to religious instincts, and as I had the great privilege of witnessing an extraordinary event on Friday, May 5th, 1881, it may probably interest your readers to learn something of a wonderful personage who in her time was a mystery, especially to medical science.

I refer to Louise Lateau, the famous Ecstatica, a native of Bois d'Haine, Belgium. On the date mentioned above, in company with some other Irish students, I, through the good offices of the Bishop of Namur, had the privilege of witnessing the extraordinary bleeding of the hands of Louise Lateau. Bois d'Haine is a small Belgian village in the Diocese of Tournay, about an hour and a half's ride by rail from Namur. In the Grand Seminary, some ten or twelve Irish students were pursuing the course of theology from 1878 to 1882, and, having heard so much of the wonderful Ecstatica, we sought through the influence of Monseigneur Gravez, Bishop of Namur, the great privilege of witnessing the extraordinary and preternatural sight of her who up to that time was a mystery to theologians, medical doctors, and scientists of Europe.

The village, like Bethlehem of old, was very small; wonder and mystery were in the nineteenth century connected with it. Every week for thirteen or fourteen years there had been witnessed by men of every shade of opinion from almost every part of the civilized globe mysterious manifestations of the preternatural.

At the time of our visit Louise Lateau was about thirty years of age. She had two sisters older than herself, Rosina and Madeline. Their parents had always been poor but respected. The father out of his earnings had built the cottage, a photograph of which I was able to procure. He died when Louise was only two years old. Poverty, sickness, and affliction seem to have been the lot of the Lateau family. All these troubles were borne with patience and resignation, which gained for them the admiration of their neighbours. Little Louise hired for service when only eight years old until her thirteenth year. Her simple piety and her devotedness to the sick were remarkable. They say the Rosary was her great devotion. When she returned to her mother and sisters she was suffering from internal injuries occasioned by an accident, but she recovered sufficiently to attend school for a short period. When the time of her First Communion arrived her mother and sisters were so poor that it was only on that occasion that they were able to buy her a pair of shoes. Surely this was holy poverty.

In 1866 the cholera visited Bois d'Haine, and the villagers, through fear, fled even from their own kinsfolk. Louise begged her mother to be allowed to attend the stricken ones, thus showing the noblest type of a "Sister of Charity." She went from home to home like an angel of mercy, and she and her sisters helped their venerable pastor to bury the dead. In 1867 her health became very much impaired; she was thought to be dying and received the last Sacraments. A novena to Our Lady of La Salette was commenced, and immediately she cried aloud that she was not going to die that time. She was attentive to her household duties and daily prayers, but we do not learn that her simple piety was in any way ostentatious. Again in 1868 she suffered from different diseases, and was supposed to be near death, but on receiving Holy Viaticum immediately recovered. She announced, although she appeared to be dying, that she would receive Holy Communion again in church. The edifice was crowded, as the people had flocked to see if she would fulfil her prophecy. The villagers on that occasion were filled with joy and admiration when she

manifested her great sanctity and confidence in God before her neighbours.

Friday, April 24th, 1868, was the day when the holy Stigmata appeared as she was engaged making the Stations of the Cross. But it is said that her ecstasies did not commence until the eighteenth of the following July. St. Francis of Assisi, centuries before, suffered the same Stigmata, and we read of several other holy persons equally privileged. Her hands and feet presented the picture of the wounds of the nails we see on our Crucifixes fastening our Saviour to the Cross. Her wounds bled profusely. At first she concealed this fact, even from her sisters. On the following day, Saturday, all pain was gone, and the Stigmata were healed. The next Friday they reappeared and blood flowed from the palms and backs of her hands. The parish priest brought a physician to examine the case. The blood could not be stopped, nor the cause of its flowing pointed out by medical science. When the agony of Friday was over, the wounds were healed, and Louise could do her daily work. Every subsequent Friday up to the date of our visit in May, 1881, the wounds reappeared, and Louise was in ecstasy and agony from which no human power could recall her. The Archbishop of Mechlin visited her. She answered his questions in a most simple manner. The Bishop of Tournay deputed an Ecclesiastical Commission to examine her case. Doctor Lefebvre, of the University of Louvain, one of the most distinguished physicians of Belgium, was selected as its president. The result of this theological commission was published in 1873. However, up to 1881 the Church decided nothing in the case of Louise Lateau. Medical investigations continued for nearly two years. During this time hundreds of medical men of all kinds of religious persuasions and of no religion at all, personally examined the case. The curiosity and doubt which impelled some to examine and try to detect some trickery were converted into awe and reverence. All testified to the facts. None could explain them or made any reasonable hypothesis for their natural existence. They testified first: "On every Friday this poor simple peasant girl bore on her hands, feet, side, and shoulder wounds



similar to those which are believed to have afflicted our Blessed Lord during His Passion and Crucifixion." They testified secondly that medical or any other known science could not account for the existence of these wounds. They also testified that during certain hours of Fridays these wounds bled profusely, and that during these hours Louise was lost in ecstasy, that is, her faculties and senses were so suspended that no physical irritation, even to piercing with the sharpest point, her eyes, nostrils, ears, or any other part of her body during the ecstasies would develop the least sign of sensibility. These learned men tried by the strongest current of electricity to awake her feelings. But with all that there was no visible sign of her being affected. During the ecstasy she was insensible to everything worldly.

After all these tests failed, still, she, at the will of her Bishop or anyone deputed by him, would wake up, arise, and answer questions. Or when that privilege would be extended by the Bishop or deputed by him to even a layman, she would respond to it. She had no human means of finding out if that jurisdiction were deputed. She could always distinguish between what was blessed or not blessed. Relics or holy things blessed by a priest she would venerate and smile upon.

I saw a student there who was older looking than a priest and dressed like one, whose hands touched hers, but she made no signs of recognition. But when a young priest, recently ordained, touched her hand she showed the usual signs of veneration and reverence. I had the privilege of touching her hand and examining the bleeding wound quite closely. When I put the relic near her hand she venerated it. When I took it away and wondered whether she would venerate my hand I was in a way disappointed. But I remembered that I was only in Minor Orders at the time. She recognized the Blessed Sacrament carried by a priest into her presence, and she arose from her ecstasy to adore It. During these investigations it was proved that she would not venerate an unconsecrated host, although as far as human eye could see it could not be distinguished from a consecrated one.

The simplicity of the girl, the poverty of the family, the

open frankness which characterized her, make the possibility of deception an absurdity. The scrutiny to which for nearly two years they submitted could prove nothing but that this was a preternaturally gifted creature. She was watched day and night for weeks and months, but those who would be delighted to find some means of detecting fraud were disappointed. The happy result frequently was that learned and scientific unbelievers opened their eyes to the light of faith. Since the commission closed its investigations the following additional facts have been attested.

It has been attested by the commission :

1. That all the wounds did not appear or bleed on every Friday. 2. When they did bleed, it was always noticed that some crimes or sacrilege were just perpetrated. 3. Except on Fridays, she was accustomed, until a few years before her death, to attend to her ordinary household duties. 4. During the week she could not be ordinarily induced to speak of her ecstasies. 5. Early in 1871 her appetite seemed to have completely disappeared, and no human food passed her lips, and when, through obedience, she did partake of a little she suffered greatly and vomited whatever she was forced to take. Ever since, and up to the time of our visit, she did not eat, drink—even water—nor sleep. She died, if I remember right, about the year 1884, and up to the end of her preternatural existence there was no change for all these years.

While the recollection of what we saw shall never be lost, still, after all these years, many little details concerning the village, the parish priest, and the beautiful Church of Bois d'Haine may have faded from mental vision. The bright Summer morning in May, 1881, when we went through the fields and the rich early crops in that beautiful country of Hainault was a pleasing sight indeed, and now the thought of the sad state of the same locality, devastated by this cruel war, saddens the heart.

Some of the circumstances that we could never forget were the reception by Louise Lateau of the Holy Communion that morning in 1881. We, being dressed as ecclesiastical students, were privileged not only to accompany the procession

from the parish church to the cottage of the ecstática, but to be present in the little room when this extraordinary personage received every day her only Food, the Bread of Angels. The crowd was too large to admit all into the little room, which was only about nine feet by twelve. I happened to get near the bedside. Her head, which was covered with a white cap, rested on a pillow, she was as white as alabaster. Her eyes were open and completely motionless. Sorrow and agony were depicted on her countenance, which, however, brightened up as the prayers were recited. We could never forget at the "Domini non sum dignus" a thrill of joy seemed to affect her. The Sacred Host seemed to fly from the priest's fingers, disappearing into the mouth as if drawn by some unseen attraction within her. Her eyes closed, and not a movement was noticed—she was lost in ecstatic thought. Her hands were exposed and rested on white linen. The wounds were bleeding, the clothes were saturated. After a little while we returned to the church.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we returned with the Cure and some priests, and the usual limited number of lay persons to witness the ecstasy and agony. We found her in the same position, lying on the bed, her eyes still open, but apparently not seeing anything material around her. The blood of the wounds stopped flowing freely. We presented the relics we got from one of our professors in Namur, and she venerated them all but one, and this one we learned afterwards from the professor was always considered doubtful. About 2.30 the Pastor commenced to recite the Vespers, and at that moment the face of Louise lighted up, and when the words "misericordia" or "Gloria" were pronounced a faint smile passed over her countenance. When the Cure chanted the third verse of the Magnificat, "Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid," the face of the ecstática thrilled with a heavenly joy, and her body was lifted to a half-sitting posture, not by her own physical effort it would seem. Be it again remembered that during these ecstasies the most powerful electric batteries had no power over her nerves or physical forces. When the agony was over we left that little room and thanked



God for the privilege of having witnessed the preternatural manifestation of God's choice of Louise Lateau as an instrument of conveying a heavenly glimpse to pious souls, as well as the grace of conversion to haughty and doubting scientists who witnessed, but could not by human reasoning explain, the mystery of the life of a humble peasant girl, who tasted nothing but the Blessed Sacrament for about fifteen years or more.

Although the Church has not, as far as I know, ever pronounced on the nature of the visions of the holy ecstasica of Bois d'Haine, still we can easily believe that the hand of God was there, and that, indirectly through these preternatural manifestations, miracles of grace were wrought in the conversions of learned unbelievers, and that an increase in faith and love was the reward of those who went through pious curiosity to visit that holy, simple girl, who was esteemed a saint by all who knew her.

THE REV. M. J. JEFFCOTT.

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### **FRIENDSHIP.**

Hast lost a friend? Let not thine heart grow cold,  
Keep warm its fires, that in their generous glow,  
Others may bask; thou shalt in them behold  
Doubles of those so cherished long ago.

Is thy friend false? Then let not bitterness  
Engulf thy soul; bind not thy brows with rue;  
Keep thine heart sweet, and from its honey-press  
Pour twice thy measure on the leal and true.

FLORENCE T. ROBINSON.

## Emmaus

"Resurrexit!" sang the angels,  
"Alleluia!" burst the song  
Of the liberated spirits  
Who had waited Him so long.

But He hushed that Easter Anthem  
Lest it drown the sweeter prayer,  
Of the faint and weary-hearted,  
Who were needy of His care.

"Mane nobiscum," lone disciples,  
Prayed the Stranger on the way.  
"Mane nobiscum," 'tis the vespers,  
"Lo! the shadows hide the day."

"Mane nobiscum." Blessed answer:  
"I am risen from the dead,  
To remain forever with you  
In the breaking of the bread."

S. M. I. J.



THE OFFICERS  
OF THE  
St. Joseph's College Alumnae  
Association  
1914-5

Honorary Patron—Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

Spiritual Director—Reverend Father Frachon, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. Ambrose Small.

Vice-Presidents—Miss Elmsley, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. S. Wallace, Mrs. J. Daley, Mrs. L. V. McBrady.

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Press Corresponding Secretary—Miss N. Kennedy.



## Alumnae Items

### FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association is nobly doing its part striving to lessen the universal distress caused by the present war. Every fortnight some of the members meet the ladies of Rosary Hall Sewing Guild in the College reception rooms, and spend long hours sewing for the poor of the city, the Belgians, and the Canadian contingents. Even the annual banquet was not held this year, owing to the fact that the Alumnae members preferred to sacrifice their own pleasures to benefit God's dear afflicted ones. Instead of the banquet, there was, on January 18th, a glad reunion of teachers and pupils, and a delightful programme of music and song, prepared by Miss M. L. Hart. Among the performers were: Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Barron, the Misses Clark, Murphy, Kelly, Charlebois, Hart, and Harris. Where all was excellent, it were invidious to make distinction, but it might not be superfluous to note the superb rendering of Miss Charlebois' patriotic songs. Mrs. Ambrose Small, St. Joseph's popular President, in her opening address, stated the reasons for the non-holding of the annual banquet, and also gave a short account of the origin and aims of the Catholic International Alumnae Association.

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### THE TIPPERARY FAIR.

Over one thousand of Toronto's poor children were made happy for Christmas by the "Tipperary Fair," held by the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Chapter Mrs. Ambrose Small is Regent, and many of St. Joseph's Alumnae are members. To the Regent's splendid initiative and tireless energy, the success is mainly due. Columbus Hall, the scene of the Fair, was on that December

day, a splendid sight. The booths were beautifully decorated with soft white draperies, green wreaths, and Killarney roses, while gay flags, displaying the lovely Harp of Erin, floated aloft. Lady Pellatt opened the Fair to the accompaniment of "Shandon Bells," and pretty young girls, arrayed as Irish "Colleen Bawns" and Belgian peasants, disposed of their wares at handsome prices. But the premium rates were all for the poor—and people gave gladly, not reluctantly, as the poet describes the unwilling giver:

"Go, break to the needy sweet charity's bread,  
For giving is living," the angel said,  
"And must I be giving again and again?"  
My peevish and pitiless answer rang.  
"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,  
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

When the "Tipperary baskets," all glorious in white and green, containing clothing and food and toys, went their happy rounds and cheerless homes were brightened, then indeed did the busy workers experience the blessedness that comes to those who spend themselves for others:

"Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

Besides making the homes happy, the little ones, especially the little foreigners in whom Mrs. Small takes a more than special interest, were made jubilant by two or three entertainments in St. Patrick's Hall, when Santa Claus "his own self" filled the arms of those lovely dark-eyed children of sunny Italy with dolls and fruits and candy, and in joyous abandon they sang "Tipperary," and later with prayerful devotion the soft hymns of Italia, and then in sweet liquid words of gratitude, charming little Assunta and Coucetta and Maddalena and Fierina and Raffaello and Pio and Cosmo and Augustino crowded round the dear benefactress, who speaks to them in their own beautiful language, to whisper to her their "Gratia, gratia, infinita, signora!" and to give her their own sweet offering of flowers, which she told them she should give "to their loved Padre to place upon the altar before the

dear Infant Jesus, Who gives us all the beautiful gifts we have."

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### ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The following letter from the Front, a copy of which has been sent us by a Baltimore clerical friend, a confrere of the writer, may prove interesting to our readers:

The writer, Father Baisnée, is about thirty-four years old; he spent two or three years in Rome before or after his ordination to the Priesthood, and received there his two doctorates in Philosophy and Theology. He came to this country in 1906. From 1907 to 1909 he taught Philosophy in Brighton, Mass., and since that time taught it with marked success in Baltimore:

Rouen, rue St. Julien, Hospital, No. 103,

November 18th, 1914.

Dear Father Boyer, Dear Confrères, Dear Friends of St. Mary's:

I know you are anxious to get an account of my wound, how it happened, and what progress it has made since October 26th. I am still a little weak, and you will excuse my narrative if it is somewhat disconnected.

Our regiment had entered the great battle waged around Ypres for a few days, and already on two occasions we had had wounded to take care of. Our ears had hardly got accustomed to the report of heavy guns, which was terrific. Imagine an increasing storm with rolling of thunder and now and then a louder detonation, which made us shiver. This was going on day and night, and at night one must have witnessed that scene to even form an idea of it. This war is a real inferno.

Now, on October 26th, most of our men were in the trenches when those that remained received our order to go forward and occupy a little village. When we were about to depart there were brought two prisoners, one of them wounded. They had surrendered because many of their comrades were



wounded, and their sufferings were intolerable. I dressed the wound, and that was my last act as infirmarian.

We put up our ambulance about three-quarters of a mile behind our lines in a little isolated farm-house, which, like all the others, had been abandoned. While waiting for the coming of the wounded, I read a few letters which had been handed to me on the way. They came from St. Mary's. It was a delight to read about home. In another letter I found a relic of Sister Theresa, which I at once pinned to my breast, and I now feel quite sure that it saved my life. It was not very long before the German artillery, which had spotted our farm-house, though I could not say whether they realized by whom it was occupied, began to shell it. Fire was soon started, and we had to retire to a neighbouring field. Night was falling, when one of the shells, or rather a big piece of a shell, hit my left arm above the elbow and inflicted a deep wound, breaking also the humerus.

I was yet in the midst of my companions, one of whom was also wounded, but a few minutes later came the noise of a fusilade, which convinced us all that the enemy was approaching. Not to be taken prisoners, my companions retired a little farther. On account of my wound, I remained alone, making the sacrifice of my life and recommending my soul to God. The fusilade ceased, and nobody appeared. So I thought of dressing my wound to stop the hemorrhage. I did it poorly in the dark, and started in search of our quarters—unfortunately, because my companions came back to fetch me, and did not find me; unfortunately, also, because I soon lost my way and found myself wandering through the fields showered with shells, I walked nearly an hour, and I was about to despair of finding anyone, not to speak of the danger of falling into the German trenches, when I heard the French "*Qui Vive.*" I was saved, but it was time, my forces being nearly exhausted. I received a little care, and stretcher-bearers were sent for, who brought me to an ambulance, where I received the care of a physician.

The rest of the night was spent in suffering. I had, however, the consolation of being watched by a priest, a friend

of mine. The next day I was taken to Ypres, to a Belgian hospital, where I received every kindness from doctors and Sisters. On Wednesday, 28th, I went under the ether for the amputation of my arm, which could not at all be saved. However, about ten centimeters of the arm were kept. But two days later temperature rose, and the condition of my wound was such that it was realized that the whole arm must go. I was very weak, and received Extreme Unction before going under the ether. Apropos, I have experienced nothing of what Monsignor Benson describes with great details in his "Initiation." I went to sleep very quietly, and the sensation was rather pleasant.

On Saturday and Sunday I was still in the Belgian hospital, and my wound would have made better progress if I had been able to stay there; but they started the bombardment of the town by bombs dropped from aeroplanes, and during the night of November 1st by big shells. I was alone in my room: the officers with whom I had been placed were gone. One of them had kindly consented to act as my secretary and to write the card I sent to Fr. Dyer. The nurses built a rampart of mattresses around my bed, and the agony, which was to last five days, was begun.

The next day the Belgian hospital was vacated, and I was transported to a French hospital at a little distance from the town, which was thought to be, and I believe really was, proof against bombardment.

There I remained five days under the fire of the German heavy guns, and those days were an agony. There I lost what I had gained. Nightmares troubled my sleep, and at times during the night I had to feel my limbs to realize that I was still myself. I do not know how I survived the experience, although I had the consolation of being visited by priests, two of them Sulpicians, and of being nursed during the day time by heroic Belgian and French nuns, who had placed their services at the disposal of the doctors.

On Thursday, November 5th, I was taken to a neighbouring station, and spent the night under a tent; it was a delightful rest. The next day I was placed on a sanitary train ar-

ranged somewhat like the American Pullman, and, after a two days' journey, I arrived at Rouen on Sunday, November 8th. I was taken to an hospital managed by French ladies, who give their time and their kindness to the wounded. I have already felt the benefit of the care and rest which I enjoy. I have had the surprise and the happiness of a visit from our Superior General from Paris, and yesterday I saw Father Grangier, who brought me a number of "America," which has given me great pleasure.

I am told that my wound is making very good progress, but I do not know yet when I shall be allowed to go to Issy, where I intend to complete my cure. Every day I have the consolation of receiving Communion from a priest who works here as infirmarian. I hope that by January my wound will be healed, and then I shall make plans for the future. I cherish the hope that my Superiors will not find me too incapacitated for resuming my work in dear Baltimore. I am given to hope that I may receive a dispensation from my irregularity, and that I shall not be deprived forever of the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice. If not, I have a sacrifice to offer every day, since I am now as truly a victim as I am a priest.

I offer my sufferings for the welfare of St. Mary's, that all, directors and students, may do their work, God's work, with all the intensity of their heart. When one has faced death, he realizes that nothing counts, nothing is worth seeking but serving and loving our loving God, loving even when He sends His greatest trials.

I beg all my confreres and my friends to remember me before God, especially at Holy Mass, and to believe in my utmost devotedness in Our Lord.

J. BAISNEE.

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From a letter received from St. Joseph's Convent, Newport, Mon., England, we quote the following interesting references to the war:

"This terrible war is taking of our best of every class and rank. The eagerness of all to go and the acts of high



heroism and chivalrous tenderness to friend and foe on the battlefield makes one feel that this scourge—so awful in itself—is meant by God to awaken the dormant nobility of human nature. So many of our soldiers, Protestants or even free thinkers, have all their religious instincts aroused by their contact with the good, fervent Irish Catholic lads fighting and dying beside them. One, a young Protestant here, brought home a rosary, which he called his greatest treasure. A Catholic lad fighting beside him in the trenches used it so constantly that he was struck with his spirit of prayer, and asked him to leave him the beads if he fell. He consented, and told him to take them from round his neck, where he was then putting them. At that moment the Catholic was struck down, and his friend, seeing he was dead, took the treasured beads. Those who know that man feel he has got the faith with the beads. He is gone back to the front, and says he will have a Catholic priest when he is dying. We hear so many beautiful and touching things about our men and the Allies that we are proud and grateful to be of them. God is so good to us—poor little Island as we are—to have given such a spirit of patriotism to our peoples. How forlorn should we be were it not for our colonies. Canada is now in the Front, as well as Australia and India, and we have here in Newport the New Zealanders, who are about to join the Expeditionary Force. Is it not all too grand for words? May our God be praised and thanked for His gracious mercy.

“How vulnerable we would be were it not for them all and for our glorious navy, for it, through the Divine protection, has brought them safely all these thousands of miles to our shores, and our enemies stand aghast at our union and strength. Although we have not the actual fighting here, so far, yet we are so surrounded with the refugees, wounded, stricken homes and hearts, that it is difficult to think of anything else. How brave those noble mothers are! How they give of their dearest, knowing the risks, the almost awful certainty of death, and when it comes, that “Killed in action,” how generous and touching is their resignation. Surely will God take all those gifts, deepest and best of the human heart

and give us for them our faith once again and make England, as in the long ago, "Mary's Dowry."

We have some refugees with us, but as yet no wounded. At Annecy and La Galerie itself our Sisters have about seventy wounded soldiers. Those of them who are well enough to get about go to daily Mass and Benediction. They sing the Mass themselves and the Benediction, those brave fellows, and are so glad and grateful to be with the Sisters. In several other parts of Savoie our Sisters have charge of the wounded.

There are many wounded Belgians here. Such good fellows—so glad to see us and tell us of their heroic stand against their awful relentless foe. But they are so simple in recounting it all, and there is nothing conscious about them of their heroism. One is deeply touched by the pathos of it all. They do not know where their young wives, children, or old parents are, and despite the efforts of all about them to win them to brightness, they are often very sad and homesick. And no wonder! Our people in England cannot do enough for them—so much do we owe them and so greatly do we pity them. Did I tell you we have four refugee ladies with us? One was in Brussels until three weeks ago, and managed to escape with someone else's passport. On reaching London she wired us: "Will you have me (she was a former pupil)? Of course we welcomed her with open arms and hearts. Her mother is still in Brussels, not yet sure of where her only daughter is. The other ladies, wealthy people of Ghent before the war, but, alas! not knowing now where they stand.

"May our good God and His Blessed Mother bring things so to pass that Easter may come with its peace and joy unbroken."

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Pupils of two decades ago or thereabouts may remember little Willie Monk and his sister Mabel. While attending school at St. Joseph's their dear mother died in Toronto, and the bereaved father brought his young family home to England, where later on Willie became a priest, and as Father

William is doing splendid work as Rector of St. Peter's Church, Rotherhithe.

Mabel attended the Convent School of the Religious of Christian Education, at Farnborough and in Belgium. Afterwards she entered the Community, and volunteered for the new foundation of her Congregation at Asheville, North Carolina. From St. Genevieve's College, where she now is, she often sends loving missives to her unforgotten first Alma Mater, St. Joseph's. Knowing that war news is acceptable to the "Lilies," she sends the following letter from the trenches, written by her young brother Jack to Father Monk in England. "I think Jack went to school at St. Joseph's," Madame Monk writes. If so, he was such a "wee one" that he escapes our memory.

November 23rd, '14.

Dear Will,—

Very many thanks for your letters, the Weekly Times (which is a boon), and the cigarettes. As you can guess, we do not have much time for letters, but we have got a day's rest to-day, as we have just come out of the trenches in the firing line. I am getting quite used to the roar of cannon and the bursting of shells, and as I write these shells are bursting in the village in which we are billeted, and our big guns nearly shake the cottage down as they reply.

It is simply awful to see the havoc in some of the deserted villages and towns through which we pass. A lot of churches seem to have miraculously escaped, although, of course, they make a splendid target. I am getting quite fluent at French, but now it is Flemish, and that is rather a mouthful, but French carries one through mostly.

We are off again to the trenches at three o'clock to-morrow morning. They are only three hundred yards from the Germans. It is quite exciting getting into them in the dark with shells flying about, but a lot of the German shells fail to explode now, which looks as if they have got through all their best stuff, which is quite cheering. Eh! Aeroplane duels take place every day over our heads. We have brought



down five of theirs this last week, and they have not damaged ours at all. There is no doubt about it, that we are streets ahead of them in nearly every department of warfare. Excuse scribble, but I am nearly frozen to death. Bye, bye, old man. Do write soon. I am still very fit and happy, and am sure with all your prayers I shall come through right enough.

Your loving brother,  
JACK.

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### KIND WORDS FOR THE "LILIES."

FROM HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BEGIN.

Your "Saint Joseph Lilies" is very interesting. Cordial congratulations and good wishes for 1915.

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FROM THE "CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES," BUFFALO.

Midwinter's number of "Saint Joseph Lilies" has arrived with much precious and delightful reading matter from over-lakes and overseas. It is always welcome, but thrice so at this time of the year, when memory is busy with other days, when the sombre cypress was yet entwined with the bright holly of to-day. Speaking of colours, what a graceful attention is paid to St. Joseph's delight, in the blue mantle worn by his Virgin Spouse, by making the cover colour of "The Lilies" the shade of her Syrian veil.

As might be expected of a Canadian College, the leading articles have a European trend, or are linked with British interests. A tender and splendidly written tribute is paid to the memory of the late English ecclesiastical essayist and novelist, Monsignor Benson. There is also an article on Venerable Bede and his literary works, and several very interesting contributions from members of the Alumnae, who were in the war zone at the outbreak of the European conflict. Especially

interesting is that on "The Gallery House," where St. Jane Frances de Chantal received the veil from St. Francis de Sales.

Little gems of poetry and prose besprinkle the pages of "The Lilies," which are further enhanced by a number of fine illustrations, portraits, and views. But to a member of the Alumnae of dear old St. Joseph's, personal items giving news of the whereabouts of former pupils—married, single, members of religious orders, and members of every secular profession under the sun—is the most diligently read. And as the items are scanned they cause here a smile and again a sigh, as after some appear the letters, "R.I.P."

To the editorial staff of "The Lilies" we extend cordial good wishes, and hope the New Year will be a very prosperous one for it and Alma Mater.

E. ANGELA HENRY, "In Quest of the Grail."

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#### FROM "REGISTER-EXTENSION," TORONTO.

A really beautiful magazine technically, and as to its reading matter, is "Saint Joseph Lilies" for December, just placed upon our desk. No educational institution is putting forth anything so ambitious and succeeding in making its ambitions good. We cannot say further, and if we did could not say more about "The Lilies." We shall prove our sincerity by accommodating to our own pages, with proper credit, some of the good things it contains. All will want not only one but more numbers of the beautiful Christmas "Saint Joseph Lilies."

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#### FROM THE "NORTH WEST REVIEW," WINNIPEG.

That pretty little blue and gold quarterly, "St. Joseph Lilies," has presented its welcome self again, better and more interesting than ever, if that were possible. An intensely vivid and absorbing article, "An Alumna in Brussels," was written by Miss Margaret M. Cronin. Miss Cronin has the making of a fine journalist in her, and I hope she will follow in the foot-

steps of her genial father, Mr. P. F. Cronin, who was editor of the "Register" at the time I was on the staff. Miss Margaret was an extremely small baby then. Dear me! how "Tempus do fugit!" as the old lady observed. A description of "The Gallery House" by a member of the community is of great interest, recalling the foundation of the order of the Visitandines and the profession of St. Jane Frances de Chantal. It is in accord with the evident will of God, Who will allow none of the desires of His saints to be entirely frustrated, that the very cradle of the Visitandine order should be also in a sense the cradle of the order that was to carry out the policy of St. Francis as originally planned. In 1854 the Sisters of St. Joseph purchased the Gallery House from which the fury of the revolutionaries had driven the Visitandines.

There is an excellent portrait of His Holiness Benedict XV. as a frontispiece and a little further on a likeness of dear old Pius X. It seems impossible to realize even now that he is really gone. Leo XIII. was awe-inspiring, Pius X. was fatherly, I think Benedict XV. is more of a scholar than anything else.

"TERESA," in "Hearth and Home."

FROM DR. WM. J. FISCHER,

Canadian Poet and Author, and Member of the Exclusive Authors' Club of London, Eng.

"I thank you cordially for the beautiful book of Marian hymns which the Christmas mail brought us. And "The Lilies," what a literary feast it was! I shall send something for your next number.

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FROM THE REV. D. A. CASEY.

You have counted on an article for March, and it will not be possible for me to send it, but not to fail you utterly, I am enclosing my latest poem. "The Lilies" is so very excellent that I would not think of sending you a mere mechanical article. But, D. V., I will have something with "Soul" in it for June.



“Continue to take the best care of “The Lilies,” writes a Religious Priest. “It is truly an honour to St. Joseph and a genuine pleasure to us readers. It is edifying and very interesting, and the labour it requires certainly very meritorious. I daily pray for the good success of the magazine.”

Many other kind notices have reached us from far and near. “Saint Joseph Lilies” is grateful for all, and especially grateful to the contributors who have given so generously of their time and thought and labour.

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#### PERSONAL MENTION.

A complimentary luncheon was given Mrs. Ambrose Small at the Tuxedo on her return from New York by the members of St. Joseph's Executive as a congratulatory recognition of the honour lately conferred upon her when she was made Governor for Canada on the Board of Governors and also International Governor of the International Confederation of Catholic Alumnae Societies. A sheaf of roses was presented to the guest of the day by Mrs. J. D. Warde. Mrs. Small expressed her appreciation, not so much for herself, as for the honour conferred on her College. She assured those present that when she takes up the active work imposed by the office of Governor, she will make a tour of the Dominion for the purpose of arousing interest in the new Association. Those present at the luncheon were: Miss Hart, Mrs. Brazill, Mrs. McDonagh, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Lellis, Mrs. Crowel, Mrs. Daly, Mrs. D. Small, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. McBrady, and Mrs. McCarron. All wished bon voyage to Mrs. Warde, who was leaving to spend the winter with her family in South Carolina.

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The monthly Alumnae meeting on the first Tuesday in February was a delightful affair. Miss A. Connor and Miss Maud Collins gave an exquisite musical programme, and Mrs.

Van Koughnet read a charming paper on the "Pioneer Women of Canada." Miss Naomi Gibson's recitation was much enjoyed.

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Mrs. Mackie (Delia Shannon), Pembroke, had news from her husband, Col. Hubert Mackie, from Petrograd, where he was serving with the Russians. He reached Russia from the Far East, where he had been when the war broke out. Colonel Mackie has been "in action" before. From 1906 to 1908 he commanded the Forty-Second Regiment, was with the Coronation Contingent in England, and served in South Africa with a command of Warren's Scouts.

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Lieut. Theodore K. Elmsley, brother of Miss Elmsley, the worthy Vice-President of St. Joseph's Alumnae, commanded one of the four big gun turrets on H. M. S. Tiger, which participated in the great victory over the Germans in the late North Sea battle. May God and His Angels watch over him and all our young Canadians and bring them safe home to anxious loved ones.

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Among the winter out-of-town Alumnae members to call at Alma Mater were: Mrs. Allan Hills (Mary Curtis), Galt; Miss Mary Miley, New York; Mrs. F. R. Porter (May English), Orillia, and her bright little son, Freddie; Miss Minnie Kidd, Athlone; Mrs. Walsh (Annie O'Keeffe), Peterborough; Mrs. T. Dougherty (Alice Materson), New York; Miss Pearl Croean, the Misses Edna Mulligan and Gladys Lamarche, North Bay; Mrs. George McCrae (Queenie Murphy), Prescott; Miss McNulty, St. Catharines; Mrs. E. Conroy (Lena Chamberlain), Peterborough.

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Our warmest wishes for the future happiness of Miss Isobel Abbott, who lately became the bride of Mr. C. P. Mosteller, of New York.

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Mrs. R. M. White (Thomasina Madden) and her young children have returned to Toronto from England, where she

resided since her marriage. Our esteemed Alumna, Mrs. Madden, is rejoiced to have her daughter home again even for a short visit.

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Our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy is extended to our bereaved Alumnae members, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Ottawa; the Misses Meader, and Miss Agnes Henry, Toronto, on the deaths of their beloved mothers; also to Mrs. Wallace and her daughter Olga, both graduates of St. Joseph's, on the death of their beloved son and brother, Norbert. A host of friends mourn his loss. In Fourth Year Medicine, he carried all before him at the Mid-summer Examinations, and doubtless had Almighty God granted him length of days he would have followed in the footsteps of his devoted father, the late lamented Dr. Matthew Wallace, whose memory lives in benediction among the poor of Toronto. But a more blessed portion is his—father and son are together now in God's beautiful Eternity, experiencing the ineffableness of Divine Love.

"For, ah! the Master is so fair, His smile so sweet to banished men,  
That they who meet it unaware can never rest on earth again;  
And they who see Him risen afar at God's right hand to welcome  
them

Forgetful stand of home and land, desiring fair Jerusalem.

Praise God! the Master of so sweet; praise God, the country is so fair,  
We would not hold them from His Feet, we would but haste to meet  
them there."

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As we go to press, word comes of the sudden death of our devoted Alumna, Mrs. George Aust (Gertrude Pape), London. We request the earnest prayers of all members of the Association for the repose of her soul.—R.I.P.

### AN AUTHOR'S GIFT.

"Saint Joseph Lilies" is gratefully indebted to the Rev. D. A. Casey for his author's copy of "At the Gate of the Temple" (William Briggs, Toronto). This "exquisite book of lyrics" has been splendidly reviewed by the Rev. J. B. Dollard.

"The poems breathe a perfume as sweet as the early prim



roses on May altars in far-away Tipperary, the beloved home of the young poet priest.

“‘At the Gate of the Temple’ is a volume full of high and noble thoughts set in chaste and mellow verse, like diamonds in a coronet of beaten gold.”

And Dr. Fischer is no less eulogistic: “After reading this daintily-bound volume in red and gold, the critic feels that he has not been swimming in a vast sea of verse, even though encompassed by strong metrical tides. The author has wisely sifted out the wheat from the chaff and included in his book only those of his poems which show his talent at full maturity.

“In the poem, ‘Passing By,’ an Irish legend of All Souls’ Eve, the muses seem to have showered the lines with whitest star-dust; the poet’s powers here strike twelve.

“We have not seen a truer canvas of poor, mutilated, bleeding Belgium and her noble, heroic sons than Father Casey’s ‘The Belgian Dead.’ The lines fairly glow with life and pathos.”

The members of St. Joseph’s College Alumnae will be proud to learn that three of the included poems first appeared in “The Lilies,” and a fourth poem, which Dr. Fischer calls “one of the sweetest in the volume,” is dedicated to the Sisters of St. Joseph. Father Casey’s poems shall be placed in the corner of the College Library reserved for authors’ copies, with the works of the Very Rev. Dean Harris, the Rev. Father Dollard, the Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith, and Dr. Wm. J. Fischer. “The Lilies” is proud to possess these volumes, and prouder still to have been honoured with contributions, not a few, from the same gifted writers.

**John Ayscough.**

And to this list must be added “Gracechurch,” by Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, which work we learn from Mr. Kennedy’s very interesting article in this issue, has been the means under God of converting Mr. Joyce Kilmer, the young but already famous, American poet. To the present writer of “Alumnae Items,” to whom Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has

given the beautiful gift of his friendship, this news comes as an almost personal joy. Long before "Gracechurch" appeared in book form the distinguished author had sent her a complete set of unrevised proofs of "Gracechurch." In a most kind letter accompanying the prized gift, he says: "Do you care to have them? Some time ago I sent proofs of another book of mine to a Convent in Rome, whose head is a friend of mine, and they seemed quite delighted—had them bound and called them a literary relic." On another occasion when writing from Salisbury Plain—(that great wilderness, with nothing but rolling billows of close-cropped turf and a silence broken only by the tinkle of sheep bells, where, under ordinary conditions, a person can feel as much alone with the universe as if he were in the middle of some Asian desert)—Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew gracefully acknowledging some appreciative words of hers regarding his books writes: "You cannot think how all this comforts a lonely author, who writes in the wilderness and can never see (as one who lives in the world might) that what he writes is welcomed anywhere." And then, with the beautiful humility of true genius, he asks for prayers. "If any word written by me has been worth writing, it will, I doubt not, be shown me at the Day of Judgment, that it was only an answer to some prayer unheard here and heard where prayers are listened to. From your cloister stretch out those hands of prayer over all the world, and ask your angel to leave you awhile till he has flown far to greet some poor writer's angel and whisper in his ear what best to say and how best to say it."

The Catholic and non-Catholic reading world has come to recognize the genius of this great author, and it is with much satisfaction that we read in the London Tablet: "A rare and high compliment has been paid to John Ayscough's discerning novel, 'San Celestino,' which tells the story of the hermit, Pope St. Celestine V., with so much living vividness and reverence that it has been welcomed wherever our language is spoken. It has been included by the Delegates of the Oxford Local Examinations as a set-book in English literature for the Junior Examinations next year. It is the only work of any living author included in the syllabus of the Delegates."

At present Monsignor's pen must remain idle because as Senior Chaplain of the British forces he is at the front; and that he is nobly doing his duty there, is evidenced by the several despatches in which his name has been mentioned by General Sir John French. English exchanges noted that "he accomplished great work among the wounded, and, speaking French fluently, obtained gifts of coffee, wine, and food, etc., from the French civilians, and distributed them amongst the wounded, making no distinction of creed, coming round the wards at all hours, and when he had been round the English wounded he would visit the French wounded and cheer them up. He also always had a few words of sympathy with the refugees on the roadsides. He showed an amazing amount of energy for an elderly man, and several times was seen with the driver of one of the ambulances nodding his head, absolutely worn out for want of sleep owing to his labours amongst the wounded. He also held services for the personnel of the ambulance of the Catholic Faith in the various villages where the churches were left undamaged."

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### MR. CECIL CHESTERTON'S LECTURE.

On February fifth, the College Auditorium was thronged with an appreciative audience to listen to a fascinating lecture on "Forces in Contemporary English Letters," by Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the distinguished author-journalist, and the convert brother of the still more distinguished Gilbert Keith Chesterton, that Goliath of present-day English letters. With great charm and brilliancy, and with the splendid incisiveness of the dialectician, the noted lecturer sketched—beginning with the early nineties and extending to the present day—contemporary English literature, not alone with intimate knowledge of his subject, but also with the authority springing from personal knowledge of his authors—W. E. Henley, Rudyard Kipling, J. S. Street, and H. G. Wells. Of Henley's verses and criticisms, Mr. Chesterton spoke appraisingly and to him gave credit for the successful beginnings of Kipling, Street,



and Wells. The lecturer considers that Kipling's early poems and stories are the best. Kipling has retrogressed. "He seems to have lost altogether his faculty for taking the dregs of the language and making them ring with music." Bernard Shaw was analysed in a masterly manner, his extraordinary powers of debate being especially dwelt upon. The Decadent Period of English Literature, Mr. Chesterton terms the period to which these men belong, and surely it is well named. How little have they given the world of all that is high and pure and true. Intellectual enlightenment can never be a substitute for spiritual elevation. Hilaire Belloc, that splendid Catholic who so "hilariously and defiantly ridicules the sceptic," was awarded a high place in the English contemporary world of letters. "He has burst in upon England, sounding a new note, challenging the growing unbelief in religion"; and Gilbert Keith Chesterton (modestly referred to by the lecturer as "my brother"), who argues for conventionality so unconventionally, who crashes in upon the orderly schemes of men, startling them into attention and compelling them to think, who shows us that we still live in the atmosphere of miracles and in the visible presence of God, who tells us that in this twentieth century God still walks in the garden in the cool of the day, and every bush is aflame with His presence, who is ever for mysticism against rationalism, has found in Belloc a kindred soul. To the Rev. Father Burke, Rector of Newman Hall, St. Joseph's, is indebted for the privilege of hearing Mr. Chesterton. In recognition of all that Mrs. Ambrose Small, by her untiring energy and executive ability, has accomplished for the upkeep of Newman Hall, the Rector honoured her College in her, the President of the Alumnae.

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The convert Benedictine Monks of Caldey Island have requested "Saint Joseph Lilies" to mention that "Pax," a quarterly magazine which they publish (price about 75 cents per year), may be obtained by applying to the Secretary of Publications, Caldey Abbey, Tenby, South Wales.

## St. Joseph

A Sonnet.

(Written for Saint Joseph Lilies.)

Thou glorious Saint, beloved of Christ the Lord,  
Strong guardian of the Holy Family,  
Exalted high since Heaven unto thee  
Entrusted Him Who was the Incarnate Word!  
How deeply thy paternal heart was stirred,  
When safe o'er Egypt's deserts thou didst see  
The Mother and the Son triumphantly  
Obeying that dread Voice in slumber heard!

Sweet Saint, in highest Heaven now glorified,  
How grandly wast thou crowned and favoured, when  
In Jesus' and in Mary's arms thou died,  
While hovering angels hailed thee bless'd of men.  
O, pray for us, so in that hour of pain  
Jesus and Mary may our souls sustain!

THE REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

## A Day In the Life of A Danish School Girl

Anna Hansen was a Danish girl and lived with her family in an apartment at Copenhagen.

Anna was fifteen years old, and, of course, attended school every day; indeed, she was very proud of the fact that she hardly ever missed one day. Her hair was thick and golden, brushed up in pompadour style, and the thick plait at the back was tied with a large ribbon bow. With her large blue eyes and fair complexion, she was a typical daughter of Scandinavia. At eight-twenty, Anna was ready to start for school. She kissed her mother "good-bye. "Farvel, Lillemor," she said, and off she went, down the wooden stairs and out into the stone-paved street. The air was keen and clear, bracing from the sea. With a free, light step Anna walked along past the beautiful botanical gardens and the large public hospital with the copper dome shimmering green against the pale blue of the northern sky. Here she met her very best friend, Astrid Petersen, and arm-in-arm they continued together. There were many other girls and boys going in all directions to their different schools. Nearing the school, they passed the chain of artificial lakes from which the excellent Copenhagen water is filtered, and in the streets the shops looked bright and tempting, some with wonderful embroidery and others with massed banks of flowers, and in the sweet shops could be seen the little pink sugar pigs mentioned in Hans Anderson's wonderful Tales. See! See! Astrid," cried Anna. "There is Froken Jensen. Shall we not catch her up and walk with her?" And so each with an arm tucked into one of their beloved mistress' they all three arrived at school laughing and in a merry mood, where hundreds of girls were going up the broad main staircase to their different class-rooms.

Anna and Astrid turned aside on the second floor, and, taking off their outdoor things, hung them on some of the many hooks provided in the wide passages. The other members of



the class had assembled and were arranging their books for the first lesson. A class numbers fifteen pupils, the Danish educationalists maintaining that with more pupils it is not possible to give each the individual attention necessary to fully develop the mind.

"God Morgen, mine Piger!" "Good morning, my girls," said the cheerful class mistress coming in, and a general chorus of response greeted her. At that moment an electric bell began to ring—many bells, indeed, all over the school—and these meant that it was time to assemble for the morning prayer. Each class lined up outside its class-room, and marching to the main staircase joined in a long line of girls going down to the large gymnastic-room. First, the tiny girls went, and so on up to the big girls studying for the entrance to the University examination.

At the door stood the lady who owned the school, and as each passed she would shake hands with her, and the girl would give a pretty little half-courtesy, the correct thing when meeting a superior at any time in Denmark, which gives the young people a certain grace of manner. Then came the hymn, sung by all to the accompaniment of a small organ played by the same lady. After the Lord's Prayer had been recited, the classes divided up and had their first lesson of the day.

Wonderful was the peace when the work had begun. Concentration is one of the strong points of Danish teaching. Study with all your mind while you are studying, but, do not overstrain. Short and concentrated studying characterises all the lessons, and in languages every opportunity is given for their complete mastery. The instructor and pupil in a French lesson speak French all through the lesson, except when translating.

Reading and translating, memorising verse and also "telling" in their own words about what they have just been studying—all this is in French. This system is carried out with the majority of the languages. School began at 9 o'clock a.m., and at 9.45 the electric bell was heard again, that ended the first lesson, and out streamed all the girls into the playground, into the golden sunshine, for fifteen minutes' recreation. Laughing and talking, they walked up and down, and then all return-

ed fresh and bright, prepared to fully appreciate the next lesson.

While Anna and Astrid are employed in learning the intricacies of mathematics, let us see what is going on elsewhere in the school, for many are the subjects mastered by these young people.

In the Kindergarten, little girls and boys are dancing and singing in round games, others weaving bright bits of paper into fascinating mats, which are to be shown at examination time for proud mothers to see. Then in other classes there is dressmaking going on and plain sewing, besides geography, history, Danish, English, German, chemistry, drawing, arithmetic, and other subjects, which need hardly be mentioned, such as spelling and writing in the junior classes. As a girl goes up in the school she takes all the subjects, changing from year to year, and the system is so planned that no cramming or hurrying results, though this might seem necessary to the unaccustomed observer. Time is also found for a song before class or at work which will allow of it. One quarter of every hour is devoted to recreation in the fresh air, and, of course, lunch at noon is a most important event. The sandwiches, in Danish *Smorrebrod*, most daintily composed of smoked salmon, sliced hard-boiled eggs, cold tongue or tomatoes on black rye bread or fine white French bread, and, taken with milk or cocoa obtainable at the school, form a quite enjoyable repast.

Particular care is given to the proper development of the body and Swedish gymnastics—that now famous system is practised with real pleasure by the girls. Educational carpentry, which combines in one subject the development found separately in other subjects, and that development which no other subject will give, has a regular place in all Danish schools. Cooking, too, is taught, and all is studied without rush or overstrain, but with thorough concentration in the time given to each, and each is carried to a high standard of perfection.

Music and dancing are outside subjects. The pretty work done by the little girls of eight or nine years old, who have already taken dancing for a year or two, is a pleasure to themselves and those who watch over them with such loving care.

When Anna and Astrid left school at two or three o'clock, having said good-bye to the clever lady who is their commander-in-chief, and who knows the wants and desires of each of her five hundred pupils, they experienced the satisfaction of good work done, with the better part of the afternoon still to be enjoyed, and only about two hours' homework ahead of them, they did not feel that responsible depression with which so many school girls are burdened.

Alas! there were the black moments too when the naughty and mischievous had to be punished. The most effective punishment being that of having to leave the class-room and stand outside, not worthy to share in the lesson, a punishment which is felt to be truly a disgrace.

Many are the conscientious men and women, many the members of the ministry, many the doctors, educationalists and scientists, who have given of their best to work out this system of education of which these few words give the merest glimpse. The cheerful Danish parents rest assured that the best is being done for their children to make healthy, clever, and loyal young Danes. They know, too, that the ladies who teach them are real ladies, some of the best in the land, whom the more fortunate may know and meet socially, and with whom they, too, may enjoy many a pleasant hour in the round of evening entertaining.

MARY KELLEHER.





## St. Bernard

**I**N 1091, in the Village of Fontaine, in Burgundy, a half a league from Dijon, St. Bernard was born of a distinguished and noble family. Tescelin, his father was Seigneur of the country, and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy; his mother, whose name was Aleth, being of the House of Montbars. Both his parents were distinguished for their piety, and God blessed their marriage with seven sons and a daughter. The mother, with her own hands, offered them all to God soon after their birth, and with the tenderest affection performed all her duties, so that, nourished with her substance, they should participate in her powers and her piety. A dreadful dream presaged to her the magnificent career of the unborn Bernard; for a holy man assured her that he would be a watchdog of the House of her Lord, who would not cease to guard it against the wolves of the world and of hell; in a word, that he would be endowed with a special gift for preaching the Word of God and defending the dogmas of the Church. This prediction was most amply justified by his brilliant and useful career. Reassured by the pious prognostication, she not only offered the child to God, as she did the others, but consecrated him in a special manner to His service; reared him with the greatest care, and handed him over to the secular canons of Chatillon-sur-Seine to be educated. As Bernard was gifted with a "marvellously cogitative" mind, he very soon advanced far beyond his age and quite outstripped his companions. From the very beginning of his college career he loved retirement and meditation; was simple in manner, silent of speech, and singularly sweet and modest in address. He beseeched God daily in prayer to preserve his youthful innocence, and studied the Humanities with great application and eagerness, so as the better to be able to understand the Holy Scriptures. Young and ambitious as he was, he gave as much of his money as he could spare in alms to the poor. Like Samuel of old, God vouchsafed him from his very infancy

singular favours. One Christmas night, while he was at chapel, as they were commencing to celebrate the Divine Office, he was suddenly overcome by a heavy sleep. He had a vision then in which the Infant Jesus appeared to him. His beauty all divine so charmed him that ever after he was inflamed with the tenderest devotion for the mystery of the Incarnate Word; and always when occasion offered to preach it then it was that in sweetness and in unction he appeared to surpass himself.

At the age of nineteen he lost his pious mother, who was regarded by the world as a saint on account of the abundance of her alms; her zeal in visiting the hospital and caring for the sick; the length and the rigors of her fasts, and her ardour in the practice of every good work. She had a great devotion for St. Ambrose, and was accustomed to invite the clergy of Dijon to her chateau to celebrate his feast with her. On the eve of the feast, 1110, she fell sick of the fever, and on the morrow she received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. The prayers were recited for the dying, to which she answered with as much fervour as presence of mind, and then, breathing a pious prayer, she passed peacefully to her reward and rest.

Bernard, now on a visit to the family home, was the master of his future. His father, occupied with his affairs as a military officer, could not watch over his conduct. He appeared in society with all the advantages that could favour or flatter a young man of his aristocratic birth and station—a bright and cultivated mind with rare prudence and natural modesty; affable manners, address pleasing and agreeable; a charm of conversation that won the hearts of all who were fortunate enough to know him. But all these advantages could easily prove pitfalls. First of all, he had much to fear from his friends, who wished him to participate in the pleasures of the world, where so often God is grievously offended. With the help of grace, he discovered their designs, and resolved to absent himself always from the snares and seductions of its perfidious pastimes.

He who loves danger shall perish in it. Bernard was not insensible to the allurements of pleasure nor quite immune from the influence of charm and beauty; and began to think of his

safety, which alone seemed secure in flight. The world and the prince of the world offered him great things, and greater hopes, which suspicion showed him to be deceptive. "Come to Me all you who labour and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you," were continually in his heart. "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light," was always a corrective for his conscience when assailed by the insidious pleasures of the world.

At length he resolved to quit the world, and promptly set about finding some sequestered spot where his soul might enjoy the yoke of Christ. The new Institute of Citeaux was at hand. He approached and enquired; but the poverty and austerity was so great that he was afraid to enter it. The unexpected, however, happened, and this was precisely what Bernard did. He hoped to be alone with God, completely hidden from the world, especially to be free from vanities, such especially as beset a young man of the nobility endowed with genius and the magnetic charm of innocence. His brothers, who loved him dearly when they discovered from his conduct that he was going to quit the world, insidiously set about destroying his design, and did everything possible to interest him in business affairs and the study of letters and science. When closely pressed, Bernard admitted his intentions. The remembrance of his holy mother constantly came to his mind, and she seemed to say to him and to reprove him that it was not for worldly and vain pursuits that she had so prodigally squandered her efforts and affections upon him. One day as he went to visit his brothers in camp with the Duke of Burgundy then besieging Nancy, he was overcome by the perplexities that beset him. He entered a church and demanded of God to make known to him His will and to give him the courage to follow it. His prayer ended, his vocation became so clear to him that all anxiety ceased, and he thought of nothing afterwards but to embrace the author of the fires that burned within his breast.

Bernard at once set out to win his brothers to his way of thinking, and leave the world with him, except the youngest, whom he wished to remain at home to console his father in his old age. His uncle, the Seigneur of Touillon, a famous sol-



dier, was the first to succumb to his importunities. Bartholomew, his brother, who was only a lad and not of age to bear arms, next joined Bernard. Andrew, another brother, who had seen a campaign after a great struggle, abandoned arms, saying: "I saw my mother. She appeared to me smiling and tenderly applauding the resolution of Bernard and Bartholomew." Like the prodigal, he didn't hesitate a moment in balance, but renounced the militia and the world and became a soldier of Christ. Gui was the most remarkable of all the brothers. He was already married and had a family, was immersed in many affairs of the world and of war, but he could not resist the call of religion. His young wife was unwilling to consent to separation; so he retired from his estate and resolved to earn his living as an humble labourer. At length his wife fell sick unto death, and sending for Bernard asked his forgiveness. She sought at once for a separation, retiring to the Convent of Lorrey. Gerard, the second brother, was a man of much merit, beloved by the world, and highly prized for his prudence, valour and bounty. He laughed at the facility with which his brothers abandoned the world, but Bernard admonished him that adversity and affliction would give him wisdom. And truly in a few days he was surrounded by the enemy and was wounded unto death. As he approached his extremity he cried: "I am a monk, a monk of Citeaux." He was put in irons and cast into a dungeon. Cured against his will, he didn't retract his vow, and captivity alone prevented its accomplishment.

Bernard came to secure his liberation, but didn't succeed; he was, however, permitted to see him, and calling to him through the prison bars, said: "Do you know that we shall soon enter the monastery together? As to you, if you can't come with us, may you here be a monk and this be your monastery." A few days afterward, when Gerard had worried himself into a deep sleep, he was awakened by the words of his dream: "To-day you will be delivered." It was the time of Lent. Towards evening as he thought of the words he heard he touched the bars that caged him in, and they fell as if by a giant's force to the earth. The great door of entry opened

as miraculously, and he escaped to the church, which was then an inviolable sanctuary, and meant his liberty. Converted and delivered, he now fulfilled his vow at leisure.

Having gained for God all his brothers and his uncle, he undertook a similar mission to the young nobles, who had been his friends in the world. He spoke both in public and private to gain souls, and the Holy Ghost gave such an efficacy to his words that multitudes were moved. Things came to such a pass, that mothers hid their children, wives their husbands, friends their companions, lest he should allure them off to his retreat, for, as in the primitive church, all who assembled there had but a single heart and a single soul. They remained all together in a house, which they secured at Chatillon, and scarcely anyone dared to enter, who was not of the company. If others did, they glorified God that they had seen it, and at once joined their number, or retired deploring their miseries and esteeming the brethren happy. For six months they retained their secular dress after their first resolution, in order that their numbers might increase, and that every one should have time to arrange his worldly affairs. At length, by a singular miracle of grace, Bernard at the age of twenty-two had assembled thirty companions, mostly of the noble class, to enter together the Monastery of Citeaux. At last the day to consummate their vows having come, Bernard and his four brothers went to ask the blessing of their aged father. On bidding him farewell they said to the old man: "We leave you Nivard, and to him we give all our possessions." But the lad cynically replied: "You take heaven and leave me earth. It is an unequal award." And no sooner was he of age than he, too, became a monk. Later his only sister, Hombeleine, and her father also entered religious life.

Bernard entered Citeaux with the intention of hiding himself from the sight of men, but God had other designs and wished to make of him a vessel of election; not only to fortify and extend the monastic orders, but to carry His Name before kings and peoples to the ends of the earth. The saintly youth, who never thought of the like, incessantly excited himself to fervour, and constantly said to himself: "Bernard, Bernard,

what hast thou come here to do?" When he commenced to taste the sweetness of divine love, he feared so much to lose these interior consolations that he scarcely permitted his senses the privilege of communing with the sights and sounds and society about him. He soon contracted the habit, which became a second nature, of thinking so continually of God that he saw without seeing, heard without hearing, and ate without enjoying the bread of life. He had become so dead to himself that he seemed neither conscious or curious of anything about Him. In all his exercises, his fervour was admirable, but especially in the performance of his ordinary affairs. While the others busied themselves where skill was required, he used the spade and the axe, and often carried great loads on his shoulders. During the seeding and harvest, ordered by the Superior, as being weak and inexpert, to sit down and rest, he was extremely afflicted, and prayed God fervently, to grant him the strength to participate in the work like the others. External affairs interfered in no way with his prayers, his union and converse with God. While working, he secretly prayed or meditated on the Scriptures. He often said it was in the fields and forests that he got his highest spiritual inspirations. During the conges he was quietly at reflection. He read and reread the Holy Scriptures untiringly. He often averred that the text itself was easier and clearer to him than any of the commentaries, and that all the truths it taught were more accessible in the originaal than in the paraphrase. Nevertheless, he read the Fathers and the Catholic doctors, and followed faithfully in their footsteps.

About this time Hildebert, Canon of Auxerre, resolved to open an institute of Citeaux in his district, and appealed to the Abbot Stephen. Bernard was selected. He had been hidden for two years in the solitudes of Citeaux, like a light under a bushel, but God hastened to place him on a chandelier to illumine the church. In a word, in the valley of Absinthe, in the Diocese of Langres, for long the retreat of brigands, he was destined to become not only the lamp, but the fixed star, the cynosure of his age. In this remote secluded



spot, Bernard and his twelve companions built cabins for cells, and for a den of thieves had a house of prayer, and a temple of the Living God. There they led the angelic life, and the valley of Absinthe became "Clara Vallis," popularly called "Clairveaux." William of Champeaux, the famous professor, was Bishop of the diocese, and when two monks called on him, the one merely skin and bone, the other robust, alert, and affable, he was not slow to pick out the saint. Bernard and William had but a single heart and a single mind ever afterwards.

The rigors of life in this modern Thebais were so telling that, what with poor nourishment, hard labour, and little sleep, Bernard soon fell dangerously ill. William of Champeaux, the Bishop, post haste, hurried to solace and assist the holy man in his extremity. Bernard would abate none of his rigors, and the Bishop was forced to appeal to Citeaux, to hold a chapter. They authorized him to build a private cottage, and procure a doctor to care for the saint, whom he forced to abandon the cares and conduct of the community. The doctor proved to be a wild animal, or at least that is the way Bernard described him.

Most doctors are called hard names when they have an unruly patient, pious or impious. He may not have been a specialist, but he made the holy man eat and sleep—the two things he needed much more than medical skill. Drugs are not everything, and what they lack obedience often supplies, affording nature an opportunity to relax and recuperate.

Bernard, restored to health, returned to the monastery. His father and four brothers were now monks at Clairveaux. The sister, Hombeleine, who was married and very worldly, visited them; but as Bernard and his brothers heard of her retinue and display, they refused to receive her. She broke down, and in tears exclaimed: "Although I am a sinner, Jesus Christ died for me, and it is because I am a sinner that I came here to seek advice. If my brother despises my body, let me say to him that no true servant of God can despise my soul. Let him come, let him command what he will, and I will obey." Bernard and his brothers at this heartrending appeal

consented to admit her. Hombeleine being married, the saint contented himself with reprimanding her pride and worldliness, and, giving her as a model Mary, the Mother of Jesus, Hombeleine was so changed and afflicted that for two years she lived at home, as in a cloister. At the end of that time, obtaining the consent of her husband, she entered as a Religious the Convent of Julii, where she spent piously the rest of her days.

The fame of St. Bernard soon attracted to Clairveaux multitudes of postulants, amounting in all to seven hundred. Among them were numbered two princes of the royal blood of France and Sardinia, as well as many of the grandes of the nobility. When elected Abbot he made the mistake of requiring all to imitate his own standards of austerity and perfection; but soon, however, he reversed his method, and pleaded with the weaker brethren with all the tenderness of a mother. Clairveaux was now a paradise, and all obeyed Bernard as if he were an angel from heaven. On descending the mountain, that led to the Monastery, at first view, one would have concluded that God Himself had chosen this Eden for his saints—so sweet, so silent, so orderly was the scene. The valley was a garden, in neatness and order, and fields were green or golden with the fruits of their methodical and constant toil. Flocks and herds abounded, and were watched by the silent monks, whose example was so bewitching to the worldly throng that came to gaze or admire, that they imitated their silence and picked their steps as they trod this sacred ground.

As to Bernard, he was the moving spirit and the marvel of this Thebais. After passing a year in retirement in obedience to the Bishop, for the sake of health, like a torrent dammed up, he broke forth into his austerities again. Standing, he prayed night and day, until his knees weakened and his feet were swollen. The doctors marvelled that the weak frame could endure so long the fatigues and fasts he underwent, and yet he lived sixty-three years, founded several monasteries, preached constantly, and wrote many excellent works. In addition, at the call of Christianity, his country,

and the Pope, he was continually immersed in the most difficult affairs of his time.

Of all these public functions, the most important to the Church was the composing of the schism. After the death of Honorius II., 1130, Anacletus II. and Innocent II., were elected to the Papal throne, by rival Roman factions. Innocent was forced to fly to France, where Louis the Fat espoused his cause. Bernard's advice was immediately sought. From the depths of the valley he reluctantly came forth and plunged into the controversy, that had riven Christendom in twain. The King and the Prelates made Bernard supreme arbiter. After careful and profound research, he decided in Innocent's favour, and flung himself, with characteristic fervour and force, into his defence. Though banished by Rome, Innocent was now accepted by the world. Bernard and Innocent travelled as companions, and eventually retired to Clairveaux, where the Pope was edified by the poor and homely fare they served him. Bernard induced the Emperor to take up arms in favour of Innocent, and Anacletus was forced to take refuge in Castel Angelo. His death soon afterwards cleared the horizon, leaving Bernard the champion of the Church, and Innocent securely seated on the Papal throne.

Perhaps the most dramatic and interesting episode of his career was the controversy with Abelard. The latter was eminent before Bernard became Abbot of Clairveaux. When a youth of twenty, he dethroned the great William of Champeaux, who was king among the doctors of his age; but his audacity, his restlessness, his heresy, his romantic misfortune eclipsed his future and damned his career, before it was fairly begun. However, at the Council of Sens, where the king, the nobles, and the Prelates of France had assembled, he dared his enemies to impugn his opinions. St. Bernard was alarmed at his teaching, and had secretly informed his friend Innocent and the authorities of both Church and State, so that presumption, if not prejudice, was already against Abelard; yet when this meteoric hero of the schools threw down the gauntlet, there were no Athanasius at hand ready to rush into the breach. Bernard submitted "that he was a stripling, too un



versed in logic, to meet this giant, practiced in every kind of debate."

But all were come prepared for a spectacle, and Bernard was forced into the lists. Abelard, however, for reasons of his own, refused to defend himself, and appealed to Rome. The Council condemned Abelard, and Bernard followed it up by sending a letter to Innocent, indicting his antagonist with heresy. The Pope promptly confirmed the condemnation, and Abelard retired to Cluny, where the Venerable Abbot Peter received him cordially, and reconciled him with the great protagonist of orthodoxy. Abelard died in harmony with the Church and in submission to her authority.

What Bernard considered the greatest blot on his career was the miserable failure of the second Crusade; or at least he deemed it expedient to write an apology to the Pope. The Turkish army took Edessa in 1114, and Christian Europe was shocked to its foundations.

The Pope delegated St. Bernard to preach the new Crusade, in order to reclaim the Holy Land from the hands of the infidel. Bernard, old and bent with ill-health and austerities, at first hesitated, but soon hurled France and Germany headlong on the East, by the magic and the power of his marvellous eloquence. Louis and Conrad led the Crusaders by way of Constantinople. The perfidy of the Greeks and the jealousies of the knights drew down upon them the wrath of heaven, and they were ignominiously beaten and dispersed. This disaster brought a storm of denunciation and disgrace on Bernard. It was his "season of calamities," to use the phrase of the unfortunate Abelard. Broken in health and heart, sleepless and faint, his spirit was still unconquerable, and whenever necessity called him forth, his mind mastered his infirmities, and he would surpass robust men in enduring fatigues. Many of the companions of his youth were already dead; the venerable Suger, Thebaud, Conrad, and Pope Eugenius, his pupil and greatest friend, all died in the same year. He felt his own end was at hand, and, worn with fatigues, fasting, and prayer, he died at Clairveaux 21st August, 1153.

Learned and orthodox, ardent and earnest, saintly and

unselfish, he was easily the greatest man of his age, although not the equal of Abelard in the liberal arts and dialectics. He was the incarnation of his time, while Abelard, his great opponent, was the pioneer of posterity. He was the conservative, Abelard the liberal. The resultant, as usual, was a compromise; the doctrines of the one and the method of the other were handed on to the thirteenth century, when Albert the Great and the angelic Thomas, as their heirs, improved their inheritance, and produced the finest fruits of scholasticism. Abelard was an erratic planet and felled by impact whatever approached. Bernard was a fixed star that steadied the universe about and gave it a grand and glorious light.

Abelard had no moral influence on his age; Bernard admonished Popes and princes with the same freedom and candor that he did the monks of Clairveaux. Abelard was facile princeps in the tumultuous arena of the schools; Bernard was undisputed champion on the equally turbulent stage of the State and Church. The method of Abelard in the hands of St. Thomas saved the Church from the rationalism of Aristotle, whose doctrines had been popularized by Avicenna and Averrhoes, showing that the Stagyrte was no opponent, as Boetius did in the sixth century, but rather the protagonist of everything Christian. The learning and eloquence of Bernard, modelled on that of St. Augustine, was destined after the decay of scholasticism, to become again the glory of the schools. His "Memorare" is still recited by every good Religious as the prettiest of prayers to the Blessed Virgin, and his rhetoric, which flows like a river of fire, is still calculated to kindle the admiration and effort of ages and nations entirely out of joint with the spirit embalmed in St. Bernard's works.

The centuries have jealousies like men,  
And strive with all the ardour of their race  
To lend the world rare children that will grace  
Their times with nobler deeds than there have been.

Thus they bring forth genius and prodigy,  
Till angels, envious of the happy earth,

---

Would gladly change their heritage for birth.  
'Mid men to taste superiority.

The angels in this mood, was Bernard born,  
His foster-parents were but phantoms pure ;  
Flesh veils to save the sanctity of Heaven  
From our low gaze, and their pure son was given  
To man, as Jesus was, here to endure  
The burdens of the flesh, and draw the thorn.

THE REV. A. O'MALLEY.





## Our French Canadian Neighbours

**M**ONEY is the root of all evil," says the old proverb, but J. M. Barrie has recently challenged this proverb, and asserted that jealousy, not money, is the root of all evil. His reference was to that jealousy of race, that envy of others' prosperity which has poisoned men's minds until we now see millions of people, none having any real dislike for the others as individuals, springing as nations at each others' throats in a fury that will be satisfied with nothing less than a fight to the very death. Yet, while horror piles on horror, the saddest thought of all is the realization that no sacrifice will ever satisfy the Demon of War, and that so long as jealousies of nations and races continue, every mother bringing a son into the world must have the bitter knowledge that those national jealousies may some day claim that son as a victim of that envenomed and monstrous thing called "War."

Removed by the Atlantic from war's greatest terrors, we are indeed fortunate in Canada, where people from all the white races have been welcomed, and under British free institutions are merging, blending, and fusing into one united people, too busy in the moulding of our great destiny to be moved by the racial feuds that in times gone by raged between the races from whom our people have sprung. But our good fortune will continue only if we realize that our very prosperity will, in time, raise here jealousy of one class or one locality against another, trifling enough at the start, yet no more trifling than the jealousies which set North against South in the American Civil War.

While men are prone to let things drift, the mother element in women calls them imperatively to work to protect the helpless ones of the future, and I am sure that once our women realize that already an insidious jealousy is springing up in some quarters between the British and French in Canada, a danger to our present contentment and to our future happi-

ness, they will be the leaders in the work of checking this fell danger by the only means possible, namely, by substituting for distrust, an appreciation by each race of the other's good points, which will result in a mutual liking of each race for the other, so strong that the panderers of hate will be ashamed by either pen or tongue to do anything to mar this concord. If anyone says: "Why does not the French Canadian do his part?" our answer is: "We have nothing to do with that," and that our plain duty is to do our part, knowing that we can bring about the result, for hate needs hate for it to live, while liking begets liking. If we do our part, we know that there is a generosity in the French temperament that will surely respond.

In this spirit I urge you English Catholic women to help this truly national work by opening your minds to the debt that our country owes to the French Canadians, and by giving some time to a sympathetic study of their history and their characteristics. I assure you you will find the story one of intense interest in itself, and the knowledge of great value to our country. But, apart from any other reasons, you would be untrue to your own traditions if you forgot or overlooked what Ontario and all Canada owe to these same French Canadians, the first Catholic pioneers, the fighting race, the enduring race, the knightly race, whose explorers' daring first opened up this land, whose valour conquered it from the savages, and whose endurance held it, whose priests shed here their martyr blood, whose saintly nuns were its first educators and teachers, the race who first made it possible for our forefathers to find and to found here peaceful and happy homes.

Space prevents any attempt at an historical sketch, for their history is the history of our country, enthralling in its record of brave deeds, but impossible to cover in a magazine article. This much, however, we all know, and this much no Canadian should ever forget, that the discovery of Canada was by the Frenchman, Jacques Cartier; that almost all the exploration and opening up of the whole of Canada, from sea coast to prairie, was done by the explorers and the pioneers

of that race; that it was French Canadian loyalty at the time of the American Revolution, the loyalty of a people newly conquered, but who had already learned to believe in and trust the faith of British treaties and British treatment, that preserved Canada to the Empire; that it was again French Canadian loyalty and valour in the War of 1812 that helped keep our country British; and French Canadian co-operation in 1866 in the Confederation of Canada that made our great Dominion possible. All the names we prize in our early history are theirs; Cartier, Canada's discoverer; Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and the real father of New France, whose history we all know, though perhaps we have forgotten, that he was also the first explorer of Ontario, when in the year 1615 he went by canoe from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario by way of the Bay of Quinte, over the waterways which three centuries later we are making into the Trent Valley Canal. What more illuminating illustration of French characteristics and their value to us can we find than the story of the arrival in his new colony of Montmagny, the successor to Champlain. His first act was an act of Adoration to Christ crucified, for his first words on arrival were: "Behold, the first cross I have seen in this country; let us worship the crucified Saviour in His image." It was characteristic that the approach of the new Governor to the little citadel took the form of a procession; characteristic, too, that the procession went first to the church and then to the citadel; characteristic also that the formal proceedings were followed by feasting and rejoicing, and it was the French characteristic that caused Montmagny to leave the festive board in order to succor the weak and needy, for hearing that one of the race we British have despised, an Indian who was at the point of death, had expressed his desire to become a Christian, the Governor himself went at once to the pallet of the dying Indian and acted as sponsor at his baptism.

You are interested in education. Remember, Sillery, who as early as 1635 founded a school for Indians at the spot near Quebec, which commemorates his name to-day; the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the Ursulines, and the



Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, founder of the Sisters of Notre Dame, both assisted by Bishop Laval, who was himself the founder of the Quebec Seminary. Name after name follows—all of men who were the soul of chivalry and honour, devout, loyal, and pure, daring, intrepid, and brave; Maisonneuve, the founder of Montreal; Frontenac, the truculent but skilful general and devoted Catholic; Daulac, LaSalle, Du'lut, Marquette, LaVerandrye, the founder of our great North-West. And women, too—in these times of war remember Madeline of Vercheres, the child-heroine whose cunning and wisdom were excelled only by a determined bravery not surpassed by any man. What a tale of exploration and of conquest, of devotion and of achievement, the bare mention of these few names picked at random from the multitude of great French Canadians of early days conjures up! What a debt does this continent owe to them! If Canadians are justly proud of their heritage, should not the Catholics of Canada have an additional pride in the knowledge that each place connected with these names was made holy by true Catholic deeds and blessed by the Church. And while this recollection should stiffen our resolve to hold fast for God, the country that was opened up in His name, and was colonized originally, primarily for His greater glory, let us not forget that the first credit belongs to the French Canadians.

The name of Daulac recalls his story, which of late has become so familiar to all Canadians. When in 1660 the Iroquois, then the allies of the English colonists in what is now the United States, prepared their expedition to wipe out the French colony, they planned something which, if successful, would have made Canada a part of those colonies, with the result that we would not be to-day partner in the great British Empire. Our salvation and our national existence is due to the heroic sacrifice of Daulac and his companions who, behind the log ramparts of Carillon for eight long days and nights, hungry and athirst, held back the attack until none were left, and thus gave Canada in Carillon a spot as glorious as Thermo-

plyae, and made so by him whom Murray has called the "Leonidas of France":

"True to their oath, that gallant band no quarter basely craved,  
So died the peerless twenty-two—so Canada was saved."

If those were some samples of the pioneers, we may ask what of the French Canadians of later years? Again, one has but to mention names to prove that the character of the race remained the same, and that the same talents when applied to the development of the country equally deserve our admiration and respect. I mention only Papineau, who risked position, life, and fortune to fight for the liberties we to-day enjoy as a matter of course; Lafontaine, the conciliatory and wise administrator; Cartier, whom our political students consider a statesman without a peer. Do they suffer by comparison with their English-speaking colleagues? Or Chapleau, the silver-tongued; Joly, the incarnation of honour, or their leader to-day, who in the Imperial Conferences was hailed as the greatest statesman in the Empire, and who is perhaps the greatest Canadian alive, Sir. Wilfrid Laurier.

There remains one other aspect from which we may view the fitness of the French Canadian to be considered as a worthy and desirable part of our nation. For other nations also have given to Canada great explorers, great soldiers, and great statesmen, men to whom we owe much and who well earned their earthly honours. But the crowning glory of the French Canadian contribution to our history belongs not to those I have named. Since it is character and righteousness that build a nation, the greatest glory of all should be given to the gentle and noble nuns whose chastity and fortitude and self-denial have shed such lustre on the early pages of Canada's story; should be given to those French Canadian missionaries, who, to quote from a Protestant Bishop of a foreign country, "showed greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has been seen since the time of the Apostles," whose story is the very romance of things holy, the Jesuits who in this Ontario of ours blessed the soil with the blood of

martyrs. While we know that priests of other races would gladly have done the same, the fact remains that the crown of martyrdom in Canada belongs to these men whose successors are so often attacked here to-day.

Since true friendship must be based on understanding, and understanding on knowledge, all true friends of Canada must urge a deeper study of the French Canadian's contribution to our history. We can get a true view of the character of a people in no better way than by studying the ingredients that help make up that character, and studying the mould in which that character was shaped. Fifty years, or even a couple of centuries, is too short a time to change the character of a race. I have pointed out what manner of men the French Canadians were in order to emphasize the point, that the "habitant" of to-day is the successor to the heritage of these men. Quebec is peopled to-day by a race, the descendants of men who dared to do things, and who will therefore gladly follow a strong and daring leader to-day. Descended from men who were strong to do and to endure, men who could suffer and yet keep their hearts young, they are naturally tenacious in their customs, patient in adversity, and light-hearted whenever the chance arises. They might forget the memories of the past, but so long as that same blood courses in their veins, we should find them chivalrous and courteous, true to their ideals, caring not too much for money, yet frugal, as is natural to a people who have learned thrift from sternest adversity, loving as did their forefathers with a deep love the open air, the fields, the waters, and the blue sky; bound to the death to that faith which was the life of their fathers and the primal reason for the existence of their colony; and withal music-loving, gay, joyous, and pleasure-fond, as becomes the descendants of those bold rovers, whose songs disturbed the lone wolf in the distant prairies, and so often rang clear and true above the roar and swirl and noise of swiftly rushing rapids.

We want a United Canada—not a Canada with one part sullen or discontented, but united in hearts as well as in name, and for our own sake we want that union to be made by taking



the best from every race. We should not want the French Canadian to forget his tradition; the loss would be Canada's if he did forget. The French Canadian who would not be proud of his race, and of being a French Canadian, would be a son ashamed of his mother, no fit inhabitant of any decent home, and certainly no fit citizen of Canada. Our history does not start with that day on the Plains of Abraham, when England won in battle over France. That was an episode, the significance of which is exemplified by the fact that but one monument commemorates the battle, a joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, erected not to preserve a record of who was victor, but to mark the spot where forever—if Canada is to be a nation—is to lie buried the old feud. The war ended, not in that battle, but in the Quebec Act, embodying in our nation's constitution the solemn guarantees pledged on the faith of the British people. Suppose some of them do ask too much, how can they more quickly be set right than by us endeavouring not to give too little? The story of Limerick stands to-day to perpetuate the disgrace of a broken treaty. We as Canadians, as citizens of that great British Empire that is risking its whole life in this war to uphold the sanctity of treaties, will do well to remember our obligations, and by striving to put out the flames of racial prejudice every time the opportunity affords itself, we will, I am sure, do our part to prevent the Rock of Quebec from ever having to be a reminder to those who come after us, of promises made by our predecessors, and broken by us. Then, if it should happen that the French ask too much, demand more than what was promised, or what is right, the inevitable discussion will be between friends, not enemies, and in place of bitterness we will see a sympathetic meeting of peoples, free from prejudices, not only tolerant, but proud of each other, a meeting that will show the world that bloods can mix if jealousy be absent, a people united in heart, able to, and sure to, solve their own problems in their own good way.

JAMES E. DAY.

## Our Gallant Dead

To the memory of the Canadian officers, soldiers, and seamen who have fallen in the present war.

While War prevails o'er earth and main,  
Record, O Muse, the valiant slain,  
    Who fought for Britain's right;  
Here valiant youth, there manly grace,  
Abandon'd to Death's cold embrace,  
    Are lost in shades of night.

No tender friend, no parent near,  
Drops o'er their wounds the sorrowing tear,  
    Of pity or of love;  
But fame eternal is their meed,  
And every bold, heroic deed  
    Is registered above.

If conquest crowns our martial bands,  
To Heav'n they raise their grateful hands,  
    And meet with joy their fate;  
And if misfortune cloud the day,  
Nor fugitives, nor cowards they  
    Disgrace and scorn await.

No earthly foe o'er them has power,  
Victorious in that awful hour  
    Which claims their parting breath;  
Their souls with purest rapture fly  
Triumphant to their native sky,  
    Nor feel the sting of death.

Approach their graves, ye chosen few,  
Who Virtue's active paths pursue,  
    And shun ignoble rest;

But hence retire, ye slaves of vice,  
Whom Luxury's false charms entice,  
Corrupters of the best.

Ye cold fault-finders, who, zeal  
For friends or country, ne'er could feel,  
Or share their glorious lot;  
And you, by sordid interest charmed,  
Whom never spark of honour warmed,  
Forbear this hallow'd spot.

Your carking words, or lounging ease,  
And hoarded wealth, no longer please  
When barb'rous foes are near.  
But shall this valiant blood be spilt,  
To snatch the sons of sloth and guilt  
From danger and from fear?

No! Heroes bleed in Glory's cause,  
Defenders of their country's laws,  
And just monarchal sway.  
They bleed to save the guiltless maid,  
To guard the helpless orphan's head  
From insult and dismay.

To shield the rev'rend locks of age,  
And every mild, benignant sage  
Who teaches heavenly lore;  
To keep from wrath the silent grave,  
Where rest the good, the just, the brave,  
And peace on earth restore.

Then sacred to each honour'd name,  
Let Canada their worth proclaim,  
And palms unfading bring;  
For them parental hearts must mourn,  
And weeping maidens o'er their urn  
The dirge of sorrow sing.



But when the martial trumpets cease,  
And victory escorting Peace  
Diffuses joy around;  
When notes of triumph rend the sky  
How many widow'd hearts shall sigh,  
What tears bedew the ground.

Their homeward friends shall then relate  
How brave their deeds, how grand their fate,  
Who sought a glorious death;  
And, musing o'er their manly doom,  
Unbind and place upon their tomb  
The warrior's laurel wreath.

W. R. H.

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The mint and thyme give out their perfumes only **when** bruised. Human hearts are the stops and keys in the **great** organ of humanity, and the deepest and divinest music **comes** not from the weak notes that are touched with gentle **fingers**, but from those that are fiercely trampled under the feet.

CANON SHEHAN.

## Ancient Irish Hymn to the Blessed Sacrament

I offer Thee—

Every flower that ever grew,  
Every bird that ever flew,  
Every wind that ever blew,  
Dear God!

Every thunder rolling,  
Every church bell tolling,  
Every leaf and sod,  
Laudamus Te.

I offer Thee—

Every cloud that ever swept  
O'er the skies, and broke and wept  
In rain and with the flowerets slept  
My King!

Each communicant praying,  
Every Angel staying  
Before Thy throne to sing!  
Adoramus Te!

Take all of them, O Darling Lord,  
In Thy Blessed Sacrament loved—adored.

Multiply each and every one;  
Make each of them into millions,  
Into glorious millions,  
Into gorgeous millions,  
Into golden millions,  
Of glorias, glorious Son!  
And then, O dear Lord listen,  
Where the tabernacles glisten,  
To those praises, Holiest One!

## The Teacher Saint and His Work

### A Sketch of the Life and Work of St. John Baptist De La Salle, the Father of Modern Pedagogy.

"Lancaster, Uhland, Jacotot, and Pestalozzi—all  
Have had their day—the world hath watched their system rise and fall;  
But the grand method of La Salle, still in its mellow prime,  
For two long centuries hath stood the crucial test of Time."

**T**HE great and saintly Pontiff Pius IX., speaking of St. De La Salle, once exclaimed: "That man seems to have worked rather for our day than his own," and, indeed, the spirit that animated De La Salle is universally needed to-day. We are living in an age of intellectual progress, when educational facilities are perhaps more widespread than ever before; but, likewise, is the struggle between the powers of good and evil for the mastery of the child, being carried on at the present time more fiercely than ever. As a celebrated preacher has said: "The battleground of the forces of Darkness and of Light has been changed from the bloody arena and the Christian temple to the halls of the University and the class-rooms of the Academy and Public schools." Under these circumstances, we need the intercession, the example, and the spirit of the great Teacher-Saint, who so heroically devoted to the cause of Christian education his goods, his talents, and his life. To the many who have at heart this Apostolate—the greatest in the Church to-day—the story of the life and work of St. De La Salle, must be of more than passing interest. It is an encouragement and an inspiration.

#### The Saint's Life and Labours.

John Baptist De La Salle was born in the historic city of Rheims, France, April 30, 1651. His father was Chancellor of State to the King of France and President of the High Court of Rheims. His mother was equally noble and pious. From his childhood, grace reigned in young De La Salle, and he loved



to spend long hours at the foot of the altar. At an early age he was sent to the university, and his progress in study was rapid and pronounced. At the age of eleven he received the clerical tonsure, and at sixteen he was named Canon of the great Cathedral of Rheims, which has admitted so many great and holy men within its portals—portals that in these our days of highest civilization have served as a target for the shells of an invading army.

At nineteen De La Salle had completed his course in philosophy and graduated from the University of Rheims. He then went for a time to St. Sulpice Seminary in Paris to pursue his theological studies, and was ordained to the priesthood on Easter Eve, 1678. After his ordination he still continued his studies in his home city, and at the age of thirty, having brilliantly defended his thesis before the faculty of the Rheims University, he received the Doctor's cap.

All biographers of the Saint have noted his deep intellectual culture. Indeed, this is his conspicuous trait among educational reformers and founders of religious institutions. The secret of his great intellectual strength lay in his intense piety and angelic purity. Speaking of St. De La Salle as a student at the University of Rheims, Abel Gaveau said: "His purity of body gave untold brilliancy to his mind, enabling him to seize upon and appreciate the nicest distinctions in controverted questions, the choicest thoughts in literature, and the pivotal points in historical studies." Such was the manner in which God prepared the soul of the Apostle of Christian education for his future mission.

As a priest St. De La Salle was untiring in his zeal for souls. He was always ready to take up any work in which there was question of saving them. His spiritual director, Canon Roland, had founded a Sisterhood for the education of poor girls, and before his death confided the rising Institute to the care of his young penitent. Well and faithfully did De La Salle acquit himself of his new charge. Having assured the existence of the Institute and its schools by obtaining ecclesiastical and civil recognition, he left the good Sisters full of gratitude, their community firmly established, and

their work prospering beyond expectations. But how little did he think then that God was fitting him for a work far greater in its proportions, more illustrious in its effects, the worth of which Heaven alone can tell.

His interest in the work of education had now been aroused. He saw the children around him growing up in ignorance and vice, and his heart bled for them. The Church in France had not yet recovered from the shock of the so-called Reformation. Dangerous opinions were advanced, erroneous doctrines broached, and rationalism was already making fearful strides, especially among the ignorant poor. De La Salle, with his far-reaching mind, seems to have understood not only what was needed as a remedy in his day, but what would also be a preservative in future ages. The remedy and preservative must be sought through Christian education. Take the ignorant, then, and educate them in a Christian manner; take the poor, and with a kind and helping hand teach them in the spirit of charity; take the young mind and fashion it after the model given by Christ our Lord. This was the grand idea of De La Salle. The schools for girls were established and had succeeded, and now he turned his mind to the grand work of his life, the Christian education of boys. He knows that a man with a special mission from God must devote himself unreservedly to the work; and, therefore, however much the learned and zealous canon might accomplish for souls in his ministrations as a priest, he lays aside all but what is essential to his vocation, and becomes the poor, humble Brother, the first of the Christian schools, the founder of an institute destined to carry out till the end of time a high and mighty project.

His devotion and self-sacrifice could not remain hidden. He soon found himself surrounded by a number of generous-souled young men, who desired to become his disciples. They had been struck by his noble and untiring zeal, and now wished to imitate his example. He took them to his home, drew up rules for them, and began to train them in the art of teaching. His first schools opened, and were everywhere a success. For a time all went well; then a famine broke out in the land. De

La Salle was rich, and his disciples began to show signs of distrust. The moment for heroic action had come. He was ready for the sacrifice. He sold all he had, gave the price to the poor, and said to his companions: "Henceforth we rely on God alone for support." Such was the beginning of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Like all the works of God, this great undertaking bore the stamp of the cross. Trials, contradictions, calumnies, and persecutions threatened at times to overwhelm his work, but the Saint's unbounded confidence in God triumphed over every obstacle. His sufferings, like his sacrifices, were truly heroic. He was attacked by his enemies, misunderstood by his friends, and abandoned by some of his own disciples. His only consolation was at the foot of the altar, where he often fell from fatigue and exhaustion.

Our Saint never missed an opportunity of doing good. It mattered not whence it came. So long as it was a question of God's honour or the good of souls, he refused it not. After the disastrous battle of the Boyne, a number of Irish officers followed their exiled King, James II., into France. These gallant heroes, desirous to insure for their sons a thoroughly Christian education, confided them to De La Salle. He joyfully received the young exiles, lodged them in his own house, and cared for them with a truly fatherly love. He opened a special school for them, which was known as "The Irish Academy," and he himself superintended their education, selecting his ablest teachers to give them the instruction suited to their age and position. So thoroughly were they trained that in a short time they were able to fill with credit the various offices and posts of honour to which they were appointed. The fame of this exceptionally thorough and successful training attracted the attention of the exiled monarch himself, and, in company with the Archbishop of Paris, James II. visited the school, expressed his admiration of the work, and testified his gratitude to the holy Founder and his Brothers.

Worn out by excessive labours and mortifications, the holy man's strength at length gave way. He had laboured for nearly forty years in the great work of Christian educa-



tion. He had perfected a system; he had gathered around him a body of men illustrious both for their pedagogical ability and holiness of life, and now he could say with his Divine Master: "The work is finished!" On Holy Thursday, 1719, he received the Last Sacraments. To the Brothers who pressed around their dying Father to receive his last words, he recommended fidelity to their rules, obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin and to Saint Joseph and detachment from the world. Being asked by Brother Bartholomew, his successor as Superior of the Congregation, if he accepted his pains with joy, he replied: "Yes, I adore in all things the Will of God in my regard." These were his last words. An hour later he opened his arms wide, as if to embrace some invisible presence, and expired. It was Good Friday and the first Friday of the month, April 7th, 1719. He was sixty-eight years of age, and every one of those years had been consecrated to the glory of God and the good of his neighbour. No sooner was his death known than the people exclaimed: "The Saint is dead!"

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools was solemnly approved by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1725, and the holy founder was canonized by Pope Leo XIII. on May 24th of the Roman Jubilee Year 1900. On this occasion that great Pontiff declared that St. De La Salle is the Model for Christian Professors, the Patron of Christian Schools, and the Protector of Youth.

### **Debt of Modern Education to St. De La Salle.**

Little do our modern educators realize what they owe to the genius of this saintly pioneer of popular education. He was the originator of the schools in which they were trained, the inventor of the system by which they teach. He was the first to found elementary pedagogical teaching. By giving to primary education principles and a method, he made of it a science and raised it to the elevated position which it holds to-day in the educational world. He was the first to dignify the teacher's position by setting apart trained teachers for

the exclusive work of education. Finally, in making, for the first time in the history of education, the mother tongue the basis of all instruction, he appealed to the intelligence of the child, opened the way for the study of national literature, and supplied to the grown man a means of self-culture, previously unrealized. In short, St. De La Salle was the originator of: (1) A manual of methods for organizing, teaching, and governing schools; (2) the mutual simultaneous method (1682); (3) Primary Schools, properly so-called; (4) Normal Schools (Rheims, 1684); (5) Technical Schools and Schools of Design (Paris, 1689; Rouen, 1705); (6) Boarding Schools and Academies (Paris, 1698; Rouen, 1705); (7) Reformatory Schools (Rouen, 1705); (8) Sunday Schools (Paris, 1699). In his great scheme of education the Saint did not limit himself to one important question, but included every feature that in any way related to the great problems. Is it any wonder that master minds have paid the Founder of the Brothers the highest tribute that language can express?

#### **Organization and Growth of His Institute.**

Like the mustard seed of the Gospel, the Institute founded by St. John Baptist De La Salle has grown into a mighty tree, whose branches cover the whole world. At the death of the holy Founder the Institute comprised 27 houses, with 274 Brothers, educating 9,000 pupils. To-day there are nearly 20,000 Brothers, who, dispersed among 1,530 houses in various parts of the world, devote themselves to the Christian education of over 400,000 children. The sons of La Salle are to be found in every continent, and theirs is, indeed, an "empire over which the sun never sets." They are in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the islands of the ocean. Persecuted in one country, they flee to another. From 1904 to 1908, 222 houses were founded in England, Belgium, the islands of the Mediterranean, the Levant, North and South America, the West Indies, Cape Colony, and Australia. In the recent persecution in Mexico, where over 180 Brothers were devoting themselves with their wonted zeal to the education of the children of the people, some of their number fell martyrs at the post of duty, and the rest escaped

with difficulty to the United States and Cuba, where they were received with open arms by their sympathetic confreres.

In the organization of his Institute, St. De La Salle displayed a rare executive ability, enlightened by faith. He left nothing to chance. The rules and constitutions that to this day are the source of the strength and prosperity of his great religious family were drawn by him, and have served as a model for all subsequent congregations of religious teachers. The Brothers, aside from the obligations entailed by the religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, devote themselves exclusively to teaching. With far-seeing wisdom, their saintly Founder made it an essential rule that no priest be admitted to the society. Free from the obligations and responsibilities of the clerical state, the Brothers are enabled to concentrate on the problems of pedagogy, with the result that they are in a correct sense specialists in educational work.

The society is governed by a Superior General, who is elected for life. He has twelve Assistants, who with him form the administrative council of the Institute. At present the Mother House is in Belgium, where it has so far escaped the ravages of the war. The houses throughout the world are grouped into provinces, each province being under the direction of a Brother Visitor, or Provincial, and having its own Novitiate and Training College. There are at present four provinces of the Order in the United States and two in Canada, the latest formed being that of Toronto, which was established last year to meet the needs of Ontario and the West. A large Mother House for the training of subjects for this Province is now in course of erection. "The most pressing want of the Church in America," said the late Bishop McQuaid, "is that of Brothers to assist in teaching our boys." It is precisely to supply this want in Ontario that the Brothers of the Christian Schools are putting forth every effort to develop their New Province.

#### **The Mission of the Christian Brothers.**

In the strength of the soul-stirring words of the late Pope Leo XIII. to their Superior General, the Brothers have gone



forth in these later times to fight the battle of Catholic education. "I charge you," said the Pontiff, "to increase your numbers, in order to resist the efforts of atheists and materialists—those men who are endeavouring to destroy the souls of youth by their efforts to destroy Christian education, which can alone regenerate society, and to engage your pupils everywhere to consecrate themselves to this most necessary and deserving work. Multiply your schools, and let them everywhere reflect the zeal and devotedness of your Founder. Go, with my blessing; continue the great work that the Church has confided to you." More recently the saintly Pope Pius X., in a letter addressed to the Superior General, made a plea for recruits for De La Salle's great army. He says: "Since the cause which you champion is of such immense importance that it should appeal to all who are imbued with the love of Faith and Fatherland. We earnestly recommend your training schools and Preparatory Novitiates to all worthy persons, and especially to the Bishops, to parish priests, and to heads of families, whom it singularly behooves to lead the way in assisting you."

To the Brothers of the Christian Schools, then, belongs the mission of carrying on the work and perpetuating the ideals of their holy Founder, the great Teacher-Saint. Theirs it is to further an Apostleship which means, as an American prelate puts it, "the saving of man, the saving of Christian civilization, and the saving of the Church." No wonder the eloquent Paulist, Father Elliott, himself a "Brothers' boy," exclaimed: "What a dignity! What a noble vocation! It seems to me that if I should rightly interpret the message of John Baptist De La Salle to his community, it would be that they should appreciate the favour done them by the Holy Spirit in making them Christian Brothers."

THE REV. BROTHER SIMON, F.S.C.

## In Memoriam

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### IN MEMORIAM.

"The Land beyond the Sea!  
Oh! how the lapsing years,  
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne—now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love, to thee  
Calm Land beyond the Sea."

### SISTER MARY OF LOURDES.

By a beautiful coincidence, the funeral ceremonies of Sister Mary of Lourdes took place on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the thirty-ninth anniversary of her entering St. Joseph's Community. Amid the lights and flowers and snowy whiteness of our Blessed Mother's snow-white Feast she lay—no symbols of mourning surrounded her; no notes of sorrow, soulful and pathetic, quivered beseechingly upon the incensed air; but clear and bright and joyous rang out Our Lady's glad hymn, "Immaculate, Immaculate," sweetly piercing the stillness, its echoes soaring aloft to the throne of Heaven's pure Queen.

The following day Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Convent Chapel for the repose of the soul of her whose whole religious life (with the exception of the last three years at Oshawa) had been passed at the Mother House, where she devoted her talents to God's service by teaching art in the College Studio, on whose walls hang many splendid works, the products of her gifted brush and pencil. In addition to her artistic ability, the deceased possessed what might be termed an opposite gift, namely, a most matter-of-fact and practical temperament, making her in ordinary affairs of life a very logical, common-sense adviser, who went straight to the point without letting her attention be disturbed by secondary considerations.

An illness of some weeks' duration, borne with calm resig-

nation and quiet fortitude, was ended, Sunday, December 6th, by a blessed death that came with almost startling suddenness.

"Can this be death?  
I did not know  
That death could be so kind—  
With what unutterable gain  
Of rest and peace,  
I go to face  
The hidden grace  
Of God—alone."—R.I.P.

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### SISTER M. CELESTINE.

Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the House of Providence Chapel on Monday, the 28th of December, for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Celestine, an old pupil of St. Joseph's. Followed by the blessings, the prayers, and the whole-hearted mourning of God's poor, the holy deceased was borne to her last resting-place. Over forty years of devoted service was given to Christ's poor, and that it was truest service was evidenced by the uncontrolled sobbing that drowned the Church's solemn music for her dead—the wailing and the weeping of aged men and women whom the departed Sister had so tenderly cherished, so sympathetically tended, so self-denyingly aided, whose weaknesses, whims, and childishness she had so cheerfully, courageously, and patiently soothed. An angel at the death-bed, she consoled and strengthened the dying, and by the holiness of her life unconsciously lifted them into a higher supernatural region, preparatory to the Heavenly Beyond. "More blessed is it to give than to receive," says the inspired writer, and thus for one whose life was the practical application of the Scripture text, there need be no vain weeping, for she has entered into her Rest:

"And why should eyes be wet  
With tears for those who pass away  
From sorrows born of earth?  
The faithful soul's most joyful day  
Is that of heavenly birth,



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And clothed in sweet eternal rest,  
It knows God's will is best."—R.I.P.

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### MOTHER M. de PAZZI.

The solemn obsequies of the late Reverend Mother de Pazzi, held on the 28th of January, in St. Joseph's Chapel, were a fitting tribute to her revered memory. Present in the Sanctuary were His Grace the Archbishop, the Right Reverend N. Budka, Ruthenian Bishop of Canada, and about forty priests of the Archdiocese. A touching panegyric, soulful and beautiful in its earnest intensity, was delivered by the Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D. Dr. Treacy took for his text "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace; Because my eyes have seen Thy Salvation."

"The words that I have spoken are taken from St. Luke, and give us the last solemn text of the celebrated Patriarch, Saint Simeon of Jerusalem. This holy man, inspired by the Holy Ghost, realized that before his death he should behold in the flesh the Messiah, the long-promised One of Israel. He came to the Temple on the occasion of the Presentation of the Divine Child, and, taking him in his arms, he exclaimed: 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace.'

"These words might very readily and truly be applied to the good Religious who lies cold in death before us and to whom we hope and trust it has been given to experience that blessed peace for which she laboured nearly fifty-three years in the Community of St. Joseph. It is not customary in our diocese to preach on occasions of this kind, but we should feel unworthy of ourselves and ungrateful to her memory if we did not on this occasion convey to the relatives of Mother de Pazzi and to her religious daughters in St. Joseph's Community the sentiments of our sympathy and of our just appreciation of the many and various services which she has rendered to the Diocese of Toronto and to the Province of Ontario.

"A mere sermon pronounced this morning is, to my mind, a work of supererogation, an effort that need not be made

at all, because the panegyric of her beautiful virtues has been preached already by a long life lived within the walls of this convent. 'Let your light so shine before men that it may glorify your Father, Who is in Heaven.' Mother de Pazzi spent nearly fifty-three years in the Religious Life of the seventy-seven she passed on this earth. She filled at various times the highest positions of honour and dignity that she could receive at the hands of those who had nothing to gain and nothing to lose by the honour they so willingly and graciously conferred upon her; yet, my dear brethren, she made use of these honours and these dignities, and of the influence which they obtained, not for any personal feeling of pride, but only to promote the glory of God and the good of religion; only to strengthen the spiritual as well as the educational efficiency of her religious daughters so that they might work for God and for humanity in the various charitable and educational institutions of the Archdiocese of Toronto and the Province of Ontario. But, my dear brethren, although Mother de Pazzi occupied at various intervals positions of honour and of dignity in St. Joseph's Community, nevertheless she will also be remembered for the good work done in another and different sphere. When she stepped out of the chair in which she was placed by the loving hands of her own daughters, and when she came to a lowly position in the Community of St. Michael's Hospital, I venture to say that she was as truly the great woman and holy Religious as when occupying the exalted position of Reverend Mother Superior of the whole Congregation.

Mother de Pazzi was well known to the priests and the people of this Archdiocese, and well appreciated for the good work she had done outside her Community, for the Catholic people of the city. A kindly graciousness of person, combined with a wholesome gaiety, which evidently seems to be the possession of the saints in every country and every race, a womanly modesty, and a gracious demeanour, these, my dear brethren, were some of the salient features in the personality of Mother de Pazzi; but behind all was a something that cannot easily be defined—that great something that made the zeal of the

Christian. the purity of the virgin, and the strength of the martyr—namely, a personal love for Our Lord Jesus Christ. She has gone from among us, but she shall not soon be forgotten. The aroma of her personality, charming as it was, and her virtues, redolent with the grace of her Divine Spouse, will remain with us. Nevertheless, we have a solemn duty toward her, to make intercession for her. We do not know of her weaknesses and her infidelities to the inspirations of Divine grace; but we know the weaknesses and infidelities of humanity in general, and we also know the sanctity of Jesus Christ, and that even the least stain is an obstacle to the attainment of perfect bliss. Therefore, the duty imposed upon us by the Catholic Church comes uppermost in our minds when we behold her cold in death before us—the blessed duty of intercession. ‘Eternal rest, grant her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her.’ She has given her services to the Church; she has laboured in the interests of religion and charity among us, and we are grateful to Almighty God that she has spent herself, even the very last grain of sand in the hour-glass of time, even the very last flicker of the candle of vitality—all, she has given for the honour of God; therefore, let us not forget her. The world soon forgets those upon whom it places its crown of glory. Not so the Catholic Church. Let us then stay with her in prayer until Almighty God, her Divine Spouse, shall take her to Himself in that eternal and blessed union of peace for which she worked during this life, and for which she prayed until the hour of death. ‘Eternal rest, grant her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her.’ ”—R.I.P.





**W**E were pleased to see in "St. Mary's Chimes" an appreciation of the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith's latest novel, "The Black Cardinal." Speaking of the chief character, Consalvi, the noble Cardinal of whom Napoleon tried to make a tool, "The Chimes" says: "Even near the close of the book, after Consalvi had passed through the trials of Imperial disfavour, of banishment, and apparent defeat, he still possessed the same calm exterior, nor had his face lost its benevolent sweetness. The cleverness and craftiness of Napoleon had little effect on him. He served the Church and the Pope loyally without looking for personal advantages. Considering the work that he alone accomplished and his own personal character, he is one of the most pure and most noble men of the Church. In his steadfast opposition to Napoleon's ambitious scheming, and his especial espousal of the cause of Betsy Patterson, the non-Catholic party in an indissoluble marriage, he is a worthy representative of the Church in maintaining the integrity of the Sacrament of matrimony and in preserving Christ's spiritual kingdom from the corruption and avarice of kings."

The book now adorns our College Library, and merits all the praise that has been given to it.

Under the title "For Thy Great Glory," the Christmas

number of the "Campion" offers its readers an essay which shows a great deal of pious thought on the part of the writer.

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In the "St. Mary's Sentinel" we find a very clever little poem, "The Lesson of Life." In an editorial of this magazine, the present war and the influence of Christianity toward peace are treated in a broad and masterful manner. Referring to the wonder expressed by so many that such a state of things should exist in the twentieth century, the writer says: "It is just because we are in the twentieth century that we see such things in the twentieth century. It is an epoch in which science has achieved great advances, but in which the religious ideal has almost perished, and with the religious ideal all that endows man with his high place upon earth and distinguishes him from the brute beast." "The simplest peasant of the thirteenth century had a soul beside which ours pales. Let us try to regain it."

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"Loyola University Magazine in "The Poetry of Coventry Patmore" portrays the learned English convert as "a poet, singing to those whose ears were attuned to the hidden harmonies of his more subtle lyre." It attributes his lack of present popularity to his being "too lofty, too spiritual, for the multitude." No, the multitude cannot appreciate mysticism. Yet the writer predicts that Patmore will in the near future come to his own and be considered one of the "major poets of the nineteenth century."

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We see from an article in the "Catholic Bulletin that Catholic women are at last exerting their influence towards bettering social conditions. For some time past women have been attracting public attention by means of organizations whose object is to extend the range of their activities and to widen their sphere of work. Catholic women, however, have taken scarcely any part in this movement, although in 1895 a German Redemptorist published a book dealing with the question. Now, however, when the influence of women's societies seems to be toward the spread of infidelity and the

destruction of morals, Catholics see the need of action, and can no longer remain quietly in the background. Catholic women are never slow to respond when duty calls, and organizations are being formed and welcomed by the Church in all the large cities. Surely they will be able to counteract the baneful influence of agnostic societies, and thus assist the Church and confer a blessing on humanity.

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Under the title of the Sister Teresa Fund, the Catholic Church Extension of the United States has established a fund, the object of which is the spread of Catholic literature among the people of the mission parishes throughout the country. This gives to her clients an opportunity of doing something in honour of the Little Flower of Jesus, to whom this kind of work must be very pleasing, since it makes souls know better Him, Whom she knew so well.

The many Catholics in this country who practise devotion to her will be glad to learn that the First Public Memorial in her honour is being erected at Chasetown, Staffordshire, England. Last July the foundation stone was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop of Birmingham.

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From St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minn., comes the "Ariston" in its dainty winter dress of white and gold. Under the heading "Literary Likings," Lamb's Essays and Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter" are cleverly dealt with; "Ruth, the Gleaner," treats of the Book of Ruth from a literary standpoint, pictures the devotion of the Moabite girl to her kinswoman, and points to the reward, two-fold in its nature, which her filial piety received. Nowhere could girls find better advice on the subject of conduct than is offered in the editorial, "Social Service."

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Among the many journals, the receipt of which we gratefully acknowledge, are: "Echoes from the Mount," "Redwood," "St. Vincent's College Journal," "The Schoolman," "Niagara Index," "The Magnificat," "The Nazarene," "The Mount Loretto Messenger," "The Laurel," "The Abbey Student."



## St. Joseph's College Department

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### COURAGE.

Of winds and sore defeat  
I made my battle-stay;  
Winged sandals for my feet  
I wove of my delay;  
Of weariness and fear  
I made my shouting spear;  
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,  
I made a helmet of my head  
And a floating plume.  
From the shutting mist of death,  
From the failure of my breath,  
I made a battle horn to blow  
Across the vales of overthrow.  
O harken, love, the battle horn!  
The triumph clear, the silver scorn,  
O harken where the echoes ring,  
Laughter and rallying!

—Selected.

## Why England is at War

"For England asks for the sons she lent  
To the East, West, South, and North,  
And who stands by when a mother's cry  
Is bidding her sons, 'Stand forth!'"

**ON** August, 1914, the call was sent out from the Mother Land to her sons and soldiers in all parts of the Empire to follow her standards against the enemy. During the few brief months that followed, the sight of uniformed men thronging the streets and public places became a common one, and every few weeks detachments left for training camps in England or directly for the front. The first excitement died away, and the country sank back to somewhat of quietness. The questions arise: "Why is England at War?" and "Could England have kept out of the struggle without a stain on her name?"

The answer to the latter is "No!" but the details of that to the former are long and date far back. At the bottom of the question is the desire of the great European powers to enlarge their empires, in political, in commercial, and in military matters, and the mutual fear and jealousy of European Kings. On account of this feeling, Europe is divided into two parties. These two parties are the "Triple Alliance" of Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the "Triple Entente" of England, France, and Russia, each fearful that the other will gain the slightest advantages in the acquiring of new territory or bettering of commercial facilities. Austria and Russia for generations have struggled for a seaport on the Mediterranean. Serbia was the one obstacle in the way. While she exists, Austria cannot reach the sea. The treaty of Berlin in 1878, after the Russo-Turkish war had given Austria the military, political, and commercial control of the great highway by way of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, Pristina, Istip, to the coast.

After the last Balkan war, Serbia gained control of this route and also neared the Adriatic, while Austria watched uneasily. Thus Austria saw herself cut off from the Sanjak,

and she feared Serbia would gain a seaport on the Adriatic. Russia, in turn, would not countenance Austria's dream of destroying Serbia, as she is Serbia's ally, and Germany and Italy, having interests in the Balkans, are determined at any cost to exclude Russia from the Mediterranean. The only thing that prevented Austria declaring war at the time was the formation by the European powers of the Kingdom of Albania, between Serbia and Adriatic.

Any laurels won in the last Balkan war were due to Serbia, and the Slavs soon awoke to the possibilities of a greater Serbia. The majority of the inhabitants of Hungary belong to the Slavonic race, and they were awaiting the disruption of Austria-Hungary, which they declare will take place on the death of the Emperor Franz Joseph. In 1908 Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, in which Servians predominate, and this stirred up the Servian hatred for Austria and for the heir-apparent to the throne of Austria, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who was known for his anti-Slav principles. This act led to the formation of many plots, and culminated in the assassination of the Archduke and his wife in the streets of Sarajevo, capital of Bosnia, where he had gone to attend army manoeuvres, on the 28th of June. Austria immediately blamed the Servian Government, and on July 23rd delivered an ultimatum at Belgrade, requiring an answer in forty-eight hours. The demands of the ultimatum involved the suppressions of Serbia's newspapers, literature, and nationalist societies; the reorganization of Government schools, and the dismissal of officers with Servian sympathies from the army, also the arrest of two men and the participation of Austrian officials in Serbia's judicial proceedings. No civilized people have ever been asked to submit to such demands. In the short time given Earl Grey, England's able Secretary of Foreign Affairs, made three attempts at peace. Britain and Russia urged that the time limit be extended, and Britain asked Germany to urge Austria to agree to this. Earl Grey proposed that representatives meet at Vienna or St. Petersburg to work for peace, and the Ambassadors of England, Russia, and France



at Belgrade were instructed to urge Serbia to meet Austria's demands.

On July 25th Serbia sent her reply, which amounted to an acceptance of the demands, subject to a short delay. However, that evening the Austrian Ambassador left Belgrade, and Serbia mobilized her troops. Russia then tried to intervene, but on July 28th Austria declared war on Serbia, and Russia ordered a partial mobilization. The German Chancellor asked the British Ambassador if Britain would remain neutral in the war, provided Germany did not touch Holland and did not take anything from France but her colonies; and he promised to take no territory from Belgium if she remained passive; but Lord Grey's answer was a peremptory refusal. The European powers had agreed by treaties in 1839 and 1870 that since the position and nature of the country of Belgium and the independent Duchy of Luxemburg rendered them the battle fields of Europe, their neutrality be guaranteed. Germany broke her treaty and refused to recognize the neutrality of these places, and France mobilized to protect her boundaries. Lord Grey, knowing that Germany's idea was to attack France, and quickly reduce it, and then attack Belgium and Holland and conquer them, sent three warnings to Germany on July 30, 31, and August 1st, but these were disregarded. The Germans entered Belgium and advanced against Liege. England, indignant at this violation of international treaties, gathered her forces to support Belgium and her allies against the German advance, and the war began. The outcome is still undecided, but may our soldiers come from the struggle victors, and may

"God send England the strong right arm  
To prosper well in the fight,  
And show that the sea-girt island  
Is backed by the Empire's might."

H. DUGGAN.

## Old Mortality

**T**HE events described in the novel "Old Mortality" took place during the reign of Charles II., and in it we have a realistic representation of some of the most striking phases of the religious struggles during that period. The reality of the events is heightened by the minute description of the customs, beliefs, and manners of both Covenanters and Cavaliers, and by word pictures of the hills and vales of Scottish landscape.

The Covenanters are animated by a stern and solemn enthusiasm, but for the most part are extremists and fanatics. A typical character among them is Balfour of Burleigh. He is a strenuous supporter of the doctrines held by that sect of the Presbyterians known as Cameronians. The ruling passion of his life is to restore the covenant to its primitive character. In order to accomplish this he does not hesitate to commit deeds of cruelty and violence. An example of this is seen in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, of which dastardly deed he is the chief perpetrator. We see his merciless character, when he shoots the gallant young envoy, Coronet Grahame, for addressing the insurgents, in spite of their leader. The disappointment caused by the total wrecking of his hopes, and remorse for his crimes, lead to the unhinging of his once powerful mind. The wild scenery of his almost inaccessible retreat is a fitting background for the violent paroxysms, to which he gives way. His death illustrates the text, "As a man lives so shall he die." During a scene of carnage, the result of his insatiable desire for revenge, the soul of the stern enthusiast is summoned to its account.

Bessie Maclure, also belonging to the Cameronian sect, is animated with feelings of sympathy for her fellow-creatures. She is a charitable Christian woman, who harbours men of both parties if occasion demand.

The hero, Henry Morton, is a lad of fire and zeal. His friendship with Major Bellenden has taught him that goodness and worth are not confined to the adherents of any one

religion, and he condemned each party as its excesses fell under his eyes. But the treatment meted out to him after he gives food and shelter to his father's old friend, Burleigh, rouses him to resist the authority that so tyrannically invades his chartered rights as a freeman. He throws in his lot with the Covenanters and tries to bring greater moderation into their ranks. In face of danger, unpopularity, and the loss of his reputation with the woman he loves, he remains bold and determined, relinquishing his efforts only when captured and exiled.

Claverhouse, a cavalier of refinement and culture, is the commander of the King's Life Guards. He is remorseless and ruthless, and is hated by the Covenanters. Lord Evandale is an honourable young nobleman, serving in Claverhouse's regiment. He, too, loves Edith Bellenden, and for her sake saves the life of his rival, Henry Morton. Lady Margaret Bellenden has lost her husband and two sons in the civil wars, but still remains loyal to the English Church. Charles II. once honoured her by breakfasting at her castle, an incident which formed an important era in her life. Much humour is introduced by Lady Margaret, for in conversation she is ever ready to relate this incident to those who will listen to her.

Edith Bellenden is her granddaughter. She is loved by Morton and Lord Evandale. Like most of Scott's aristocratic maidens, she is rather conventional and lifeless. Cuddie Hedd-rigg is the most humorous character in the novel. He is neutral when left alone, but his mother, a strict Presbyterian, brings trouble on him by expounding her views. Cuddie's warmest affections are for Jenny Dennison, Edith's maid. These two are loyal to each other, even though they are on opposite sides.

A prominent feature of "Old Mortality" is the harmony between scene and incident. This is seen clearly where Morton approaches the cave of the old Covenanter and where the spiritual terror inspired by the fanatic's struggle with imaginary fiends is paralleled by the physical terror of a gulf and a roaring flood spanned by a slippery tree-trunk.

In reading this novel, the dull historic narrative of the disorders of the reigns of Charles and James, which had seemed



to me a record of dry facts, was changed into a stage, on which living men and women played their parts. I realized the truth of Carlyle's criticism: "These historical novels have taught this truth, unknown to writers of history, that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not by protocols, State papers, controversies, and abstractions of men."

GERALDINE KORMANN.



## My Favorite Novel

**C**ARDINAL NEWMAN, the author of my favorite novel, "Loss and Gain," is both in his writings and his personal character, an object of peculiar interest to all classes of men. He is everywhere considered one of the most eminent writers of English prose, and his style has been described as "nearer perfection than we have ever reached."

"Loss and Gain" is one of his chief works of fiction. It is the story of a convert from Anglicanism, and perhaps its greatest interest for us lies in the fact that it can be considered almost an autobiography. In it we read the history of a young man, Charles Reding, from the time he left Eton and entered Oxford until his conversion to the Catholic faith. His life at college and at home, his friends and their effect on him, and especially his mental life and struggle for religious enlightenment are minutely described. Between the lines of this history we may read that of the author himself. It is practically the same, and no doubt this is the reason that it appeals so strongly to us. Having experienced each feeling that he depicts for us, Newman has no difficulty in winning his reader's sympathy.

Charles Reding was the only son of an Anglican clergyman, who lived in a quiet village in a midland county in England. Here Charles led a very peaceful, uneventful life until he was old enough to be sent to a public school. He was very clever, left Eton early, and at once entered Oxford. Here he found himself surrounded by an entirely different environment from that to which he had been accustomed, and it was not long before the many influences at work everywhere began to have an effect on his rather impressionable mind. As time passed he made many friends—all earnest, thoughtful men, who spent a great deal of time in investigating and conversing on religious subjects. These discussions had a lasting effect on Charles. As his mind developed, and his knowledge increased, his doubts about his own religion increased also—

doubts which he hated to admit, but which took such a strong hold on his mind that they occupied his every thought. A few years after he had graduated from Oxford, and after he had spent much of his time in thought and consideration, he finally decided to leave his own Church and embrace the Catholic faith, even though in doing so he was breaking all his dearest ties of family and friendship.

The style in which the story is told is perfectly simple and natural. For the most part it is conversational, but it passes sometimes from this simplicity to rhetorical heights. Reding's friends are most interesting—they are all so different, yet they influence their companion in the same direction. In their conversation Newman expresses himself, and he rises to heights of eloquence, as, for instance, in his description of the Mass, as he puts it in the mouth of the convert Willis—yet this greatest art is hidden beneath a quiet, reserved dignity.

Thus, in this story alone, Newman displays to us both his personal character and his skill in writing, and because the latter is so great, and he himself is so wonderful, we cannot help being impressed and delighted with "Loss and Gain."

MADELEINE MURPHY.





## A Narrow Escape

**I**T was about half-past five on the afternoon of August 13th, when we put in at Oneeda Lighthouse near Spit Head.

A storm had suddenly burst upon us when we were a mile out in the lake, and we had been forced to turn and make for the nearest landing place with all speed. There were three besides myself in the party, Mr. and Mrs. X—— and a young girl, a friend of mine. All four of us were thoroughly drenched and frightened. In the short run our little launch had shipped a quantity of water, and it was with feelings of great relief that we found ourselves again on solid ground. The boathouse was locked, and not wishing to disturb the keeper's family, we thought it best to remain at the pier. A few minutes later, however, was heard a crash, and turning we noticed that the boat-house door had blown open. Here was a refuge at least from the inclement weather, and, running quickly towards it through the blinding rain, we were soon under cover. There in comparative comfort we waited until the storm had spent itself.

On coming from our shelter I noticed a launch with three occupants heading for the island. As they approached, I recognized them as the keeper and his two sons. When they landed the keeper came hastily towards us. He seemed very much excited from his own unpleasant experience, and very much concerned for us. He urged us to go up to the house and dry our clothes and get warm, but since the storm was over, we declined his kind invitation with thanks. He then related to us his experience in crossing from the lighthouse half a mile away, hoping thus to induce us to venture no further. A water-spout had formed and burst about twenty feet from his launch. Had it been a little closer it would have been certain death to all three. Indeed, the nervous excitement of his manner and the expression of his face as he spoke, told plainly the danger through which he had passed. But though he frightened us, he did not shake our resolution. Turning now to Mr. X——, he called his attention to the approaching storm, which

seemed to be gathering in from all sides. With the shrewdness of a weather man, he predicted that it would break out at Drummond Point, the most dangerous part of Lake Temiskaming. It would be suicide, he said, to venture out, and we must remain over-night at the house.

At last, however, as it became brighter, and the sky looked more hopeful, Mr. X—— yielded to our wishes, and against his better judgment we decided to start at once. When the keeper's son had pumped the water out of the boat we set out depressed and silent, for, though we were eager to reach home, the dread of another storm was haunting us.

The island was not quite a mile behind us when the heavens began to rumble, and it became darker and darker, until all was black as night. A high scolding wind arose and blew fiercely in all directions. The water was inky, and the swelling waves dashed angrily against our little launch, threatening to capsize it. At intervals quivering flashes of electric discharge rent the heavens and the sudden heavy crashes of thunder seemed to jar the universe, and resound from the waters' depth.

The fury of the storm lasted for about an hour—an hour which seemed an eternity to us. I shall not attempt to describe my thoughts and feelings during that time. The agony and suspense were so terrible that even now to recall those moments and to linger over the memory of them is painful. Each time our little craft mounted a towering wave we were certain the next moment would be our last, and they were then dearer to me than ever before. My life was more precious now that I seemed called upon to give it up. We all prepared ourself as best we could to meet our Maker. I myself was outwardly calm and reconciled to the worst, yet in my heart I begged and pleaded earnestly with our dear Lord to succour us in our distress.

Just as we were beyond the most dangerous part of the lake the storm gradually abated. The lightning flashes became less frequent, while the thunder grumbled away in the distance. We all breathed a sigh of relief and uttered a fervent prayer of thanks. Our hearts leaped with joy when we caught sight of

the town lights, and in half an hour we landed at the boathouse. Silently we stepped out, scarcely believing that we were at last in safety and that our awful experience was past. Then and there we made a solemn Act of Thanksgiving to God Who had protected us through the tempest.

When I arrived home, in order to dispel the alarm of my friends, I assumed an air of perfect composure, and tried to make them believe that nothing unusual had happened. This they doubted, as the storm in town had been terrific. About two o'clock in the morning, however, I could no longer conceal my feelings, and the reaction set in which generally follows after one's nerves are strained to a high tension. I became hysterical, and for days after I was ill and confined to bed.

This event of August 13th will always stand out prominently in my memory, both because it was a thrilling incident in my life, and also because it occurred on my birthday, so that by a strange coincidence on this day I received, as it were, an unexpected renewal of life.

EMILY MARY QUIGLEY.





## The Night Hath Fears

**I**T was a chilly night towards the end of September that we three children were sitting around the fireplace in the library listening to the weird tales of our old Irish housekeeper. Summoned to Montreal by the death of our grandmother, our father and mother had just left home that afternoon, and had entrusted us to the care of a faithful nurse.

Although we enjoyed unusual freedom and independence under the indulgent rule of Kate O'Brien, that advantage scarcely compensated for the loneliness and depression which seemed to weigh upon us and to deepen as twilight set in. It was certainly very pleasant in the library, and we sat huddled together before the grate, with the rosy glow of the firelight on our faces, and the long shadows which it cast on the walls of the dimly-lighted room. How secure we felt from the autumnal gale which was raging without, while thrills of emotion at stories of the supernatural stirred us.

At ten o'clock when bedtime came it was quite a different thing, however. Our pleasure changed to fear and timidity which we would not openly acknowledge. Before retiring I went around with my older brother, who was the man of the house, though only fifteen, to see that all the doors and windows were securely locked. This meant that we had to pass mysterious doorways, black, threatening passages, and gloomy staircases where all manner of fantastic shapes might lurk. To face this ordeal required of me an effort and a show of courage which I did not possess, for I would not on any account expose myself to the contempt or teasing of Jack, who proudly spoke of me as "a regular brick."

While making my preparations for the night, I could not help thinking of the stories of ghosts and spirits which Kate had been telling us. When I turned out the light and got into bed I imagined I could see goblins approaching me from every corner. However, I began to pray. Gradually weariness overcame fear, and I fell asleep.

About midnight I awoke from dreams to find the moonlight

streaming into my room. For some time I lay awake sleepily tracing the pattern of the carpet, which was quite distinct, and watching the flickering lights upon the table, when in a moment a shadow passed over the moon, and the room was plunged in darkness. Suddenly the sound of footsteps on the boardwalk beneath my window startled me. I thought I heard someone trying the back door; then the footsteps went towards the front of the house. Still, I did not move, but lay there wondering whether I was dreaming or awake. Indeed, hearing no further noise, I decided that it was merely a fancy of my excited brain, and I dozed off again.

But it was not for long. I suddenly became aware of the fact that someone was moving in the room below me. Who could it be? Not Kate O'Brien, because I could hear her peacefully snoring in the room above. I called to Jack, whose room was across the hall, and was answered by a sleepy groan. The idea that it must be a burglar came into my mind, and made me grow cold with fear. Motionless I lay there afraid even to breathe. I could not call out, even if I would, for I was paralyzed with terror. The least move, the slightest sound that I might make would probably bring the burglar up to me.

At length, summoning what little courage I had, I crept out of bed and into my brother's room. "Jack, Jack, there's a man downstairs. What on earth shall we do?" I cried, shaking him violently. Jack sat up fully awakened. "Put your head out of the window and scream as loudly as you can," he replied in a whisper.

Then jumping out of bed he seized the revolver which he had placed in his drawer that evening, and rushed downstairs. Obediently I threw open the window and uttered a piercing shriek. At that moment there was a crash in the room below and the sound of splintering glass. Then two quick shots rang out on the night air.

That was all I heard. A dizziness seized me, and I fell unconscious upon the floor. When I recovered I found myself lying on my own bed surrounded by anxious neighbours. Jack was standing beside me, pale and shaken, but feeling quite a

hero, although his shots had been wasted on the air, as far as we ever knew.

I begged to know what had happened, and they told me. The neighbours had heard my screams and had run in. But they were too late to catch the thief. He had heard the noise, and taking alarm had made his escape. The housekeeper, at the first hint of danger had become helpless with fright, and on the arrival of assistance had gone into violent hysterics. However, none of us suffered any serious effects from our shock. On the contrary, when time had relieved the incident of its terror it became a subject of jest among us.

It was found that the safe had been tampered with, and that some money was missing, but none of father's papers were touched. We never discovered how the burglar got in, but suspected it was through the French windows opening from the library out upon the lawn. Indeed, it was through them that the man had made his exit without taking the trouble to open them.

EILEEN DOWDALL.





## The Story of the Brook

**I**T was from a little spring, half-way up the rocky hillside that the brook bubbled up out of the dark earth in which it had been groping around for an outlet. At first it raised itself up in a small fountain and looked around. Seeing nothing very inviting in the aspect of the barren hill, it decided to try the valley, so, leaping from ledge to ledge and tumbling over the rocks, it hurried down the slope.

When it reached the bottom, it went more slowly. There were many wonderful things to see in this big, new world. On either hand broad, green meadows stretched out, interspersed with golden fields of waving grain. Far away, a dark forest was discernible, and behind all rose the misty blue hills. The banks on either side of the brook were carpeted with smooth green grass and flowers. They were the first flowers the brook had ever seen, and it delighted to caress them gently with its spray. The shy violets trembled and seemed to shrink back, but the hardier flowers only shook the drops gaily from their petals, and nodded brightly at the little stream as it ran past them, singing its happy little song.

It began to grow very warm, and the brook was glad when it came to a cool, dark forest. There were so many kinds of flowers that it was dazzled by their delicate beauty; but the trees looked down on it from such a majestic height that it was awed, and sang in a subdued murmur. It lingered around the ferns and rushes in its path, and often pulled little flowers and leaves along with it.

As the brook emerged from the forest the sun was setting. The little stream had never imagined anything so beautiful, and almost stopped short in its amazement. Long streamers of green and purple, red and gold, spread out in all directions from the sun. Farther up, the deep blue still remained, but in the east it had darkened to violet slowly, the glories of the western sky began to fade; and just as the sun disappeared, flaunting its purple and gold banner, the brook was suddenly brought to earth by the fact that another little stream, coming

suddenly around a point of land, had joined it and was carrying it swiftly onward.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" was always the burden of its song. "We must get there soon. There is no time to lose."

"Get where?" asked the little brook, curiously. The other stream was astonished that a brook, even such a very little one, did not know its destination; but it told at great length of the wide ocean and the strange sights that were to be seen, what strange countries were on the other side, until our little brook was just as impatient to reach it.

"But we must let the river take us," said the other stream; so all day long they wound about and in and out, seeking the river. Still they missed none of the sights they passed on their way. During the weeks that followed they passed several little villages and under scores of bridges. Children played with them, and cattle and horses drank from them. There were always the green grass, and golden grain, and bright flowers close by, and far away, the ever-changing panorama of hills and valleys, mountains and forests. They saw the sun rise and set many times, and each time seemed more beautiful than the last; until, one day, they suddenly came in sight of the river winding along below them, lying like a silver ribbon between green meadows and wooded hills.

Together they rushed down and cast themselves into its wide-opened arms. Then they were separated, but our little brook was content to be carried along by the rushing river, confident now of getting to the ocean. Two weeks later they reached it. As the little brook slipped away from the river and wandered forth into the strange, vast body of water, it sang a song of joy, for at last it had attained its high ambition.

RUTH AGNEW.

## A Day in the Senior Sixth Class

**C**LANG! clang!! goes the bell. A quarter to nine it announces in solemn tones. The spell of silence for the morning study is broken, desks are opened, and piles of books appear. To judge from the size of the mounds, one would think the owners veritable encyclopedias. Then we form rank and proceed to place our burdens in the various class-rooms.

The girls of the senior sixth pause at the first door on the right. Some rush in to struggle with a refractory problem in Algebra, others to take a last, longing look at the dreaded Latin translation, others rush to the store or to the dormitory for some forgotten article. I think that fifteen minutes is one of the busiest and most exciting periods of the day; certainly the sound of flying feet and busy tongues echo through the school flat, till the big bell rings in the gymnasium. Then all assemble there, and presently the strains of a march, and occasionally " 'Tis a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and the sounds of marching feet float upwards. At times other sounds, which are decidedly forbidden, are heard, and various guards are mounted on the stairs to see that the silence is observed. Finally, we are settled in the class-room, and the school day begins.

Christian Doctrine is the first subject, and it is a mystery to me that some of the doctors of the Church of old do not rise from their graves with joy at the brilliant answers given by some of our young prodigies. Catechism is one of the most interesting subjects of the day.

Algebra is next. At present we are struggling with small figures and letters, which have changed their positions of late. We have been accustomed to see the "a's" and "y's" stand shoulder to shoulder, but now the "x" or a "y" stands out of position to the right and above, and has a different reading. My private opinion is that these harmless little letters assumed their present positions expressly for the discouragement of would-be Algebra aspirants. We were quite positive that we under-



stood multiplication and division in Algebra. Alas! in Indices we do not seem to be able to make use of our early knowledge. If it happens that at the end of the lesson any speed is shown in working out a question, Sister looks hopefully at the class and says: "I believe you are getting a little better at this."

The next lesson is the Latin translation, "A small part of summer remaining," etc., comes in a very timid voice from the front row. That sentence is finished satisfactorily, and not an eye is lifted from a book, lest it attract attention, and a call for the translation of the second sentence be it's reward. For half an hour the room is filled with sounds which tell of the wars waged by mighty Caesar. He little thought, while he was writing out his campaigns what an amount of work he was piling up for future generations.

We pass on to English history, where the present war now holds our interest. Evidently Kaiser Wilhelm is trying to reproduce in himself some of the great characters of ancient times—Alexander the Great, Caesar, or Napoleon. Let us hope he fails miserably. To girls, ancient history, particularly Roman, is interesting, and we heave a sigh of relief when that period arrives. Literature passes off pleasantly, as it is a popular study, and affords some relaxation from strenuous mental efforts. We weep with the forsaken "Oenone," and laugh at friend Gobbo's merrymaking. In the midst of this the twelve o'clock bell rings the Angelus, and we repair to the refectory.

After dinner we enjoy an hour's recreation. Very often that pleasure is forfeited by some young ladies, and the time is employed in making up for neglected lessons. During the first period of the afternoon comes our French lesson. It is really delightful to hear some of our English friends attack the vowels. The suspense is awful when, during a lesson, which is supposed to be prepared, we find it necessary to refer frequently to the vocabulary. Nevertheless, we all belong to the "Entente Cordiale," and are truly devoted to French.

Next we wander into the Physics room, and during our lesson wonder how the learned men of the past and present could make such a fuss over little, every-day occurrences.

What young lady would not forego the pleasure of admiring herself in a bi-plane mirror, did she know she might be called upon to trace the rays from the third image to the eye of the observer. The second lesson in the afternoon is Geometry. I am not in a position to discuss this subject very thoroughly, but I often marvel at the speed of some in working out impossible mazes of angles. By keeping very quiet, the lesson passes; and I am saved. We all enjoy the Chemistry lesson, which comes next. To relieve the monotony, we have small explosions occasionally, and pleasant odours are wafted to the nostrils of the inmates of the other rooms on the same floor, and inwardly the inmates bless us. Below you will find a little rhyme, which expresses perfectly my opinion of Latin Grammar, and is quoted for the benefit of others who may be inclined to think the same:

"All the people dead who wrote it,  
All the people dead who spoke it,  
All the people die who learn it;  
Blessed death! they surely earn it."

Thus pass our days in work and fun, and class is really very interesting were it not for the dreaded examinations, which loom before us in spectral form always. However, we enjoy it all, and there is not a more congenial crowd than the pupils of our senior sixth class at St. Joseph's College, Toronto.

JOSEPHINE MARION.



## College Notes

**A**S we turn the pages of a new year, and pause at the month of March, the month dedicated to St. Joseph, we are grateful that amidst the hard conditions of world-warfare, we are fortunate enough to be back again at dear St. Joseph's—our sweet, holy, inspiring, loveable St. Joseph's, where the love and honour of its holy patron is strongly inculcated. How we love its noble, solid, purposeful pile of buildings, inartistic and rambling, if you will, without porch or columnal pillar, without symmetry of tower or turret; yet in the absence of architectural beauty withal, nevertheless expressing in its every brick a useful purpose and a unity of end and aim.

With truth it may be said of this extensive pile that her beauty, like that of the King's Daughter, is within, and this beauty consists chiefly in the calm and quiet atmosphere of its spacious halls and corridors; in the charming soul-resting, inspiring loveliness of its imposing chapel, with its mellow tinted lights and lofty Gothic arches; in the tasteful arrangement of its attractive votive altars, in its sunlit class-rooms and lecture halls, and in its artistic conservatories of music and painting.

In all these do we find a beauty of a kind to be admired, but there is another undefinable beauty which belongs to the place, and which cannot fail to impress one, in the peace, and calm, and interested activity of its guardians and directors. They, in simple religious garb, and demure exterior, seem to tell the perturbed, excited worldling that they have solved the problem of life, and have found that terrestrial Eden, where, as Angels of the Divine Message of Faith and enlightenment to the young, they have folded countless hundreds of their pupils within the fostering shelter of their wings and have directed their education so that it may be as far as possible "the soul's response to God's appeal to make itself like unto Him—self-active, knowing, wise, strong, loving, and fair."

Let us thank God that we are still here at St. Joseph's,



where the highest development of mind and heart aims to make its students women of ideas rather than women of mere accomplishments, and to bring them into relations with wider worlds, and larger life, by making them familiar with the truths of religion, of literature, of history, science, and art.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the present moment interest seems to be fixed upon the scene of war. The very air is weighted with echoes from the battlefield. Fashion even has given over its freaks and fancies to the spirit of the nations. Everything borrows and assumes a military effect. Hats, frocks, ornaments, as well as social functions of whatever nature suggest to us a world at war. It was no wonder, then, that every faculty of attention was aroused when it was announced to us that Rev. D. Meader, C.S.B., would represent for us, and describe from his personal experience, the scenes of many actual engagements in the present war.

The learned lecturer has an endless number of excellent views procured while abroad last summer in Germany and Belgium, and can lend additional interest to each by relating some incident of personal <sup>experience</sup> interest connected therewith. We take this occasion to thank the kind, Reverend Father for his enjoyable entertainment.

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On Thursday, February 25th, the students and teachers were afforded an exquisite treat by Miss Louise MacPherson and her mother, Mrs. Elsa MacPherson, both of whom are well known and accomplished pianists, who have studied for years under the greatest masters on the Continent. Many friends and relatives of the esteemed performers were in the audience, and a fair garden of roses and sweetest natural flowers were showered upon the young artist by many who chose to show their appreciation in this delicate manner. The pupils of the College contributed their share of the applause and admiration by presenting Miss MacPherson with a shower bouquet of most exquisite roses from the hands of Miss Lucie

Ashbrook. The programme, which was all too short because of its excellence is as follows:

# PROGRAMME.

Melodie .....	Gluck Sgambati
Gigue .....	Graun
Rondo a Capriccio .....	Beethoven
Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 1	
Waltz, Op. 42 .....	Chopin
Gavotte .....	Glazounoff
Etude Herorque .....	Leschetizky
Concerto E Flat	
Allegro Maestoso .....	Liszt

Quasi Adagio, Allegretto Vivace, Allegro Marziale Animato, Vivace

The Orchestral Accompaniment was played by

MRS. ELSA MACPHERSON.

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On February 26th the Senior Classes assembled in the Large Study Hall for a debate. The subject of debate was: "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword." Misses M. Power and L. Gibson sustained the affirmative, while Misses J. Marion and Z. Nolan contended for the negative.

The hour was one of keenest interest. The members of the staff were present, and of their number judges were appointed, who decided in favour of the negative. We hope to have another debate of equal interest next month, which will be the last of this scholastic year.

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Our Shrovetide festivities this year were of a simple but most agreeable character. Pretty gowns were donned for the recreation hour, and in procession we marched in stately splendour into the tastefully decorated hall, where we danced and frolicked for the pleasure of all, onlookers as well as participants.

After an hour's amusement here, we repaired to the dining hall, which was gay with the school colours and shaded lights, and where we enjoyed the refreshments which had been prepared for us. Thus our Mardi Gras had place and ending, and

we hastened to find the rest which would prepare us for the penitential claims of Ash Wednesday morning.

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A very pleasant rendering of an instructive little drama, entitled "The Rivals," was given by the pupils of the second year High School on January 22nd. The names of those who took part are: Misses Naomi Gibson, Grace Barron, Nora Doheney, Grace Allchurch, Vera Goyett, Rita Morgan, Dorothy Groves, Grace Leonard, Ellen Ashbrook, Frances MacDonald, Elizabeth MacDonald, Marion Cassidy, Helen Maher, Lucy Ashbrook, and Constance Rose.

The Recital Hall of St. Joseph's College was filled on January 15th by an interested and attentive audience of musicians, teachers, students, and friends of Mr. Ernest Seitz, the young Canadian pianist, who has returned recently from years of musical study in Europe under the famous Josef Lhevinne, a Russian tutor. An appreciative recognition of the excellence of every number was enthusiastically accorded, and the clever rendition of the selections given fully justified the eulogies which they received. There were no struggles nor studied manoeuvres to attract the attention to the performer. In fact, Mr. Seitz managed the keyboard with such ease and certainty, and appeared so filled with his melodic theme, that he seemed like a rapt listener himself, unconscious of any effort save that of trying to catch the most delicate subtleties of the sounds he wished to imitate. The effect was strongly appealing, and the audience was borne temporarily away, as if by magic, into a realm of enchantment, where, as the Rev. Father Cline poetically expressed it in his brief address of congratulation, one could imagine he heard again the familiar harmonies of nature in the rippling streamlet, the dashing wave or roaring cataract, in the rustling leaf, the song of bird, or the tread of fairy footsteps in the mazes of a merry dance upon the green.

The numbers on the programme, which were happily chosen to reflect various moods, and which had a special mes-



sage to the various temperaments of the hearers, were as follows:

Prelude and Fugue .....	Bach
Etudes Symphoniques .....	Schumann
Sonata in B Minor .....	Chopin
The Schulz-Evler setting of the Blue Danube Waltz by	Strauss

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The evening of January 30th was pleasantly spent by all, who were agreeably entertained by Miss Ellen Ashbrook, who recited very effectively "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Kate D. Wiggins. The humour of the selection was admirably emphasized by the young lady, who failed not to call forth hearty laughter and general applause in several instances, as well where the dialogue fitted the natural manner and disposition of the reader, as where the apparent incongruity of the rôle assumed rendered the expression grotesque.

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The annual retreat of the students was conducted this year by the Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., and formed an excellent preparation for the Lenten season. All entered heartily into the spirit of the exercises, and the Reverend Father's forceful words and sound practical advice will long be a remembrance to renew the good resolutions made during the devotional retreat.



## A Legend of the Lily

The gates of the night unfolded  
And a seraph came down to earth.  
And walked where the roots and grasses  
Were striving again for birth.  
“What shall I give to mortals,”  
He said, “on Easter morn,  
As a sign of the resurrection  
And the soul of man re-born?”

The snow lay deep on the churchyard,  
For the spring was late and cold;  
He moulded its pearly whiteness  
In flowers with hearts of gold—  
Wonderful waxen blossoms,  
Starry and sweet and pale,  
Made for the holy places  
Around the altar rail.

After the dead, dark winter,  
After the shrouding snows,  
Still in its fragrant beauty  
The Easter lily blows,  
And its buds like angel fingers  
Forever point the way  
From the frozen clods and shadows  
To the dawn of Easter Day.

—Selected.













